

REMINISCENCES



REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

London

MACMILLAN AND CO

AND NEW YORK

1887

The right of translation is reserved

COPYRIGHT
1887
BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

PREFACE

THE first edition of this book, edited by Mr Froude, was published in 1881, a few weeks after Mr Carlyle's death. In his Preface Mr Froude said —

“The ‘Reminiscences’ appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so, and at one time it was proposed that the type should be set up while he was still alive, and could himself revise what he had written. He found, however, that the effort would be too much for him, and the reader has here before him Mr Carlyle's own handiwork, but without his last touches, not edited by himself, perhaps most of it not intended for publication, and written down merely as an occupation, for his own private satisfaction.

“The Introductory Fragments” [i.e. the Article ‘Jane Welsh Carlyle’] “were written immediately after his wife's death, the account of Irving belongs to the autumn and winter which followed. Nothing more remains to be said about these papers, save to repeat for clearness' sake, that they are published with Mr Carlyle's consent, but without his supervision. The detailed responsibility is therefore entirely my own.”

It would thus appear that Mr Carlyle gave his consent to the publication of the *Reminiscences* on

the condition that they should be printed with "the requisite omissions" No omissions, except of a few trivial passages, were made by Mr Froude But he did omit a solemn injunction against the publication of the Paper concerning Mrs Carlyle, this injunction is here printed in its place (i 257-258) Its weight, as the expression of Carlyle's real will in the matter, is to be estimated by Mr Froude's own words in his Preface "So singular was his condition at this time" [*i.e.* shortly after Mrs Carlyle's death in 1866], "that he was afterwards unconscious what he had done, and when ten years later I found the Irving MS and asked him about it, he did not know to what I was alluding" The injunction was written when Mr Carlyle was fully conscious of the character of his own work And with respect to the consent of Mr Carlyle to the publication of the other Papers in the *Reminiscences*, it seems at most to amount to his saying, "I have unbounded trust in Mr Froude's affection for me, I have forgotten what these papers are, but I confide in his judgment in a matter on which I now have none."

The Paper "James Carlyle" is thus referred to in Carlyle's Will (see Appendix, i 271) "My other Manuscripts" [*i.e.* his MSS other than the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*] "I leave to my Brother John They are with one exception of no moment to me, I have never seen any of them since they were written The 'one exception' is a Sketch of my Father and his

Life hastily thrown off in the nights between his Death and Burial, full of earnest affection and veracity,—most likely *unfit* for printing, but I wish it to be taken charge of by my Brother John, and preserved in the Family. Since, I think, the very night of my Father's Funeral (far away from London and me!) I have never seen a word of that poor bit of writing."

The first edition of the *Reminiscences* was so carelessly printed as frequently to do grave wrong to the sense. The punctuation, the use of capitals and italics, in the manuscript, characteristic of Carlyle's method of expression in print, were entirely disregarded. In the first five pages of the printed text there were more than a hundred and thirty corrections to be made, of words, punctuation, capitals, quotation marks, and such like, and these pages are not exceptional.

In the present edition some trifling passages referring to private persons, calculated to give pain and likely to be of no interest to the reader, are omitted, as they ought to have been at first. All omissions are indicated. The text conforms closely to the manuscript.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,

January 1887

CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME

	PAGE
JAMES CARLYLE	I
JANE WELSH CARLYLE	53
APPENDIX	259

REMINISCENCES

JAMES CARLYLE

ON Tuesday, January the 24th, 1832, I received tidings that my dear and worthy Father had departed out of this world. He was called away, by a death apparently of the mildest, on Sunday morning about six. He had taken what was thought a bad cold on the Monday preceding, but rose every day, and was sometimes out of doors. Occasionally he was insensible (as Pain usually soon made him of late years), but when spoken to recollected himself. He was up and at the Kitchen fire (at Scotsbrig)¹ on the Saturday evening about six "but was evidently growing fast worse in breathing." "About ten o'clock he fell into a sort of stupor," writes my sister Jane, "still breathing higher and with greater difficulty he spoke little to any of us, seemingly unconscious of

¹ A farmhouse in the parish of Middlebie, about two miles and a half from Ecclefechan. A brook, dividing it from the road, has carved a deep path for itself in the rocks, which at one part almost meet across, and form a natural bridge. It was anciently called Gotsbrig, and was once a border "keep" or tower. A portion of the old wall still stands incorporated in the walls of the house. The Carlyles removed to it from Manhill in May 1826, and James Carlyle, the youngest son, continued tenant of the farm until 1880.

his eye, and was steady to make all preparation for it in his own way he called often "that last, that awful evening." First at every new putting of his years I have noticed him wring my hand with a tenderer pressure; as if he felt that one other of our few meetings here was over. Mercifully also has he been spared me, till I am able to bear his loss; till the manifold struggles I knew he did, feel my feet on the Footstool of Rest, and through Time with its Death can in some degree see into Eternity with its Life. So that I have repeated, not with unwept eyes, let me hope likewise, not with unsoftened heart, these old and forever true words: "Blessed are the Dead that are in the Lord. They do rest from their labour, and their works follow them." Yet their works follow them: the Force that had been lent my Father he honourably expended in manifold well-doing: a portion of this Planet bears beneficent traces of his strong Hand and strong Head, nothing that he undertook to do but he did it faithfully and like a true man. I shall look on the Houses he built with a certain proud interest: they stand firm and sound to the heart, all over his little district: no one that comes after him will ever say, Here was the finger of a hollow Eye-servant. They are little texts, for me, of the Gospel of man's Free-will. Nor will his Deeds and Sayings, in any case, be found unworthy, not false and barren, but genuine and fit. Nay am not I also the humble James Carlyle's work? I owe him much more than existence, I owe him a noble inspiring example (now that I can read it in that rustic character), it was he *exclusively* that determined on *educating* me, that from his small hard-earned funds,

sent me to School and College, and made me whatever I am or may become. Let me not mourn for my Father, let me do worthily of him so shall he still live, even Here, in me, and his worth plant itself honourably forth into new generations

I purpose now, while the impression is more pure and clear within me, to mark down the main things I can recollect of my Father to myself, if I live to after years, it may be instructive and interesting, as the Past grows ever holier the farther we leave it. My mind is calm enough to do it deliberately, and to do it truly the thought of that pale earnest face which even now lies stiffened into Death in that bed at Scotsbrig, with the infinite All of Worlds looking down on it,—will *certainly* impel me. Neither, should these lines survive myself and be seen by others, can the sight of them do harm to anyone. It is good to know how a true spirit will vindicate itself into truth and freedom, through what obstructions soever, how the 'acorn cast carelessly into the wilderness' will make room for itself, and grow to be an oak. This is one of the cases belonging to that class "the Lives of remarkable men," in which, it has been said, "paper and ink should least of all be spared" I call a man remarkable, who becomes a true Workman in this vineyard of the Highest be his work that of Palace-building and Kingdom-founding, or only of delving and ditching, to me it is no matter, or *next to none* *all* human work is transitory, small, in itself contemptible, only the worker thereof and the spirit that dwelt in him is significant. I proceed without order, or almost any forethought, anxious only to save what I have left, and mark it as it lies in me.

In several respects, I consider my Father as one of the most interesting men I have known. He was a man of perhaps *the* very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with; none of us will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from the untutored Soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was), with all manner of potent words (which he appropriated and applied with a *surprising* accuracy, you often could not guess whence), brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear not in ambitious *columns* but in full *white* sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to. Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible, which did not become almost ocularly so. Never shall we again hear such speech as that was: the whole district knew of it, and laughed joyfully over it, not knowing how otherwise to express the feeling it gave them. Emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths, his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart. The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit), yet only in description and for the sake chiefly of *humorous* effect. He was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity, I have often heard him turn back, when he thought his strong words were misleading, and correct them into mensurative accuracy. *Ach, und dies alles ist him!*

I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation. He was among the last of the true men, which Scotland (on the old system) produced, or can produce, a man healthy in body and in mind, fearing God, and diligently working in God's

Earth with contentment hope and unwearied resolution *He* was never visited with Doubt, the old Theorem of the Universe was sufficient for him, and he worked well in it, and in all senses *successfully* and wisely as few now can do, so quick is the motion of Transition becoming the new generation almost to a man must make "their Belly their God," and alas even find *that* an empty one. Thus curiously enough and blessedly, *he* stood a true man on the verge of the Old, while his son stands here lovingly surveying him on the verge of the New, and sees the possibility of also being true there. God make the possibility, blessed possibility, into a reality!

A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. *He never spoke of what was disagreeable and past* I have often wondered and admired at this. The thing that he had nothing to *do* with, he did nothing with. This was a *healthy* mind. In like manner, I have seen him always when we young ones (half roguishly, and provokingly without doubt) were perhaps repeating sayings of his, sit as if he did not hear us at all. never once did I know him utter a word (only once that I remember of give a look) in such a case.

[*Thursday morning*] Another virtue, the example of which has passed strongly into me, was his settled placid indifference to the clamours or the murmurs of Public Opinion. For the judgment of those that had no right or power to judge him, he seemed simply to care nothing at all. He very rarely *spoke* of despising such things, he contented himself with altogether disregarding them. Hollow babble it was, for him a thing as Fichte said "that did not exist,"

das gar nicht existirte There was something truly great in this, the very perfection of it hid from you the extent of the attainment

Or rather let me call it a new phasis of the *health* which in mind as in body was conspicuous in him Like a healthy man, he wanted *only* to get along with his Task whatsoever could not forward him in this (and how could Public Opinion and much else of the like sort do it?) was of no moment to him, was not there for him

This great maxim of Philosophy he had gathered by the teaching of nature alone That man was created to work, not to speculate, or feel, or dream Accordingly he set his whole heart thitherwards he did work wisely and unweariedly (*ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*), and perhaps *performed* more (with the tools he had) than any man I now know It should have made me sadder than it did to hear the young ones sometimes complaining of his slow punctuality and thoroughness he would leave nothing till it was *done* Alas! the age of Substance and Solidity is gone (for the time), that of Show and hollow Superficiality (in all senses) is in full course—

And yet he was a man of open sense, wonderfully so I could have entertained him for days talking of *any* matter interesting to man He delighted to hear of *all* things that were worth talking of, the mode of living men had, the mode of working, their opinions, virtues, whole spiritual and temporal environment. It is some two years ago (in summer) since I entertained him highly (he was hoeing turnips and perhaps I helped him) with an account of the character and manner of existence of

Francis Jeffrey Another evening he enjoyed (probably it was on that very visit) with the heartiest relish my description of the people (I think) of Turkey The Chinese had astonished him much in some Magazine (from Little's of Cressfield) he had got a sketch of *Macartney's Embassy*, the memory of which never left him Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, greatly as it lay out of his course, he had also fallen in with, and admired, and understood and remembered,—so far as he had any business with it—I once wrote him about my being in Smithfield Market (seven years ago), of my seeing St. Paul's both things interested him heartily, and dwelt with him I had hoped to tell him much, much of what I saw in this second visit, and that many a long cheerful talk would have given us both some sunny hours but *es konnte nimmer seyn!*—Patience! Hope!

At the same time he had the most entire and open contempt for all idle tattle, what he called "clatter" Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to what had *no* meaning in it, above all, what seemed false, he absolutely could and would not hear, but abruptly turned aside from it, or if that might not suit, with the besom of destruction swept it far away from him Long may we remember his "I don't believe thee," his tongue-paralysing, cold, indifferent "Hah!"—I should say of him, as I did of our Sister¹ whom we lost, that he seldom or never

¹ Margaret, born 20th September 1803, died 22d June 1830—"There are yet few days in which I do not meet on the streets some face that recalls my Sister Margaret's, and reminds me that *she* is not suffering, but silent, asleep in the Ecclefechan Churchyard, her *Life*, her Self where God willed! What a miracle is all Existence!"—*Carlyle's Journal*, 5th February 1835.

spoke except actually to convey an idea. Measured by quantity of words, he was a talker of fully average copiousness, by extent of meaning communicated, he was the most copious I have listened to. How, in few sentences, he would sketch you off an entire Biography, an entire Object or Transaction, keen, clear, rugged, genuine, completely rounded in! His words came direct from the heart, by the inspiration of the moment. "It is no idle tale," said he to some laughing rustics, while stating in his strong way some complaint against them, and their laughter died into silence. Dear good Father! There looked *honesty* through those clear earnest eyes, a sincerity that compelled belief and regard. "Moffat!" said he one day to an incorrigible reaper, "thou has every feature of a bad shearer: high, and rough, and little on't. Thou maun *alter* thy figure or slant the bog"—pointing to the man's road homewards—

He was irascible, choleric, and we all dreaded his wrath. Yet passion never mastered him, or maddened him, it rather inspired him with new vehemence of insight, and more piercing emphasis of wisdom. It must have been a bold man that did not quail before that face, when glowing with indignation, grounded (for so it ever was) on the sense of right, and in resistance of wrong. More than once has he lifted up his strong voice in Tax Courts and the like before "the Gentlemen" (what he knew of Highest among men), and rending asunder official sophistries, thundered even into their deaf ears the indignant sentence of natural justice, to the conviction of all—Oh why did we laugh at these things while we

loved them ! There is a tragic greatness and sacredness in them now

I can call my Father a brave man (*ein Tapferer*) Man's face he did not fear, God he always feared his Reverence, I think, was considerably mixed with Fear Yet not slavish Fear, rather Awe, as of unutterable Depths of Silence, through which flickered a trembling Hope. How he used to speak of Death (especially in late years) or rather to be silent, and *look* of it ! There was no feeling in him here that he cared to hide he trembled at the really terrible, the mock-terrible he cared nought for—That last act of his Life, when in the last agony, with the thick ghastly vapours of Death rising round him to choke him, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the great God to have mercy on him that was like the epitome and concluding summary of his whole Life God gave him strength to wrestle with the King of Terrors, and as it were even then to prevail All his strength came from God, and ever sought new nourishment there. God be thanked for it.

Let me not mourn that my Father's Force is all spent, that his Valour wars no longer Has it not gained the victory? Let me imitate him rather, let his courageous heart beat anew in me, that when oppression and opposition unjustly threaten, I too may rise with his spirit to front them and subdue them

On the whole, ought I not to rejoice that God was pleased to give me such a Father, that from earliest years, I had the example of a real Man (of God's own making) continually before me? Let me learn of

him, let me "write my Books as he built his Houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow-world"—(if God so will), to rejoin him at last. Amen!—Alas! such is the *mis*-education of these days, it is only among what are called the *un*educated classes (those educated by experience) that you can look for a *man*. Even among these, such a sight is growing daily rarer. My father, in several respects, has not, that I can think of, left his fellow *Ultimus Romanorum*! Perhaps among Scottish Peasants what Samuel Johnson was among English Authors I have a sacred pride in my Peasant Father, and would not exchange him even now for any King known to me. Gold, and the guinea-stamp, the Man, and the Clothes of the Man! Let me thank God for that greatest of blessings, and strive to live worthily of it—

Though from the heart and practically even more than in words an independent man, he was by no means an insubordinate one. His bearing towards his Superiors I consider noteworthy, of a piece with himself. I think, in early life, when working at Springkell for a Sir W Maxwell (the grandfather of the present Baronet), he had got an early respect impressed upon him for the character as well as station of a Gentleman. I have heard him often describe the grave wisdom and dignified deportment of that Maxwell, as of a true "ruler of the people," it used to remind me of the Gentlemen in Goethe. Sir William, like those he ruled over and benignantly (at least gracefully and earnestly) governed, has passed away—But even for the mere Clothes-screens of rank, my Father testified no contempt. he spoke

of them in public or private without acerbity, testified for them the outward deference which Custom and Convenience prescribed, and felt no degradation therein their inward claim to regard was a thing which concerned them, not him. I love to figure him addressing these men, with bared head, by the title of "Your Honour," with a manner respectful yet unembarrassed, a certain manful dignity looking through his own fine face, with his noble gray head bent patiently to the (alas) unworthy. Such conduct is perhaps no longer possible.

Withal he had in general a grave natural politeness. I have seen him, when the women were perhaps all in anxiety about the disorder of the house, etc., usher men, with true hospitality, into his mean house, without any grimace of apologies, or the smallest seeming embarrassment. Were the house but a cabin, it was his, and they were welcome to him and what it held. This was again the *man*. His Life was "no idle tale," not a Lie, but a Truth, which whoso liked was welcome to come and examine. "An earnest toilsome life," which also *had* a serious issue.

The more I reflect on it, the more must I admire how completely Nature had taught him, how completely he was devoted to his work, to the Task of his Life, and content to let *all* pass by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is a singular fact, for example, that though a man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three pages of *Burns's Poems*. Not even when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic (I the loudest) on that matter did he feel it worth while to renew his inves-

tigation of it, or once turn his face towards it. The Poetry *he* liked (he did not call it Poetry) was Truth and the Wisdom of Reality Burns indeed could have done nothing for him As high a Greatness hung over his world, as over that of Burns (the ever-present greatness of the Infinite itself) neither was he like Burns called to rebel against the world, but to labour patiently at his Task there, "uniting the Possible with the Necessary" to bring out the *Real* (wherein also lay an Ideal) Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in this course, and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely Nay Rumour had been so busy with Burns, and Destiny and his own Desert had in very deed so marred his name, that the good rather avoided him Yet it was not with aversion that my Father regarded Burns, at worst with indifference and neglect I have heard him speak of once seeing him standing in "Rob Scott's Smithy" (at Ecclefechan, no doubt superintending some work) he heard one say, "There is the Poet Burns", he went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn This was all the relation these two men ever had they were very nearly coevals¹—I know Robert Burns, and I knew my Father, yet were you to ask me which had the greater natural faculty? I might perhaps actually pause before replying¹ Burns had an infinitely wider Education, my Father a far wholesomer besides the one was a man of Musical Utterance, the other wholly a man of Action, even

¹ Burns was born in 1759, James Carlyle in 1758 Burns died in 1796

with Speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the Endowment from Nature and the Arena from Fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often; and partly *know* it. As a man of Speculation (had Culture ever unfolded him), he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns: but he was a man of Conduct, and Work keeps all right. What strange shapable creatures we are.

My Father's Education was altogether of the worst and most limited. I believe he was never more than three months at any school: what he learned there showed what he might have learned. A solid knowledge of Arithmetic, a fine antique Handwriting; these, with other limited *practical* etceteras, were all the things he ever heard mentioned as excellent: he had no room to strive for more. Poetry, Fiction in general, he had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal. This was the spiritual element he had lived in, almost to old age. But greatly his most important culture he had gathered (and this too by his own endeavour), from the better men of the district, the Religious men, to whom as to the most excellent his own nature gradually attached and attracted him. He was Religious with the consent of his whole faculties: without Reason he would have been nothing; indeed his taste of intellect was thoroughly fed and ever increasing and strengthening by the daily example of the more advanced of men. "Pushing out the natural eye of the mind to see outward with a telescope" this was no secret for him. But he was

in Annandale, and it was above fifty years ago , and a Gospel was still preached there to the heart of a man, in the tones of a man Religion was the Pole-star for my Father rude and uncultivated as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him "in all points a man"

Oh ! when I think that all the area in Boundless Space he had seen was limited to a circle of some forty miles diameter (he never in his life was farther, or elsewhere so far, from home as at Craigenputtock), and all his knowledge of the Boundless Time was derived from his Bible, and what the oral memories of old men could give him, and his own could gather, and yet, that he was *such*,—I could take shame to myself, I feel to my Father (so great though so neglected, so generous also towards *me*) a strange tenderness, and mingled pity and reverence, peculiar to the case, infinitely soft and near my heart Was he not a sacrifice to *me*? Had I stood in his place, could he not have stood in mine, and more? Thou good Father ! well may *I* forever honour thy memory surely that act was not without its reward—And was not Nature great, out of such materials to make such a man?—

Though genuine and coherent, "living and life-giving," he was nevertheless but half developed We had all to complain that we *durst not* freely love him His heart seemed as if walled in, he had not the free means to unbosom himself My Mother has owned to me that she could never understand him, that her affection, and (with all their little strifes) her admiration of him was obstructed it seemed as if an atmosphere of Fear repelled us from him To me it

was especially so Till late years, when he began to respect me more, and, as it were, to look up to me for instruction, for protection (a relation unspeakably beautiful), I was ever more or less awed and chilled before him my heart and tongue played freely only with my Mother He had an air of deepest gravity, even sternness. Yet he could laugh with his whole throat, and his whole heart I have often seen him weep too his voice would thicken and his lips curve while reading the Bible he had a merciful heart to real distress, though he hated idleness, and for imbecility and fatuity had no tolerance Once, and I think once only, I saw him in a passion of tears It was when the remains of my Mother's fever hung upon her (in 1817), and seemed to threaten the extinction of her reason we were all of us nigh desperate, and ourselves mad. He burst, at last, into quite a torrent of grief, cried pitcously, and threw himself on the floor, and lay moaning I wondered, and had no words, no tears It was as if a rock of granite had melted, and was thawing into water What unknown seas of feeling lie in man, and will from time to time break through!—

He was no niggard, but truly a wisely generous Economist. He paid his men *handsomely* and with overplus He had known Poverty in the shape of actual want (in boyhood), and never had one penny which he knew not well how he had come by ("picked," as he said, "out of the hard stone") yet he ever parted with money as a man that knew when he was getting money's worth, that could *give* also, and with a frank liberality, when the fit occasion called I remember, with the peculiar kind of tender-

ness that attaches to many similar things in his life, one or I rather think two times, when he sent *me* to buy a quarter of a pound of Tobacco to give to some old women whom he had had gathering Potatoes for him he nipt off for each a handsome leash, and handed it her by way of over-and-above This was a common principle with him I must have been twelve or thirteen when I fetched this Tobacco I love to think of it. "The little that a just man hath" The old women are now perhaps *all* dead, he too is dead but the gift still lives [*Thursday night*]

He was a man singularly free from Affectation The feeling that he had not he could in no wise pretend to have however ill the want of it might look, he simply would not and did not put on the show of it

Singularly free from Envy I may reckon him too, the rather if I consider his keen temper, and the value he naturally (as a man wholly for Action) set upon *success* in life Others that (by better fortune, none was more industrious or more prudent) had grown richer than he, did not seem to provoke the smallest grudging in him They were going their path, he going his, one did not impede the other He rather seemed to look at such with a kind of respect, a desire to learn from them at lowest with indifference In like manner, though he above all things (indeed in strictness, *solely*) admired Talent, he seemed never to have measured *himself* anxiously against anyone, was content to be taught by whosoever could teach him one or two men (immeasurably his inferiors in faculty) he,

I do believe, looked up to , and thought (with perfect composure) abler minds than himself Complete, at the same time, was his confidence in his own judgment when it spoke to him decisively he was one of those few that could *believe* and *know*, as well as *inquire* and *be of opinion* When I remember how he admired Intellectual Force, how much he had of it himself, and yet how unconsciously and contentedly he gave others credit for superiority, I again see the *healthy* spirit, the genuine man Nothing could please him better than a well-ordered Discourse of Reason , the clear Solution and Exposition of any object and he knew well, in such cases, when the nail had been hit, and contemptuously enough recognised where it had been missed He has said of a bad Preacher "He was like a fly wading among Tar" Clearness, emphatic Clearness, was his highest category of man's thinking power he delighted always to hear good "Argument," he would often say, "I would like to hear thee argue with him " he said this of Jeffrey and me,—with an air of such simple earnestness (not two years ago) , and it was his true feeling I have often pleased him much by arguing with men (as many years ago I was prone to do) in his presence he rejoiced greatly in my success, at all events in my dexterity and manifested force Others of us he admired for our "activity," our practical valour and skill , all of us (generally speaking) for our decent demeanour in the world It is now one of my greatest blessings (for which I would thank Heaven from the heart) that he lived to see me, through various obstructions, attain some look of doing well He had "educated " me against much

advice, I believe, and chiefly, if not solely, from his own noble faith James Bell (one of our wise men) had told him "Educate a boy, and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents" My Father once told me this, and added "Thou hast not done so God be thanked for it!" I have reason to think my Father was proud of me (not vain, for he never, except provoked, openly bragged of us), that here too he lived to "see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hands" Oh, was it not a happiness for me! The fame of all this Planet were not henceforth so precious —

He was thrifty, patient, careless of outward accommodation, had a Spartan indifference to all that When he quarrelled about such things, it was rather because some human *mismanagement* seemed to look through the evil Food and all else were simply and solely there as the means for *doing work* We have lived for months, of old (and when he was not any longer poor), because "by ourselves," on porridge and potatoes with no other condiment than what our own cow yielded Thus are we not now all beggars, as the most like us have become Mother and Father were assiduous, abstemious, frugal without stinginess They shall not want their reward

Both still knew what they were doing in this world, and why they were here "Man's chief end," my father could have answered from the depths of his soul, "is to glorify God and *enjoy Him* for ever"¹ By this light he walked, choosing his path, fitting prudence to principle with wonderful skill and manliness—through "the ruins of a falling Era," not

¹ Words from the Scottish *Shorter Catechism*

once missing his footing Go thou, whom by the hard toil of his aims and his mind he has struggled to enlighten better, go thou and do likewise!

His death was "unexpected"? Not so; every morning and every evening for perhaps sixty years, he had prayed to the great Father, in words which I shall now no more hear him impressively pronounce: "Prepare us for these solemn events, Death, Judgment, and Eternity" He would pray also "Forsake us not now when we are old, and our heads grown gray" God did not forsake him—

Ever since I can remember, his honoured head was gray indeed he must have been about Forty when I was born It was a noble head; very large, the upper part of it strikingly like that of the Poet Goethe the mouth again bearing marks of unrefinement, shut, indeed, and significant, yet loosely compressed (as I have seen in the firmest men, if used to hard manual labour), betokening depth, passionateness, force, all in an element not of languor, yet of toil and patient perennial Endurance A face full of meaning, and earnestness¹ A man of Strength, and a man of Toil Jane took a profile² of him when she was last in Annandale it is the only memorial we have left, and worth much to us He was short of stature, yet shorter than usual only in the limbs of great muscular strength, far more than even his strong-built frame gave promise of In all things he was emphatically *temperate* through life

¹ "About this hour is the funeral Irving enters—unsatisfactory" — T. C.

² The profile by Mrs Carlyle (face only) is done mechanically from the shadow

guilty (more than can be said of almost any man) of
no excess —

He was born (I think, but will inquire better) in the year 1757,¹ at a place called Brownknowe, a small farm, not far from Burnswark Hill in Annandale. I have heard him describe the anguish of mind he felt when leaving this place, and taking farewell of "a big stone" whereon he had been wont to sit in early boyhood, tending the cattle. Perhaps there was a thorn-tree near it his heart he said was like to burst. They were removing to Sibbaldby-side, another farm in the valley of Dryfe — He was come to full manhood —

The family was exposed to great privations, while at Brownknowe. The Mother (Mary Gillespie² she had relatives in Dryfesdale) was left with her children, and had not always meal to make them porridge. My Father was the second son, and fourth child. My Grandfather (Thomas Carlyle, after whom I am named) was an honest, vehement, adventurous, but not an industrious man. He used to collect vigorously and rigorously a sum sufficient for his half year's rent (probably some six or five pounds), lay this by, and for the rest, leave the mother with her little ones to manage very much as they could and would, himself meanwhile amusing himself, perhaps hunting, most probably with the Laird of Bridekirk (a swashbuckler of those days, composer of "Bridekirk's Hunting") partly in the character of kinsman, partly of attendant and henchman. I have heard my Father describe the shifts they were reduced to at home. Once, he said, meal which perhaps had been long

¹ August 1758

² Died 1797, aged 70

scarce and certainly for some time wanting, arrived at last late at night,—she proceeded on the spot to make cakes of it, and had no fuel but straw that she tore from the beds (straw lies under the chaff sacks we all slept on) to do it with the children all rose to eat. Potatoes were little in use then a “*wecht*-ful”¹ was stored up to be eaten perhaps about Halloween. My Father often told us how he once, with a providence early manifested, got possession of four potatoes, and thinking that a time of want might come, hid them carefully against the evil day he found them long after all grown together, they had not been needed. I think he once told us his first short-clothes were a hull made mostly or wholly of leather (?) We all only laughed, for it is now long ago. Thou dear Father! through what stern obstructions was thy way to manhood to be forced, and, for us and our travelling, made smooth.

My Grandfather, whom I can remember as a slightish wiry-looking old man, had not possessed the wisdom of his Son, yet perhaps he was more to be pitied than blamed. *His* Mother² (whose name I have forgotten) was early left a Widow with two of them, in the parish, perhaps in the village, of Middlebie. Thomas the elder became a joiner, and went to work in Lancashire, perhaps in Lancaster, where he staid more than one season (he once returned home, in winter, partly by *ice*, skating along the Westmoreland and Cumberland Lakes) he was in Dumfries-

¹ A *wecht*, large sieve for winnowing grain

² Isabella Bell (born 1687, died 1759), wife of John Carlsle of Burrens (born 1687, died 1727)

shire in 1745, saw the Highlanders come through Ecclefechan (over the Cowden-heights) as they went *down*, was at Dumfries among them, as they returned back in flight he had gone by the Lady of Bridekirk's request to look after the Laird, whom as a Whig of some note, they had taken prisoner¹ His whole adventures there he had minutely described to his children (I too have heard him speak, but briefly, indistinctly, of them) by my uncle Frank I once got a full account of the matter, which shall perhaps be inserted elsewhere He worked as carpenter, I know not how long, about Middlebie (?), then laid aside that craft (except as a side-business, for he always had tools, which I myself have assisted him in grinding), and went to Brownknowe to farm In his latter days he was chiefly supported by my Father, to whom I remember once hearing him say, with a half-choked tremulous palsied voice "Thou hast been a good son to me" He died in 1804² I well remember the funeral, which I was at, and that I read (being then a good reader) "*MacEwen on the Types*" (which I have not seen since, but then partially understood, and even liked for its glib smoothness) to the people sitting at the wake. The

¹ Adam Carlyle of Bridekirk was seized on the highway near his own house, by the Pretender's army, in 1745, on its retreat from Carlisle. In passing through Dumfries, he made himself conspicuous at the officers' mess by obstinately refusing to give any sign when Prince Charlie's health was drunk. When the enthusiasm had subsided a little, he stood up alone, and drank "Confusion to the Pretender" Carlyle's grandfather being denied access to him at Dumfries, followed the troops, then on their way to Glasgow, across the Nith, and mounting a gate, shouted his message as the prisoner marched past, and there received his answer for the Lady —T C *log* (1874)

² 1806 See *infra*, p. 27 n

funeral was in the time of snow all is still very clear to me The three brothers, my Father, Frank and Tom spoke together in the dusk, on the street of Ecclefechan, I looking up and listening Tom proposed that he would bear the whole expense as he had been "rather backward during his Life" (the Deceased's these were his very words), which offer was immediately rejected —

Old Thomas Carlyle had been proud and poor, no doubt he was discontented enough industry was perhaps more difficult in Annandale then (this I do not think very likely), at all events, the man in honour (the *man*) of those days, in that rude Border Country, was a drinker, and hunter, above all a *striker* My Grandfather did not drink, but his *stroke* was ever as ready as his word, and both were sharp enough He was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable of the toughness and springiness of steel An old market-brawl, called "the Ecclefechan Dog-fight," in which he was a principal, survives in tradition there to this day My Father who in youth too had been in quarrels, and formidable enough in them, but from manhood upwards *abhorred* all such things, —never once spoke to us of this My Grandfather had a certain religiousness, but it could not be made dominant and paramount his life lay in two, I figure him as very miserable, and pardon (as my Father did) all his irregularities and unreasons My Father liked in general to speak of him, when it came in course he told us sometimes of his once riding down to Annan (when a boy) behind him, on a sack of barley to be shipped, for which there was then no other mode of conveyance but horseback

On arriving at Annan-bridge, the people demanded three-halfpence of toll-money this the old man would in no wise pay (for tolls then were reckoned pure impositions), got soon into argument about it, and rather than pay it, turned his horse's head aside, and swam the river (at a dangerous place) to the extreme terror of his boy. Perhaps it was on this same occasion, while the two were on the shore about Whinnyrigg, with many others on the same errand (for a "boat had come in"—from Liverpool probably—and the country must hasten to ship) that a lad, of larger size, jeered at the little boy for his ragged coat etc. whereupon the Father, doubtless provoked too, gave him *permission* to fight the wrong-doer,—which he did, and with victory "Man's inhumanity to man!"—

I must not dwell on these things yet will mention the other Brother, my Grand-uncle Francis, still remembered by his title "the Captain of Middlebie." He was bred a shoemaker, and like his elder brother went to travel for work and insight. My Father once described to me, with pity and aversion, how Francis had on some occasion taken to drinking, and to gaming, "far up in England" (at Bristol?), had lost *all* his money, and gone to bed drunk. He awoke next morning in horrors, started up (stung by the serpent of remorse), and flinging himself out of bed, broke his leg against a table standing near, and lay there sprawling,—and had to lie for weeks, with nothing to pay the shot. Perhaps this was the crisis of his life, perhaps it was to pay the bill of this very tavern, that he went and enlisted himself on board some small-craft man-of-war. A mutiny (as I have

heard) took place, wherein Francis Carlyle, with great daring stood by the Captain and quelled the matter, for which service he was promoted to the command of a Revenue-ship, and sailed therein chiefly about the Solway Seas, and did feats enough—of which perhaps elsewhere. He had retired, with dignity, on half-pay to his native Middlebie before my birth. I never saw him but once, and then rather memorably. My Grandfather and he, owing to some sort of cloud and misunderstanding, had not had any intercourse for long, in which division the two families had joined but now when old Thomas was lying on his probable, and as it proved actual Deathbed, the old rugged Sea-Captain relented, and resolved to see his Brother yet once before he died. He came in a cart to Ecclefechan (a great enterprise then, for the road was all water cut and nigh impassable with roughness) I chanced to be standing by when he arrived. He was a grim, broad, to me almost terrible man, unwieldy so that he could not walk. (My Brother John is said to resemble him he was my prototype of Smollett's Trunnion) They lifted him up the steep straight stairs in a chair, to the room of the dying man. The two old Brothers saluted each other hovering over the brink of the grave (they were both above eighty) in some twenty minutes, the arm-chair was seen again descending (my father bore one corner of it, in front) the old man had parted with his Brother for the last time, he went away, with few words, but with a face that still dimly haunts me, and I never saw him more. The business at the moment was quite unknown to me, but I gathered it in a day or two, and its full meaning

long afterwards grew clear to me Its outward phasis, now after some twenty-eight years, is plain as I have written Old Francis also died not long afterwards¹

One vague tradition I will mention that our humble forefathers dwelt long as farmers at *Burrens*, the old Roman Station in Middlebie Once in times of Border robbery, some Cumberland cattle had been stolen and were chased, the trace of them disappeared at Burrens, and the angry Cumbrians demanded of the poor farmer what had become of them? It was vain for him to answer and aver (truly) that he knew nothing of them, had no concern with them he was seized by the people, and despite his own desperate protestations, despite his wife's shriekings and his children's cries, was hanged on the spot! The case even in those days was thought piteous, and a perpetual gift of the little farm was made to the poor widow as some compensation Her children and children's children continued to possess it, till their title was questioned by "the Duke" (of Queensberry) and they (perhaps in my great-grandfather's time, about 1727) were ousted Date and circumstances for the Tale are all wanting This is my remotest outlook into the Past, and itself but a cloudy half or whole hallucination further on there is not even a hallucination I now return these things are secular and unsatisfactory

Bred up in such circumstances, the Boys were accustomed to all manner of hardship, and must

¹ This paragraph requires to be corrected by the following dates, viz. —Francis died 19th August 1803 (aged 77), Thomas died 10th January 1806 (aged 84).

trust for upbringing to Nature, to the scanty precepts of their poor Mother, and to what seeds or influences of culture were hanging as it were in the *atmosphere* of their environment. Poor boys! They had to scramble ("scraffie!") for their very clothes and food. They knit, they thatched, for hire, above all they hunted. My Father had tried all these things, almost in boyhood. Every dell and *burngate* and *cleugh* of that district he had traversed, seeking hares and the like. He used to tell of these pilgrimages. Once, I remember, his gun-flint was "tied on with a hatband." He was a *real* hunter, like a wild Indian, from Necessity. The hares' flesh was food. Hare-skins (at some sixpence each) would accumulate into the purchase-money of a coat. All these things he used to speak of without either boasting or complaining, not as reproaches to *us*, but as historical merely. On the whole, he never *complained*, either of the past, the present, or the future. He observed and accurately noted all, he made the most and the best of all. His hunting years were not useless to him. Misery was early training the rugged boy into a Stoic,—that, one day, there might be assurance of a Scottish Man—

One Macleod, "Sandy Macleod," a wandering pensioner invalided out of some Highland Regiment (who had served in America,—I must think with General Wolfe) had strayed to Brownknowe with his old wife, and taken a Cottage of my Grandfather. He, with his wild foreign legends, and strange half-⁴idiotic half-genial ways, was a great figure with the young ones, and I think acted not a little on their character, least of any, however, on my Father, whose

early turn for the *practical* and real, made him more heedless of Macleod and his vagaries. The old Pensioner had quaint sayings, not without significance of a lacrymose complaining man, for example, he said (or perhaps to him) "He might be thankful he was not in Purgatory." The quaint fashion of speaking, assumed for humour, and most noticeable in my uncle Frank, least or hardly at all in my Father,—was no doubt partly derived from this old wanderer, who was much about their house, working for his rent and so forth, and was partly laughed at partly wondered at by the young ones—Tinkers also, nestling in out-houses, melting pot-metal, and with rude feuds and warfare, often came upon the scene. These with passing Highland Drovers were perhaps their only visitors.

Had there not been a natural goodness and indestructible force in my Father, I see not how he could have bodied himself forth from these mean impediments. I suppose, good precepts were not wanting, there was the Bible to read. Old John Orr, the Schoolmaster, used from time to time to lodge with them, he was religious and enthusiastic (though in practice irregular—with drink), in my Grandfather also there seems to have been a certain geniality for instance, he and a neighbour, Thomas Hogg, read "Anson's Voyage," also the "Arabian Nights,"—for which latter my Father (armed with zealous conviction) scrupled not to censure them openly—By one means or another at an early age, he had acquired *principles*, lights that not only flickered but shone steadily to guide his way.

It must have been in his teens (perhaps rather early) that he and his elder brother John, with

William Bell (afterwards of Wylie-hole, and a noted Drover), and *his* Brother, all met in the kiln at *Relief*¹ to play cards. The corn was dried then *at home* there was a fire therefore, and perhaps it was both heat and light. The boys had played perhaps often enough, for trifling stakes, and always parted in good humour one night they came to some disagreement. My Father spoke out, what was in him about the folly, the sinfulness of quarrelling over a perhaps sinful amusement the earnest mind persuaded other minds, they threw the cards into the fire and (I think the younger Bell told my Brother James) no one of the four ever touched a card again through life. My father certainly never hinted at such a game, since I knew him—I cannot remember that I at that age, had any such force of belief, which of us can?

[*Frida, night* My Father is now in his grave sleeping by the side of his loved ones his face to the East, under the Hope of meeting the Lord when He shall come to Judgment—when the Times shall be fulfilled. *Mysterious Life*! Yes there is a God in man Silence! since thou hast no voice.—To imitate *him* I will pause here for the night. God comfort my Mother God guard them all!]

Of old John Orr I must say another word my Father, who often spoke of him, though not so much latterly, gave me copious description of that and other antiquarian matters in one of the pleasantest days I remember, the last time but one (or perhaps two) that we talked together. A tradition of poor old Orr as of a man of boundless love and natural

¹ Farm in "Relief" parish

worth, still faintly lives in Annandale If I mistake not, he worked also as a Shoemaker he was heartily devout, yet subject to fits of irregularity, he would vanish for weeks into obscure tippling-houses, then reappear ghastly and haggard in body and mind, shattered in health, torn with gnawing remorse Perhaps it was in some dark interval of this kind (he was already old) that he bethought him of his Father, and how he was still lying without a Stone of memorial John had already ordered a Tombstone for him, and it was lying worked, and I suppose lettered and ready, at some mason's establishment (up the water of Mein), but never yet carried to the place Probably Orr had not a shilling of money to hire any carter with, but he hurried off to the spot, and desperately got the Stone on his back It was a load that had nigh killed him, he had to set it down ever and anon and rest, and get it up again The night fell I think some one found him desperately struggling with it near Mein Mill, and assisted him, and got it set in its place—Should I not go and look whether it is still to be found there in Pennersaugh's Churchyard?¹

Though far above all quackery, Orr was actually employed to exorcise a House, some house or room at Orchard in the parish of Hoddam He entered the haunted place, was closeted in it for some time, speaking or praying the ghost was really and truly laid, for no one heard more of it Beautiful reverence even of the rude and ignorant for the infinite nature of Wisdom, in the infinite life of Man!—

¹ A disused churchyard, about half a mile from Ecclefechan, in which many generations of Carlyles lie buried

Orr, as already said, used to come much about Brownknowe, being habitually *itinerant*, and (though Schoolmaster of Hoddam) without settled home. He commonly, my Father said, slept with some of the Boys, in a place where (as usual) there were several beds. He would call out from the bed, to my Grandfather also in his "Gudeman, I have found it,"—found the solution of some problem or other, perhaps arithmetical, which they had been struggling with, or "Gudeman, what d'ye think of this?"—I represent him to myself as a squat, puiſy kind of figure, grim, dusky, the blandest and most bounteous of Cynics. Also a form of the Past! He was my father's sole Teacher in "schooling"

It might be in the year (I think, but must inquire of my now sole surviving Aunt)¹ 1773, that one William Brown, a Mason from Peebles came down into Annandale to do some work, perhaps boarded in my Grandfather's house, at all events married his eldest daughter and child, my now old and vehement, then young and spirited "Aunt Fanny" ("Aunt Fann") This worthy man, whose nephew is still Minister of Eskdalemuir (and Author of a Book on the *Jews*) proved the greatest blessing to that household, my Father could in any case have saved

¹ Carlyle inquired of her on his return from London, but found her "garrulous," and unable to give details. She died 25th February 1834, aged 82 years. She had married in 1773. Carlyle says of her in his *Journal*: "She was about 82, the last of her family, a woman of singular vehemence, inflexibility and energy,—all untempered by directed liberality and parcimony were transcended. To her a world of things, of which these were forms. She even refused to part with a pin, just as if she had been filling up an account. To—

himself, of the other Brothers it may be doubted whether William Brown was not the primary preserver. They all learned to be Masons from him, or from one another, instead of miscellaneous labourers and hunters, became regular tradesmen, the best in all their district (the skilfullest and faithfullest) and the best rewarded—every way. Except my Father, none of them attained a decisive religiousness but they all had prudence and earnestness, love of truth, industry and the blessings it brings. My Father, before my time, though not the eldest had become, in all senses, the head of the house. The eldest was called John. He early got asthma, and for long could not work (though he got his share of the wages still). I can faintly remember him as a pallid sickly figure, and even one or two insignificant words, and the breathless tone he uttered them in. When seized with extreme fits of sickness, he used to gasp out "Bring Jamie, O send for Jamie!" He died I think in 1802¹. I remember the funeral, and perhaps a day before it, how an ill-behaving servant-wench to some crony of hers, lifted up the coverlid from off his pale, ghastly-befilleted head to show it, her unheeding of me, who was alone with them there, and to whom the sight gave a new pang of horror—He was the Father of two sons and a daughter, beside whom our boyhood was passed, none of whom have come to anything but insignificance. He was a well-doing man, and left them well, but their Mother was not wise, nor they decidedly so—The youngest Brother, my "Uncle Tom," died next a fiery, passionate, self-secluded

¹ Died 12th October 1801, aged 47

warm-loving genuine soul, without fear and without guile of whom it is recorded that he never from the first tones of speech, "told any lie" A true old-Roman soul, yet so marred, so stunted, who well deserves a chapter to himself, especially from me, who so lovingly admired him He departed in my Father's house, in my presence, in the year 1815¹ the first Death I had ever understood and laid with its whole emphasis to heart.—Frank followed next, at an interval of some five years² a quaint, social, cheerful man, of less earnestness, but more openness, fond of genealogies, old histories, poems, queer sayings and all curious and *humane* things he could come at. This made him the greatest favourite the rest were rather feared, my Father (ultimately at least) universally feared and respected Frank left two sons, as yet young, one of whom (my namesake), gone to be a Lawyer, is rather clever, *how* clever I have not fully seen—All these Brothers were men of evidently rather peculiar endowment they were (censoriously) noted for their brotherly affection, and coherence, for their hard sayings, and hard *striking*s (which only my father ever grew to *heartily* detest), all of them became prosperous, got a name and possessions in their degree It was a kindred, warmly liked, I believe, by those *near* it, by those at a distance, viewed, at worst and lowest, as something dangerous to meddle with, something *not* to be meddled with—

¹ Thomas, born 1776, died 9th June 1816 Carlyle often said it was his reflections on the death of this uncle, that suggested to him the subject of his chapter on "The Everlasting No," in *Sartor Resartus*

² Francis, born 1761, died 1819 His two sons prospered and were good men, much attached to each other, and to their kindred They both died within the last ten years.

What are the rich or the poor, and how do the simple Annals of the Poor differ from the complex Annals of the Rich, were they never so rich?—What is *thy* attainment compared with an Alexander's, a Mahomet's, a Napoleon's? And what was theirs? A temporary fraction of this Planetkin,—the whole round of which is but a sandgrain in the All, its whole duration but a moment in Eternity! The poor life or the rich one, are but the larger or smaller (*very* little smaller) *letters* in which we write the apophthegm and golden-saying of Life it may be a False saying or it may be a True one, *there* lies it all, this is of quite *infinite* moment the rest is verily and indeed of next to none—

Perhaps my Father was William Brown's first Apprentice somewhere about his sixteenth year Early in the course of the engagement, work grew scarce in Annandale the two "slung their tools" (mallets and irons hung in two equipoised masses over the shoulders), and crossed the Hills into Nithsdale, to Auldgarth,¹ where a Bridge was building This was my father's most *foreign* adventure, he never again or before saw anything so new, or (except when he came to Craigenputtock² on visits) so *distant* He loved to speak of it that talking day we had together, I made him tell it me all over again from the beginning—as a *whole*, for the first time He was a "hewer," and had some few pence a day He could describe with the lucidest distinctness how the whole work went on, and "headers"

¹ Commonly spelt Auldgrith, about eight miles from Dumfries

² See *infra*, p. 80 n

and "closers" solidly massed together made an impregnable pile. He used to hear sermon in Closeburn church, sometimes too in Dunscore. The men had a refreshment of ale, for which he too used to table his twopence,—but the grown-up men generously for most part refused them. A superintendent of the work, a mason from Edinburgh, who did nothing but look on, and (rather decidedly) insist on terms of contract,—"took a great notion" of him, was for having him to Edinburgh along with him. The master-builder, pleased with his ingenious diligence, once laid a shilling on his "*banker*" (stone-bench for hewing on), which he rather ungraciously refused. A flood once carried off all the cinctures and wood-work. He saw the Master anxiously, tremulously watch through the rain as the waters rose, when they prevailed, and all went headlong, the poor man, wringing his hands together, spread them out with open palm down the river,—as if to say: There!

It was a noble moment, which I regret to have missed, when my Father going to look at Craigenputtock, saw this Work, for the first time again, after a space of more than fifty years! How changed was all else, this thing yet the same. Then he was a poor boy, now he was a respected old man, increased in worldly goods, honoured in himself, and in his household. He grew alert (Jamie said) and eagerly observant, eagerly, yet with sadness. The country was all altered, broomy knowes were become seed-fields, trees, then not so much as *seeds*, now waved out broad boughs. The houses, the fields, the men, were of another fashion, there was little that he could recognise. On reaching the Bridge itself, he

started up to his knees (in the cart), sat wholly silent, and seemed on the point of weeping

Well do I remember the first time I saw this Bridge twelve years ago in the dusk of a May day, I had walked from Muirkirk, sickly, forlorn, of saddest mood (for it was then my days of darkness) a rustic answered me "Auldgarth"! There it lay silent, red in the red dusk It was as if half a century of past Time had fatefully, for moments, turned back.

The Master-builder of this Bridge was one Stewart of Minnyive, who afterwards became my Uncle John Aitken's father-in-law him I once saw My Craigenputtock mason, James Hanning's Father, was the Smith that "sharpened the tools" A noble craft it is that of a mason a good Building will last longer than most Books, than one Book of a million The Auldgarth Bridge still spans the water, silently defies its chafing there hangs it, and will hang, grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the last now lies powerless in the sleep of death O Time! O Time! wondrous and fearful art thou, yet there is in man what is above thee

[*Saturday*] Of my Father's youth and opening manhood, and with what specialties this period was marked, I have but an imperfect notion I must inquire further what more is yet to be saved He was now master of his own actions, possessed of means by his own earning, and had to try the world on various sides, and ascertain wherein his own "chief end" in it actually lay The first impulse of man is

to seek for Enjoyment: he tries with more or less impetuosity, more or less irregularity, to conquer for himself a home and blessedness of a mere earthly kind, not till later (in how many cases never!) does he ascertain that on Earth there is no such home, that his true home lies beyond the world of Sense, is a celestial home.—Of these experimenting and tentative days my Father did not speak with much pleasure, not at all with exultation. He considered them days of folly, perhaps sinful days. Yet I know well that his life even then was marked by Temperance (in *all* senses); that he was abstemious, prudent, industrious as very few.

I have a dim picture of him in his little world. In summer season diligently, cheerfully labouring with trowel and hammer; amused by grave talk, and grave humour, with the elders of the craft. building (walling), is an operation that beyond most other manual ones requires incessant consideration, ever new invention; I have heard good judges say that he excelled in it all persons they had seen. In the depth of winter, I figure him with the others gathered round his father's hearth (now no longer so poor and desolate), hurting (but not happily for amusement, not necessity), present here and there at such merry meetings and social doings, as poor Annandale, for poor yet God-created men, might then offer.—Contentions occur; in these he was no man to be played with, fearless formidable (I think to *all*). In after times, he looked back with sorrow on such things; yet to me they were not and are not other than interesting and innocent—scarce, I ever, perhaps never, to be considered as *aggression*, but always as *defence*,

manful assertions of man's rights against man that would infringe them,—and victorious ones I can faintly picture out one scene, which I got from him many years ago perhaps it was at some "Singing School", a huge rude peasant was rudely defying and insulting the party my Father belonged to, the others quailed, and bore it, till he could bear it no longer, but clutches his rough adversary (who had been standing I think at some distance, on some sort of height) by the two flanks, swings him with ireful force round in the air (hitting his feet against some open door), and hurls him to a distance—supine, lamed, vanquished and utterly humbled The whole business looks to me to have passed physically in a troublous moonlight, in the same environment and hue does it now stand in my memory, sad and stern He would say of such things "I am wae to think on't"—wae from repentance Happy who has nothing worse to repent of!—

In the vanities and gallantries of Life (though such in their way came across him) he seems to have very sparingly mingled One Robert Henderson, a dashing projector and devotee, with a dashing daughter, came often up in conversation this was perhaps, as it were, my Father's introduction to the "pride of life", from which, as his wont was, he appears to have derived little but *instruction*, but expansion, and experience. I have good reason to know that he never addressed any woman except with views that were honest pure and manly

But happily he had been enabled very soon, in this choice of the False and Present against the True and Future, to "choose the better part" Happily

there still existed in Annandale an influence of Goodness, pure emblems of a Religion there were yet men living from whom a youth of earnestness might learn by example how to become a man. Old Robert Brand, my Father's maternal uncle, was probably of very great influence on him in this respect. old Robert was a rigorous Religionist, thoroughly filled with a celestial Philosophy of this earthly Life, which shone impressively through his stout decisive, and somewhat cross-grained deeds and words. Sharp sayings of his are still recollected there, not unworthy of preserving. He was a man of iron firmness, a just man and of wise insight. I think, my Father, consciously and unconsciously, may have learned more from this than from any other individual. From the time when he connected himself openly with the Religious,—became a "Burgher" (strict, not strictest species of Presbyterian Dissenter) may be dated his spiritual majority, his earthly Life was now enlightened and overcanopied by a heavenly he was henceforth a Man—

Annandale had long been a lawless "Border" Country. the people had ceased from foray-riding, but not from its effects, the "gallant man" of those districts was still a wild, natural, almost animal man. A select few had, only of late, united themselves, they had built a little Meeting-house at Ecclefechan, thatched with heath, and chosen them a Priest by name John Johnston,—the priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon. He, in his last years, helped me well in my Latin (as he had done many), and otherwise procured me far higher benefits. This peasant union,

this little heath-thatched house, this simple Evangelist,—together constituted properly the “Church” of that district they were the blessing and the saving of many on me too their pious heaven-sent influences still rest, and live, let me employ them well There was, in those days, a “Teacher of the People” He sleeps, not far from my Father (who built his monument) in the Ecclefechan Churchyard, the Teacher and the Taught “Blessed,” I again say, “are the Dead that die in the Lord They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them”

My Father, I think, was of the *second* race of religious men in Annandale old Robert Brand, an ancient herdsman, old John Bretton, and some others that I have seen, were perhaps among the first. Alas, there is no third rising Time sweeps all away with it so fast at this epoch the Scottish Church has been short-lived, and was late in reaching thither.—

Perhaps it was in 1791 that my Father married one Janet Carlyle, a very distant kinswoman of his own (her father yet, I believe, lives, a professor of Religion, but long since suspected to be none of the most perfect, though not without his worth) she brought him one Son, John, at present a well-doing householder at Cockermouth ¹ she left him and this life in little more than a year A mass of long fair woman's hair, which had belonged to her, lay long in a secret drawer at our house (perhaps still lies), the

¹ John emigrated to Canada in 1837, and was a moderately successful farmer, he died there in 1872 Carlyle knew but little of his half-brother, though he was on kindly terms with him, and was generous in the way of helping him in his old age.

sight of it used to give me a certain faint horror. It had been cut from her head, near death, when she was in the height of fever—she was delirious, and would let none but my Father cut it. He thought himself sure of infection, nevertheless consented readily, and escaped. Many ways, I have understood he had much to suffer then—yet he never spoke of it, or only transiently, and with a historical Stoicism.

Let me here mention the reverent custom the old men had in Annandale, of treating Death even in their loosest thoughts. It is now fast passing away, with my Father was quite invariable. Had he occasion to speak in the future, he would say: I will do so and so, never failing to add (were it only against the morrow) “if I be spared,” “if I live.” The Dead again he spoke of with perfect freedom, only with serious gravity (perhaps a lowering of the voice),—and always, even in the most trivial conversation, adding, “that’s gane,” “my Brother John that’s gane,” did so and so—*Ernst ist das Leben*—

He married again, in the beginning of 1795,¹ my Mother, Margaret Aitken (a woman of to me the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and wise). She was a faithful helpmate to him, toiling unweariedly at his side, to us the best of all Mothers, to whom for body and soul I owe endless gratitude. By God’s great mercy, she is still left, as a head and centre to us all, and may yet cheer us with her pious heroism, through many toils—If God so please! I am the eldest child, and trace deeply in myself the

¹ 5th of March

character of both parents, also the upbringing and example of both the inheritance of their natural *health*,—had not I and the Time together beat on it too hard—

It must have been about the period of the first marriage that my Father and his Brothers, already Master-masons, established themselves in Ecclefechan. They all henceforth began to take on a civic existence, to "accumulate" in all senses, to grow. They were among the best and truest men of their craft (perhaps the very best) in that whole district, and recompensed accordingly. Their gains, the honest wages of Industry, their savings were slow but constant, and in my Father's case continued (from one source or other) to the end. He was born and brought up the poorest, by his own right hand he had become wealthy, as he accounted wealth, and in all ways plentifully supplied. His household goods valued in money may perhaps somewhat exceed £1000, in real inward worth, their value was greater than that of most kingdoms,—than all Napoleon's conquests, which did not endure. He saw his children grow up round him to guard him and do him honour, he had (ultimately) a hearty respect from *all*, could look forward from the verge of this Earth, rich and increased in goods, into an Everlasting Country where through the immeasurable Deeps shone a solemn sober Hope. I must reckon my Father one of the most *prosperous* men I have ever in my life known.

Frugality and assiduity, a certain grave composure, an earnestness (not without its constraint, then felt as oppressive a little, yet which now yields

its fruit) were the order of our household. We were all practically taught that *work* (temporal or spiritual) was the only thing we had to do, and incited always by precept and example to do it *well*. An inflexible element of Authority encircled us all, we felt from the first (a useful thing) that our own *wish* had often nothing to say in the matter. It was not a joyful life (what life is), yet a safe, quiet one, above most others (or any other I have witnessed) a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative, but if little were said, that little had generally a meaning. I cannot be thankful enough for my Parents.

My early, yet not my earliest recollections of my Father had in them a certain *awe*, which only now or very lately has passed into free reverence. I was parted from him in my tenth year, and never *habitually* beside him afterwards—Of the very earliest I have saved some, and would not for money's worth lose them. All that belongs to him has become very precious to me.

I can remember his carrying me across Mein Water, over a pool some few yards below where the present Meinfoot Bridge stands. Perhaps I was in my fifth year. He was going to Luce. I think to ask after some Joiner. It was the loveliest summer evening I recollect. My memory dawns (or grows light) at the first aspect of the stream, of the pool spanned by a wooden bow, without railing, and a single plank broad. He lifted me against his thigh with his right hand, and walked careless along till we were over. My face was turned rather downwards, I looked into the deep clear water, and its reflected skies, with terror yet with confidence that he could

save me Directly after, I, light of heart, asked of him what these "little black things" were that I seemed sometimes to *create* by rubbing the palms of my hands together, and can at this moment (the mind having been doubtless excited by the past peril) remember that I described them in these words "like penny-rows" (rolls) "but far less" He explained it wholly to me "my hands were not *clean*" He was very kind, and I loved him All around this is Dusk, or Night, before and after—It is not my *earliest* recollection, not even of him My earliest of all is a mad passion of rage at my elder Brother John (on a visit to us likely from his grandfather's), in which my Father too figures though dimly, as a kind of cheerful comforter and soother I had broken my little brown stool, by madly throwing it at my brother, and felt for perhaps the first time, the united pangs of Loss and of Remorse I was perhaps hardly more than two years old, but can get no one to fix the date for me, though all is still quite legible for myself, with many of its [features] I remember the first "new half-pence" (brought from Dumfries by my Father and Mother for Alick and me), and words that my Uncle John said about it this seems later (in 1799?), and might be ascertained Backwards beyond all, are dim *muddy* images, of deeper and deeper brown shade into the dark beginnings of being

I remember, perhaps in my fifth year, his teaching me Arithmetical things especially how to *divide* (of my Letters taught me by my Mother, I have no recollection whatever, of reading scarcely any) he said,

"This is the *divider* (divisor), this" etc., and gave me a quite clear notion how to do. My Mother said I would forget it all, to which he answered Not so much as they that have never learned it.—Five years or so after, he said to me once "Tom, I do not grudge thy schooling, now when thy Uncle Frank owns thee to be a better Arithmetician than himself"—

He took me down to Annan Academy on the Whitsunday morning,¹ 1806, I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in *Teufelsdröckh*. It was a bright morning, and to me full of moment, of fluttering boundless Hopes, saddened by parting with Mother, with Home, and which afterwards were cruelly disappointed. He called once or twice in the grand schoolroom, as he chanced to have business at Annan once sat down by me (as the master was out), and asked whether I was all well. The boys did not laugh (as I feared), perhaps durst not.

He was *always* GENEROUS to me in my school expenses, never by grudging look or word did he give me any pain. With a noble faith he launched me forth into a world which himself had never been permitted to visit. Let me study to act worthily of him there.

He wrote to me duly and affectionately while I was at College, nothing that was good for me did he fail with his best ability to provide. His simple true counsels and fatherly admonitions have now first attained their fit sacredness of meaning. Pity for me if they be thrown away—

His tolerance for me, his trust in me was great

¹ 26th May. Whitsunday is a Scotch term day

When I declined going forward into the Church (though his heart was set upon it), he respected my scruples, my volition, and patiently let me have my way. In after years, when I had peremptorily ceased from being a Schoolmaster, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent, and saw me, in successive summers, lingering beside him in sickness of body and mind, without outlook towards any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never once to whisper discontent with me. If my dear Mother, with the trustfulness of a Mother's heart, ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and ever against hope kept prophesying good,—he, with whom I communicated far less, who could not approve my schemes, did nothing that was not kind and fatherly: his roof was my shelter, which a word from him (in those sour days of wounded vanity) would have deprived me of; he patiently let me have my way, helping where he could, where he could not help never hindering.—When hope again dawned for me, how hearty was his joy, yet how silent! I have been a happy Son—

On my first return from College (in the Spring 1810) I met him in the "Langlands Road," walking out to try whether he would not happen to see me coming. He had a red plaid about him, was recovering from a fit of sickness (his first severe one), and there welcomed me back. It was a bright April day *where is it now?*—

The great world-revolutions send in their disturbing billows to the remotest creek, and the overthrow of thrones more slowly overturns also the

households of the lowly Nevertheless in all cases the wise man adjusts himself even in these times, the hand of the diligent maketh rich My Father had seen the American War, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon The last arrested him strongly in the Russian Campaign we bought a London Newspaper, which I read aloud to a little circle thrice weekly He was struck with Napoleon, and would say and look pregnant things about him empires won, and empires lost (while *his* little household held together), and now it was all vanished like a tavern brawl!—For the rest, he never meddled with Politics he was not there to govern, but to be governed, could still *live*, and therefore did not *revolt* I have heard him say in late years, with an impressiveness which all his perceptions carried with them “that the lot of a poor man was growing worse and worse, that the world could not and would not last as it was, but mighty changes, of which none saw the end, were on the way” To him, as one about to take his departure, the whole was but of secondary moment he was looking towards “a city that *had* foundations”—

In the “dear years” (1799 and 1800), when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the labourers (I have heard him tell) retire each separately to a brook, and there *drunk* instead of dining,—without complaint, anxious only to hide it.—

At Langholm he once saw a heap of smuggled Tobacco publicly burnt. Dragoons were ranged round it with drawn swords, some old women stretched through their old withered arms to snatch

a little of it, and the dragoons did not hinder them¹
—A natural artist!

The largest sum he ever earned in one year, I think, was £100, by the building of Cressfield House

He wisely quitted the Mason trade, at the time when the character of it had changed, when universal Poverty and Vanity made *show* and *cheapness* (here as everywhere) be preferred to Substance, when as he said emphatically honest trade "was done." He became Farmer (of a wet clayey spot called Mainhill) in 1815, that so "he might keep all his family about him," struggled with his old valour, and here too prevailed. Two ears of corn are now in many places growing where he found only one unworthy or little worthy men for the time reap the benefit, but it was a benefit done to God's Earth, and God's Mankind will year after year get the good of it

In his contention with an unjust or perhaps only a mistaken Landlord, he behaved with prudent resolution, not like a vain braggart but like a practically brave man. It was I that innocently (by my settlement at Hoddam Hill) had involved him in it. I must admire now his *silence*, while we were all so loud and vituperative. He spoke *nothing* on that matter, except only what had practical meaning in it, and in a practical tone. His answers to unjust proposals, meanwhile, were resolute and ever-memorable for their emphasis. "I *will* not do it," said he once, "I will rather go to Jerusalem, seeking farms,

¹ It was formerly the common practice of the old Annandale peasant women to smoke tobacco, and it is even now not very unusual

and die without finding one"—“We can live without Sharpe,”¹ said he once in my hearing (such a thing only *once*) “and the whole Sharpe creation”—On getting to Scotsbrig, the rest of us all triumphed, not he—he let the matter stand on its own feet, was *there* also, not to talk but to work. He even addressed a conciliatory letter to General Sharpe (which I saw right to *write* for him, since he judged prudence better than pride) but it produced no result,—except indeed the ascertainment that none could be produced, which itself was one—

When he first entered our house at Craigenputtock he said in his slow emphatic way, with a certain rustic dignity to my wife (I had entered introducing him) “I am grown an *old fellow*” (never can we forget the pathetic slow earnestness of these two words) “I am grown an old fellow, and wished to see ye all once more while I had yet opportunity” Jane was greatly struck with him, and still further opened my eyes to the treasure I possessed in a Father—

The last thing I gave him was a cake of Cavendish Tobacco sent down by Alick about this time twelvemonth. Through life I had given him very little, having little to give—he needed little, and from me expected nothing. Thou who wouldst give, give quickly—in the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness—I had once bought him a pair of silver spectacles, at receipt of which and the letter that accompanied them (John told me) he was very glad, and nigh weeping. “What I gave I have” He read with these spectacles till his last days, and no doubt sometimes thought of me in using them—

¹ The landlord referred to above.

The last time I saw him was about the first of August last, a few days before departing hither. He was very kind, seemed prouder of me than ever. What he had never done the like of before, he said, on hearing me express something which he admired. "Man, it's surely a pity that thou should sit yonder, with nothing but the Eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak." His eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy — — Strangely too he offered me on one of those mornings (knowing that I was poor) "two sovereigns" which he had of his own, and pressed them on my acceptance. They were lying in his Desk, none knew of them. He seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard, his *all* that he had to give. I said jokingly afterwards that surely he was *fey*¹. So it has proved.

I shall now no more behold my dear Father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole three-score-and-ten years of the Past has doubly died for me, it is as if a new leaf in the great Book of Time were turned over. Strange Time! Endless Time, or of which I see neither end nor beginning! All rushes on, man follows man, his life is as a Tale that has been told. Yet under Time does there not lie Eternity? Perhaps my Father, all that essentially *was* my Father *is* even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God,

¹ *Fey*, fated to die, said of a person who does some unusually generous act, or who is seen in any mood surprisingly beyond the bounds of his ordinary temperament, it is feared the Fate presiding over human destiny is near, actively influencing him in prospect of his death.

we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another as it is written, "we shall be for ever with God!" The possibility, nay (in some way) the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me "The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be, even now *is*" God is great, God is good His will be done, for it will be right!—

As it is, I can think peaceably of the Departed Loved All that was earthly harsh sinful in our relation has fallen away, all that was holy in it remains I can see my dear Father's Life in some measure as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built, the waters of Time have now swelled up round his (as they will round mine), I can *see* it (all transfigured) though I *touch* it no longer I might almost say his spirit seems to have entered into me (so clearly do I discern and love him), I seem to myself only the continuation, and *second volume* of my Father—These days that I have spent thinking of him, and of his end, are the peaceablest, the only Sabbath I have had in London One other of the universal destinies of man has overtaken me. Thank Heaven, I know and have known what it is to be a *Son*, to *love* a Father, as spirit can love spirit. God give me to live to my Father's honour, and to His!—And now beloved Father farewell, for the last time in this world of shadows! In the world of Realities may the great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness, and perfect love! Amen!

JANE WELSH CARLYLE

"IN the ancient County-Town of Haddington, July 14th, 1801, there was born to a lately wedded pair, not natives of the place, but already reckoned among the best class of people there, a little Daughter, whom they named *Jane Baillie Welsh*, and whose subsequent and final name (her own common signature for many years) was *Jane Welsh Carlyle*,—and now so stands, now that she is mine in death only, on her and her Father's Tombstone in the Abbey Kirk of that Town July 14th, 1801 I was then in my sixth year, far away in every sense, now near, and infinitely concerned,—trying doubtfully, after some three years' sad cunctation, if there is anything that I can profitably put on record of her altogether bright beneficent and modest little Life, and Her, as my final task in this world"

The preceding passage Mr Carlyle has labelled "Rudiments of Preface," and he added at its close, as a memorandum, "something more of Preface, 'Letters mainly,' 'can be left for friends,' not to be published, any way, till long *after* death"

It is plain that these words were intended to form part of the Preface to the Letters of his Wife,

which in 1868-9 he was putting in order and annotating. They do not properly belong to the following "Bit of Writing" But they are printed here because in the edition of the *Reminiscences* edited by Mr Froude they appear in a corresponding position, prefixed to Miss Jewsbury's anecdotes of Mrs. Carlyle.

Mr. Froude states that Carlyle "had requested Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, his wife's most intimate friend, to tell him any biographical anecdotes which she could remember to have heard from Mrs. Carlyle's lips." That this statement is incorrect appears from a note addressed by Mr Carlyle to Miss Jewsbury on returning to her the little note-book in which she had written her narrative. His note was written on the next leaf in the volume, and it is now printed in its place at the end of Miss Jewsbury's pages.¹

IN MEMORIAM JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

ON APRIL 21 1855.

BY GERALDINE JEWSBURY.

She told me that once, when she was a very little girl, there was going to be a dinner-party at home, and she was left alone with some tempting custards, ranged in their glasses upon a stand. She stood looking at them, and the thought came into her mind 'What a w^old be the consequence if I should eat one of them?' A whimsical sense of the dismay it would cause took hold of her she thought of it again, and scarcely knowing what she was about, she put forth her hand, and—took a little from the top of each! She was discovered, the sentence upon her was, to eat *all* the remaining custards, and to hear the company told the reason why there were none for them! The poor child hated custards for a long time afterwards.

¹ See *same* p. 68.

THE BUBBLY JOCK

On her road to school, when a very small child, she had to pass a gate where a horrid turkey-cock was generally standing. He always ran up to her, gobbling and looking very hideous and alarming. It frightened her at first a good deal, and she dreaded having to pass the place, but after a little time she hated the thought of living in fear. The next time she passed the gate several labourers and boys were near, who seemed to enjoy the thought of the turkey running at her. She gathered herself together and made up her mind. The turkey ran at her as usual, gobbling and swelling, she suddenly darted at him and seized him by the throat and swung him round! The men clapped their hands, and shouted 'Well done, little Jeannie Welsh!' and the Bubbly Jock never molested her again.

LEARNING LATIN

She was very anxious to learn lessons like a Boy, and, when a very little thing, she asked her father to let her 'learn Latin like a boy'. Her mother did not wish her to learn so much, her father always tried to push her forwards, there was a division of opinion on the subject. Jeannie went to one of the town scholars in Haddington and made him teach her a noun of the first declension ('*Penna*, a pen,' I think it was). Armed with this, she watched her opportunity, instead of going to bed, she crept under the table, and was concealed by the cover. In a pause of conversation, a little voice was heard, '*Penna*, a pen, *pennæ*, of a pen,' etc, and as there was a pause of surprise, she crept out, and went up to her father saying, 'I want to learn Latin, please let me be a boy'. Of course she had her own way in the matter.

SCHOOL AT HADDINGTON

Boys and girls went to the same school, they were in separate rooms, except for Arithmetic and Algebra. Jeannie was the best of the girls at Algebra. Of course she had many devoted slaves among the boys, one of them especially taught her, and helped her all he knew, but he was quite a poor boy, whilst Jeannie was one of the gentry of the place, but she felt no difficulty, and they were great

friends She was fond of doing everything difficult that boys did There was one particularly dangerous feat, to which the boys dared each other, it was to walk on a *very* narrow ledge on the outside of the bridge overhanging the water, the ledge went in an arch, and the height was considerable One fine morning Jeannie got up early and went to the Nungate Bridge, she lay down on her face and crawled from one end of the bridge to the other, to the imminent risk of either breaking her neck or drowning

One day in the boys' school-room, one of the boys said something to displease her She lifted her hand, doubled it, and hit him hard, his nose began to bleed, and in the midst of the scuffle the master came in He saw the traces of the fray, and said in an angry voice, 'You boys, you know, I have forbidden you to fight in school, and have promised that I would flog the next Who has been fighting this time?' Nobody spoke, and the master grew angry, and threatened *tarwe* all round unless the culprit were given up Of course no boy would tell of a girl, so there was a pause, in the midst of it, Jeannie looked up and said, 'Please, I gave that black eye' [*sic*] The master tried to look grave, and pursed up his mouth, but the boy was big, and Jeannie was little, so, instead of the *tarwe* he burst out laughing and told her she was 'a little deevil,' and had no business there, and to go her ways back to the girls

Her friendship with her schoolfellow-teacher came to an untimely end An aunt who came on a visit saw her standing by a stile with him, and a book between them She was scolded, and desired not to keep his company This made her very sorry, for she knew how good he was to her, but she never had a notion of disobedience in any matter small or great She did not know how to tell him or to explain, she thought it shame to tell him he was not thought good enough, so she determined he should imagine it a fit of caprice, and from that day she never spoke a word to him or took the least notice, she thought a sudden cessation would pain him less than a gradual coldness Years and years afterwards, going back on a visit to Had dington, when she was a middle aged woman, and he was a man married and doing well in the world, she saw him again, and then, for the first time, told him the explanation

She was always anxious to work hard, and would sit up half the night over her lessons. One day she had been greatly perplexed by a problem in Euclid, she *could not* solve it. At last she went to bed, and in a dream got up and did it, and went to bed again. In the morning she had no consciousness of her dream, but on looking at her slate, there was the problem solved.

She was afraid of sleeping too much, and used to tie a weight to one of her ankles that she might awake. Her mother discovered it, and her father forbade her to rise before five o'clock. She was a most healthy little thing then, only she did her best to ruin her health, not knowing what she did. She always would push everything to its extreme to find out if possible the ultimate consequence. One day her mother was ill, and a bag of ice had to be applied to her head. Jeannie wanted to know the sensation, and took an opportunity when no one saw her to get hold of the bag, and put it on her own head, and kept it on till she was found lying on the ground insensible.

She made great progress in Latin, and was in Virgil when nine years old. She always loved her doll, but when she got into Virgil she thought it shame to care for a doll. On her tenth birthday she built a funeral pile of lead pencils and sticks of cinnamon, and poured some sort of perfume over all, to represent a funeral pile. She then recited the speech of Dido, stabbed her doll and let out all the sawdust, after which she consumed her to ashes, and then burst into a passion of tears.

HER APPEARANCE IN GIRLHOOD

As a child she was remarkable for her large black eyes with their long curved lashes. As a girl she was extremely pretty, —a graceful and beautifully formed figure, upright and supple, —a delicate complexion of creamy white with a pale rose tint in the cheeks, lovely eyes full of fire and softness, and with great depths of meaning. Her head was finely formed, with a noble arch, and a broad forehead. Her other features were not regular, but they did not prevent her conveying all the impression of being beautiful. Her voice was clear, and full of subtle intonations and capable of great variety of expression. She had it under full control. She danced with much grace,

and she was a good musician. She was ingenious in all works that required dexterity of hand, she could draw and paint, and she was a good carpenter. She could do anything well to which she chose to give herself. She was fond of logic,—too much so, and she had a keen clear incisive faculty of seeing through things, and hating all that was make-believe or pretentious. She had good sense that amounted to genius. She loved to learn, and she cultivated all her faculties to the utmost of her power. She was always witty, with a gift for narration,—in a word she was fascinating and everybody fell in love with her. A relative of hers told me that every man who spoke to her for five minutes felt impelled to make her an offer of marriage! From which it resulted that a great many men were made unhappy. She seemed born 'for the destruction of mankind.' Another person told me that she was 'the most beautiful starry-looking creature that could be imagined,' with a peculiar grace of manner and motion that was more charming than beauty. She had a great quantity of very fine silky black hair, and she always had a natural taste for dress. The first thing I ever heard about her was that she dressed well,—an excellent gift for a woman.

Her mother was a beautiful woman, and as charming as her daughter, though not so clever. She had the gift of dressing well also. Genius is profitable for all things, and it saves expense. Once her mother was going to some grand fête, and she wanted her dress to be something specially beautiful. She did not want to spend money. Jeannie was entrusted with a secret mission to gather ivy leaves and trails of ivy of different kinds and sizes, also mosses of various kinds, and was enjoined to silence. Mrs. Welsh arranged these round her dress, and the moss formed a beautiful embossed trimming and the ivy made a graceful scrollwork, the effect was lovely, nobody could imagine of what the trimming was composed, but it was generally supposed to be a French trimming of the latest fashion and of fabulous expense.

She always spoke of her mother with deep affection and great admiration. She said she was so noble and generous that no one ever came near her without being the better. She used to make beautiful presents by saving upon herself,—she economised upon herself to be generous to others, and no one ever served her in the least without experiencing her

generosity She was almost as charming and as much adored as her daughter

Of her *Father* she always spoke with reverence, he was the only person who had any real influence over her But, however wilful or indulged she might be, *obedience* to her parents—unquestioning and absolute—lay at the foundation of her life She was accustomed to say that this habit of obedience to her parents was her salvation through life,—that she owed all that was of value in her character to this habit as the foundation Her father, from what she told me, was a man of strong and noble character,—very true and hating all that was false She always spoke of any praise he gave her as of a precious possession She loved him with a deep reverence, and she never spoke of him except to friends whom she valued It was the highest token of her regard when she told any one about her father She told me that once he was summoned to go a sudden journey to see a patient, and he took her with him It was the greatest favour and pleasure she had ever had They travelled at night, and were to start for their return by a very early hour in the morning She used to speak of this journey as something that made her perfectly happy, and during that journey, her father told her he was pleased with her, that her conduct and character satisfied him It was not often he praised her, and this unreserved flow of communication was very precious to her Whilst he went to the sick person, she was sent to bed until it should be time to return She had his watch that she might know the time When the chaise came round, the landlady brought her some tea, but she was in such haste not to keep him waiting that she forgot the *watch*, and they had to return several miles to fetch it! This was the last time she was with her father, a few days afterwards he fell ill of typhus fever, and would not allow her to come into the room She made her way once to him, and he sent her away He died of this illness, and it was the very greatest sorrow she ever experienced She always relapsed into a deep silence for some time after speaking of her father [*Not very correct* T C]

After her father's death they [*'they,' no* T C] left Haddington, and went to live at *Templand*, near Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire It was a country house, standing in its own

grounds, prettily laid out The house has been described to me as furnished with a certain elegant thrift which gave it a great charm I do not know how old she was when her father died [*eighteen, just gone*, T C], but she was one with whom years did not signify, they conveyed no meaning as to what she was Before she was fourteen she wrote a *tragedy* in five acts, which was greatly admired and wondered at, but she never wrote another She used to speak of it 'as just an explosion' I don't know what the title was, she never told me

She had no end of ardent lovers, and she owned that some of them had reason to complain I think it highly probable that if *flirting* were a capital crime, she would have been in danger of being hanged many times over She told me one story that showed a good deal of character —There was a young man who was very much in love, and I am afraid he had had reason to hope she cared for him and she only liked him She refused him decidedly when he proposed, but he tried to turn her from her decision, which showed how little he understood her, for her *will* was very steadfast through life She refused him peremptorily this time. He then fell ill, and took to his bed, and his mother was very miserable about her son She was a widow, and had but the one. At last he wrote her another letter, in which he declared that unless she would marry him, he would kill himself He was in such distraction that it was a very likely thing for him to do Her mother was very angry indeed, and reproached her bitterly She was very sorry for the mischief she had done, and took to her bed, and made herself ill with crying The old servant, Betty, kept imploring her to say just one word to save the young man's mother from her misery But though she felt horribly guilty and miserable, she was not going to be forced or frightened into anything She took up the letter once more, which she said was very moving, but a slight point struck her, and she put down the letter, saying to her mother, 'You need not be frightened, he won't kill himself at all, look here, he has scratched out one word to substitute another A man intending anything desperate would not have stopped to scratch out a word, he would have put his pen through it, or left it!' That was very sagacious, but the poor young man was very ill, and the doctor

did not know herself; but anyhow that is what she did. After Irving's marriage; years afterwards, there was not much intercourse between them; the whole course of his life had changed.¹

I do not know in what year she married, nor anything connected with her marriage. I believe that she brought no money or very little at her marriage. Her father had left everything to her, but she made it over to her mother and only had what her mother gave her. Of course people thought she was making a dreadful, bad match; they only saw the *outside* of the thing, but she had faith in her own insight. Long afterwards, when the world began to admire her husband, at the time he delivered the lectures on 'Hero Worship,' she gave a little half-scornful laugh and said 'they tell me things as if they were new that I found out years ago.' She knew the power of help and sympathy that lay in her; and she knew she had strength to stand the struggle and persevere before he was recognised. She told me that she resolved that he should never write for money, only, when he wished it, when he had a message in his heart to deliver, she determined that she would make whatever money he gave her answer for all needful purposes: and she was ever faithful to this resolve. She bent her faculties to economical problems and she managed so well that comfort was never absent from her house and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor. Until she married she had never minded household things, but she took them up when necessary, and accomplished them as she accomplished everything else she undertook well and gracefully. Whatever she had to do she did it with a peculiar personal grace that gave a charm to the most prosaic details. No one who in later years saw her lying on the sofa in broken health and languor, would guess the amount of energetic work with she had done in her life. She could do everything and anything, from mending the Newbern blinds to making good-fellow or trimming a dress. Her judgment in all literary matters was

¹ - Omitted here by Mr. Frothingham, on the ground that it was a review of "Captain Ballou," a review of Mrs. Carver dated 1873.

thoroughly good, she could get to the very core of a thing, and her insight was like witchcraft.

Some of her stories about her servants in the early times were very amusing but she could make a story about a broom-handle and make it entertaining. Here are some things she told me about their residence at Craigenputtock.

At first on their marriage they lived in a small pretty house in Edinburgh called Cromlech Bank [*sic*]. Whilst there her first experience of the difficulties of housekeeping began. She had never been accustomed to anything of the kind, but Mr Carlyle was obliged to be very careful in diet. She learned to make bread partly from recollecting how she had seen an old servant set to work, and she used to say that the *first* time she attempted brown bread, it was with awe. She mixed the dough and saw it rise, and then she put it into the oven, and sat down to watch the oven-door with feelings like Benvenuto Cellini's when he watched his Perseus put into the furnace. She did not feel too sure what it would come out! But it came out a beautiful crusty loaf, very light and sweet, and proud of it she was. The first time she tried a pudding, she went into the kitchen and locked the door on herself, having got the servant out of the road. It was to be a suet pudding—not just a common suet pudding but something special—and it was good, being made with care by weight and measure with exactness. Whilst they were in Edinburgh they knew everybody worth knowing, Lord Jeffrey was a great admirer of hers, and an old friend, Chalmers, Guthrie, and many others. But Mr Carlyle's health and work needed perfect quietness and absolute solitude. They went to live at the end of two years at Craigenputtock—a lonely farmhouse belonging to Mrs Welsh, her mother. A house was attached to the farm, beside the regular farmhouse. The farm was let, and Mr and Mrs Carlyle lived in the house, which was separated from the farm-yard and buildings by a yard. A garden and outbuildings were attached to it. They had a cow, and a horse, and poultry. They were fourteen miles from Dumfries, which was the nearest town. The country was uninhabited for miles round, being all moorland, with rocks, and a high steep green hill behind the house. She used to say that the stillness was almost awful, and that when she walked out she could hear the sheep nibbling the grass, and they

used to look at her with innocent wonder. The letters came in once a week, which was as often as they sent into Dumfries. All she needed had to be sent for there or done without. One day she had desired the farm servant to bring her a bottle of yeast. The weather was very hot. The man came back looking scared, and without the yeast. He said doggedly that he would do anything lawful for her, but he begged she would never ask him to fetch such an uncanny thing again, for it had just worked and worked till it flew away with the bottle! When asked where it was, he replied, 'it had a' just gane into the ditch, and he had left it there!'

Lord Jeffrey and his family came out twice to visit her, expecting, as he said, to find that she had hanged herself upon a door-nail. But she did no such thing. It was undoubtedly a great strain upon her nerves from which she never entirely recovered, but she lived in the solitude cheerfully and willingly for six years. It was a much greater trial than it sounds at first, for Mr Carlyle was engrossed in his work, and had to give himself up to it entirely. It was work and thought with which he had to wrestle with all his might to bring out the truths he felt, and to give them due utterance. It was his life that his work required, and it was his life that he gave, and she gave her life too, which alone made such life possible for him. All those who have been strengthened by Mr Carlyle's written words—and they have been wells of life to more than have been numbered—owe to her a debt of gratitude no less than to him. If she had not devoted her life to him, he could not have worked, and if she had let the care for money weigh on him he could not have given his best strength to teach. Hers was no holiday task of pleasant companionship, she had to live beside him in silence that the people in the world might profit by his full strength and receive his message. She lived to see his work completed, and to see him recognised in full for what he is, and for what he has done.

Sometimes she could not send to Dumfries for butcher's meat, and then she was reduced to her poultry. She had a peculiar breed of very long-legged hens, and she used to go into the yard amongst them with a long stick and point out those that were to be killed, feeling, she said, like Fouquier Tinville pricking down his victims.

One hard winter her servant, Grace, asked leave to go home to see her parents, there was some sort of a fair held in her village. She went and was to return at night. The weather was bad, and she did not return. The next morning there was nothing for it but for her to get up to light the fires and prepare breakfast. The house had beautiful and rather elaborate steel grates, it seemed a pity to let them rust, so she cleaned them carefully, and then looked round for wood to kindle the fire. There was none in the house, it all lay in a little outhouse across the yard. On trying to open the door, she found it was frozen beyond her power to open it, so Mr Carlyle had to be roused, it took all his strength, and when opened a drift of snow six feet high fell into the hall! Mr Carlyle had to make a path to the wood-house, and bring over a supply of wood and coal, after which he left her to her own resources.

The fire at length made, the breakfast had to be prepared, but it had to be raised from the foundation. The bread had to be made, the butter to be churned, and the coffee ground. All was at last accomplished, and the breakfast was successful! After breakfast she went about the work of the house, as there was no chance of the servant being able to return. The work fell into its natural routine. Mr Carlyle always kept a supply of wood ready, he cut it, and piled it ready for her use inside the house, and he fetched the water, and did things she had not the strength to do. The poor cow was her greatest perplexity. She could continue to get hay down to feed it, but she had never in her life milked a cow. The first day the servant of the farmer's wife, who lived at the end of the yard, milked it for her willingly, but the next day Mrs Carlyle heard the poor cow making an uncomfortable noise, it had not been milked. She went herself to the byre, and took the pail and sat down on the milking stool and began to try to milk the cow. It was not at first easy, but at last she had the delight of hearing the milk trickle into the can. She said she felt quite proud of her success, and talked to the cow like a human creature. The snow continued to lie thick and heavy on the ground, and it was impossible for her maid to return. Mrs Carlyle got on easily with all the house-work, and kept the whole place bright and clean except the large kitchen or house place, which grew to need scouring.

very much At length she took courage to attack it Filling up two large pans of hot water, she knelt down and began to scrub, having made a clean space round the large arm-chair by the fireside, she called Mr Carlyle and installed him with his pipe to watch her progress He regarded her beneficently, and gave her from time to time words of encouragement Half the large floor had been successfully cleansed, and she felt anxious of making a good ending, when she heard a gurgling sound For a moment or two she took no notice, but it increased and there was a sound of something falling upon the fire, and instantly a great black thick stream came down the chimney, pouring like a flood along the floor, taking precisely the lately cleaned portion first in its course, and extinguishing the fire It was too much, she burst into tears The large fire, made up to heat the water, had melted the snow on the top of the chimney, it came down mingling with the soot, and worked destruction to the kitchen floor All that could be done was to dry up the flood She had no heart to recommence her task She rekindled the fire and got tea ready That same night her maid came back, having done the impossible to get home She clasped Mrs Carlyle in her arms, crying and laughing, saying 'Oh, my dear mistress, my dear mistress, I dreamed ye were deed!'

During their residence at Craigenputtock, she had a good little horse, called 'Harry,' on which she sometimes rode long distances She was an excellent and fearless horsewoman, and went about like the women used to do before carriages were invented. One day she received news that Lord Jeffrey and his family, with some visitors, were coming The letter only arrived the day they were expected (for letters only came in one day in the week) She mounted 'Harry' and galloped off to Dumfries to get what was needed and galloped back, and was all ready and dressed to receive her visitors with no trace of her thirty-mile ride except the charming history she made of it She said that 'Harry' understood all was needed of him

She had a long and somewhat anxious ride at another time Mr Carlyle had gone to London, leaving her to finish winding up affairs at Craigenputtock and to follow him The last day came She got the money out of the bank at Dumfries, dined with a friend, and mounted her horse to ride to Ecclefechan,

where she was to stay for a day or two. Whether she paid no attention to the road or did not know it I don't know, but she *lost* her way and at dusk found herself entering Dumfries from the *other side*, having made a circuit. She alighted at the friend's house where she had dined, to give her horse a rest. She had some tea herself, and then mounted again to proceed on her journey, fearing that those to whom she was going would be alarmed if she did not appear. This time she made sure she was on the right tack. It was growing dusk, and at a joining of two roads she came upon a party of men half-tipsy, coming from a fair. They accosted her, and asked where she was going, and would she come along with them? She was rather frightened, for she had a good deal of money about her, so she imitated a broad country dialect, and said their road was not hers, and that she had 'a gey piece to ride before she got to Annan'. She whipped her horse, and took the other road, thinking she could easily return to the right track, but she had again lost her way and, seeing a house with a light in the lower storey, she rode up the avenue which led to it. Some women-servants had got up early, or rather late at night, to begin their washing. She knocked at the window. At first they thought it was one of their sweethearts, but when they saw a lady on a horse they thought it a ghost. After a while she got them to listen to her, and when she told them her tale they were vehement in their sympathy, and would have had her come in to refresh herself. They gave her a cup of their tea, and one of them came with her to the gate, and set her face towards the right road. She had actually come back to within a mile of Dumfries once more! The church clocks struck twelve as she set out a third time, and it was after two o'clock in the morning before she arrived, dead tired, she and her horse too, at Ecclefechan, where however she had long since been given up. The inmates had gone to bed, and it was long before she could make them hear. After a day or two of repose, she proceeded to join Mr Carlyle in London.

At first they lived in lodgings with some people who were very kind to them and became much attached to her. They looked upon her as a superior being, of another order, to themselves. The children were brought up to think of her as a sort of fairy lady. One day, a great many years afterwards,

when I had come to live in London, it was my birthday, and we resolved to celebrate it 'by doing something,' and at last we settled that she should take me to see the daughter of the people she used to lodge with, who had been an affectionate attendant upon her, and who was now very well married, and an extremely happy woman. Mrs Carlyle said it was a good omen to go and see 'a happy woman' on such a day! So she and I, and her dog 'Nero,' who accompanied her wherever she went, set off to Dalston where the 'happy woman' lived. I forget her name, except that she was called '*Eliza*'. It was washing day, and the husband was absent, but I remember a pleasant-looking kind woman, who gave us a nice tea, and rejoiced over Mrs Carlyle, and said she had brought up her children in the hope of seeing her some day. She lived in a house in a row, with little gardens before them. We saw the children, who were like others, and we went home by omnibus, and we had enjoyed our little outing, and Mrs Carlyle gave me a pretty lace collar, and Bohemian-glass vase, which is still unbroken.

I end these 'stories told by herself,' not because there are no more. They give some slight indication of the courage and nobleness and fine qualities which lay in her who is gone. Very few women so truly great come into the world at all, and no two like her at the same time. Those who were her friends will only go on feeling their loss and their sorrow more and more every day of their own lives.

G E J

Chelsea, May 20, 1866

DEAR GERALDINE,—Few or none of these Narratives are correct in all the details, some of them, in almost all the details, are *incorrect*. I have not *read* carefully beyond a certain point which is marked on the margin¹. Your *recognition* of the *character* is generally true and faithful, little of *portraiture* in

¹ The mark on the margin is near the beginning of a passage omitted by Mr Froude. See *supra*, p. 62.

it that satisfies me. On the whole all tends to the *mythical*, it is very strange how much of mythical there already here is!—

As Lady Lothian set you on writing, it seems hard that she should not see what you have written but I wish you to take *her word of honour* that none else shall, and my earnest request to you is that, directly *from* her Ladyship, you will bring the Book to me, and consign it to my keeping

No need that an idle-gazing world should know my lost Darling's History; or mine,—nor *will* they ever, they may depend upon it! One fit service, and one only, *they* can do to Her or to Me—cease speaking of us, through all Eternity, as soon as they conveniently can—Affectionately yours,

T CARLYLE

Chelsea, May 22, 1866

25 May 1866 Geraldine returns me this little Book of Myths, *unshown* to anybody, and to be my own henceforth I do not yet burn it, as I have done her kind and respectful Letter ("Narratives long ago, on our first acquaintance" etc etc and fermenting and agglomerating in my mind ever since!)—in fact, there is a certain mythical truth, in all or most parts of the poor scribble, and it may *wait* its doom, or execution. That of young lovers, especially that of *flirting*, is much exaggerated if "flirt" mean one who tries to inspire love without feeling it, I do not think she ever was a flirt. But she was very charming, full of grace, talent, clear insight, playful humour,

and also of honest dignity and pride, and not a few young fools, of her own or perhaps a slightly better station, made offers to her,—which, sometimes to their high temporary grief and astonishment, were decisively rejected. The most serious-looking of these affairs, was that of George Rennie, the Junior (not Heir but *Cadet*) of *Phantassie*, Nephew of the first Engineer Rennie, a clever, decisive, very ambitious, but quite *unmelodious* young fellow, whom we knew afterwards here as sculptor, as M P (for a while),—finally as retired Governor of the Falkland Islands, in which latter character he died here, seven or eight years ago. She knew him thoroughly, had never loved him, but respected various qualities in him, and naturally had some peculiar interest in him to the last. In his final time he used to come pretty often down to us here, and was well worth talking to on his Falkland or other experiences—a man of sternly sound common-sense (so called), of strict veracity, who much contemned imbecility, falsity, or nonsense wherever met with, had swallowed manfully his many bitter disappointments, and silently awaited death itself for the last year or more (as I could notice), with a fine honest stoicism always complete.—My poor Jane hurried to his House, and was there for three days, zealously assisting the Widow.

The Wooer who would needs *die* for want of success, was one Fyfe M D, an extremely conceited, limited, strutting little creature, who well deserved all he got or more. The end of him had something of tragedy in it, but is not worth recording—*Dods* is the "Peasant schoolfellow's" name, about

seven or eight years *her* senior, son of a Nurseryman, now rich abundantly, Banker, etc etc, and an honest and kindly, though clumsy prosaic man. Never uttered, or could have had the remotest hope or possibility to profit by uttering, his heavy thoughts (age 17-20), of the bright young Fairy (age 10-12)

The Story of her being taken as a child of perhaps seven or eight, to drive with her Father has some truth in it, but consists of two stories rolled into one. Child of seven or eight, "with watch forgotten," etc., was to the "Press Inn" (then a noted place, and to her an ever-memorable expedition beside a Father almost her Divinity). But drive second, almost still more memorable, was for an afternoon or several hours, as a young girl of eighteen,—over some *district* of her Father's duties, she waiting in the carriage, unnoticed, while he made his visits. The usually tacit man, tacit especially about his bright Daughter's gifts and merits, took to talking with her that day, in a style quite new, told her she was a good girl, capable of being useful and precious to him and to the circle she would live in, that she must summon her utmost judgment and seriousness to choose her path, and *be* what he expected of her, that he did not think she had ever yet seen the Life-Partner that would be worthy of her (Rennie's or anybody's name he did not mention, I think),—in short that he expected her to be wise, as well as good-looking and good. All this in a tone and manner which filled her poor little heart with surprise, and a kind of sacred joy, coming from the man she of all men revered. Often she

told me about this For it was her last talk with him on the morrow, perhaps that evening, certainly within a day or two, he caught from some poor old woman patient (who, I think, recovered of it) a typhus fever, which, under injudicious treatment, killed him in three or four days (September 1819) — and drowned the world for her in the very blackness of darkness In effect, it was her first sorrow, and her greatest of all It broke her health, permanently, within the next two or three years, and, in a sense, almost broke her heart. A Father so mourned and loved I have never seen to the end of her life, his title even to me was “He” and “Him,” not above twice or thrice, quite in late years, did she ever mention (and then in what a sweet slow tone!), “my Father” nay, I have a kind of notion (beautiful to me and sad exceedingly) she was never as happy again after that sunniest youth of hers, as in the last eighteen months, and especially the last *two weeks* of her life, *when*, after wild rain-deluges and black tempests many, the *sun* shone out again, for *another’s* sake, with full mild brightness, taking ‘sweet farewell’ Oh it is beautiful to me, and oh it is humbling, and it is sad! Where was my Jeannie’s *peer* in this world? and she fell to me, and I *could* not screen her from the bitterest distresses! God pity and forgive me, my own burden, too, might have broken a stronger back,—had not she been so loyal and loving [Enough to-day]

[*May 26, Saturday (Gone five weeks, ah me!)*]
—The Geraldine accounts of her Childhood are substantially correct, but without the light melodious clearness, and charm of a Fairy Tale all true, which

my lost One used to give them in talking to me. She was fond of talking about her childhood, nowhere in the world did I ever hear of one more beautiful,—all sunny to her and to me, to our last years together.

That of running on the parapets of the Nungate Bridge (John Knox's old suburb), I recollect well, that of the boy with the bloody nose, many adventures about skating and leaping, that of "*Penna, pennæ*" from below the table is already in print, through Mrs Oliphant's *Life of Irving*¹ (a loyal and clear, but feeble kind of Book, popular in late years). In all things she strove to "be a Boy" in education, and yet by natural guidance never ceased to be the prettiest and gracefulest of little girls. Full of intelligence, of veracity, vivacity, and bright curiosity. She went into all manner of shops and workshops that were accessible, eager to see and understand what was going on. One morning (perhaps in her third or fourth year) she went into the shop of a barber, on the opposite side of the street,—*back* from which by a narrow entrance, was her own nice, elegant, quiet home. Barber's shop was empty, my Jeannie went in, silently sat down on a bench at the wall, old barber giving her a kind glance, but no word. Presently a customer came in, was soaped and lathered, in silence mainly or altogether, was getting diligently scraped and shaved, my Bonny little Bird, as attentive as possible, and all in perfect silence. Customer at length said, in a pause of the razor, "How is John So-and-so now?" "He's deid."

¹ *The Life of Edward Irving*, by Mrs Oliphant (London, 1864), p. 22

(*dead*), replied Barber in a rough hollow voice, and instantly pushed on with business again. The bright little child burst into tears, and hurried out. This she told me, not half a year ago. I never saw a picture lovelier than had grown in me of her childhood.

Her first school teacher was Edward Irving, who also gave her private lessons in Latin etc, and became an intimate of the family, it was from him (probably in 1818) that I first heard of her Father and her, some casual mention, the loving and reverential tone of which had struck me. Of the Father he spoke always as of one of the wisest, truest, and most dignified of men, of her as a paragon of gifted young girls. Far away from me, both, and objects of distant reverence and unattainable longing, at that time! The Father, whom I never saw, died next year (Sept. 1819), her I must have seen first, I think in June 1821. Sight for ever memorable to me — I looked up at the windows of the old room, in the desolate moonlight of my *last* visit to Haddington (*five weeks ago*, come Wednesday next), and the old summer dusk, and that bright pair of eyes, inquiringly fixed on me (as I noticed, for a moment), came up clear as yesterday, all drowned in woes and death.

Her second teacher (Irving's successor) was a Rev James Brown, who died in India, whom also I slightly knew. The school, I believe, was and is at the hither, western, end of the Nungate Bridge, and grew famed in the neighbourhood by Irving's new methods and managements,—adopted as far as might be by Brown. A short furlong or so along

paved streets, from her Father's house Thither daily at an early hour (perhaps eight A M in summer) might be seen my little Jeannie tripping nimbly and daintily along, her little satchel in hand, dressed by her mother (who had a great talent that way) in tasteful simplicity,—neat bit of pelisse ('light blue,' sometimes) fastened with black belt, dainty little cap, perhaps little *beaver* kin ('with flap turned up') and I think once at least with modest 'little plume in it' Fill that figure with *electric* intellect, ditto love, and generous vivacity of all kinds, where in Nature will you find a prettier?

At home was opulence (*without* waste), elegance, good sense, silent practical affection and manly wisdom, from threshold to roof-tree, no paltriness or unverity admitted into it. I often told her how very beautiful her childhood was to me,—so authentic-looking withal, in her charmingly naïve and humorous way of telling,—and that she must have been "the prettiest little Jenny Spinner" (Scotch name for a long-winged, long-legged, extremely bright and airy insect) that was dancing on the summer rays in her time More enviable lot than all this was I cannot imagine to myself in any house high or low,—in the *higher* and highest still less than the other kind

Once, I cannot say in what year, nor for how many months,—but perhaps about six or eight, her age perhaps eight or nine,—her mother thinking it good, she was sent away to another House of the Town, to *board* with some kind of Ex-Governess Person, who had married some Ex-Military ditto, and professed to be able to educate

young ladies and form their *manners* ('better,' thought the mother, "than with nothing but *men* as here at home!")—and in this place, with a Miss Something, a friend and playmate of like age, she was fixed down, for a good few months, and suffered, she and the companion manifold disgust, even hardships, even want of proper food, wholly without complaining (too proud and loyal for that), till it was, by some accident, found out, and instantly put an end to. This was the little cup of bitter, which, I suppose, sweetened into new sweetness all the other happy years of her home.—Two child *anecdotes* I will mark, as ready at this moment

Father and mother returning from some visit (probably to Nithsdale) along with her (age, say four), at the Black Bull, Edinburgh, were ordering dinner. Waiter, rather solemn personage, inquired, "And what will little Missie eat?" "A roasted bumm bee" (*humming* or field bee), answered little Missie.

"Mamma, wine makes cosy!" said the little Naturalist once at home (year *before* perhaps), while sipping a drop of wine Mamma had given her.

¹ [One of the prettiest stories was of the child's first Ball, 'Dancing School Ball,' her first public appearance, as it were, on the theatre of the world. Of this, in the damtiest style of kind mockery, I often heard, and have the general image still vivid but have lost the express details, or rather, in my ignorance of such things, never completely understood the details. How the evening was so great, all the

¹ This passage in brackets is from a loose sheet written in 1868, forming part of a proposed introduction to the *Letters of James Clerk Maxwell*.

higher public there, especially the maternal or paternal sections of it, to see their children dance, and Jeannie Welsh, probably then about six, had been selected to perform some *Pas scul*, beautiful and difficult, the jewel of the evening, and was privately anxious in her little heart to do it well, how she was dressed to perfection, with elegance, with simplicity, and at the due hour was carried over in a clothes-basket (streets being muddy and no carriage), and landed safe, pretty silks and pumps¹ uninjured. Through the Ball everything went well and smoothly, nothing to be noted till the *Pas scul* came. My little woman (with a look that I can still fancy) appeared upon the scene, stood waiting for the music, music began, but alas, alas, it was the wrong music, impossible to dance that *Pas scul* to it! She shook her little head, looked or made some sign of distress. Music ceased, took counsel, scraped, began again, again wrong, hopelessly, the *Pas scul* flatly impossible. Beautiful little Jane, alone against the world, forsaken by the music but not by her presence of mind, plucked up her little skirt, flung it over her head, and curtseying in that veiled manner, withdrew from the adventure amidst general applause and admiration, as I could well believe.]

The second (properly the third) of my anecdotes is not easily intelligible except to myself. Old Walter Welsh, her maternal Grandfather, was a most picturesque, peculiar, generous-hearted, hot-tempered, abrupt and impatient old man. I guess she might be about six, and was with her mother on a visit, I know not whether at Caplegill (Moffat Water), or

¹ Dancing shoes

at Strathmilligan or Durisdeer (Nithsdale, both these, Templand was long after) old Walter, who was of few words though of very lively thought and insight, had a *bur* in pronouncing his *r*, and spoke in *old* style generally. He had taken little Jeannie out to ride on a quiet little pony, very pleasant winding ride, and at length, when far enough, old Walter said, Now we will go back by So-and-so, "to vary the scene" (to vah-ry, properly 'to vah-*chy*' the *shane*) Home at dinner, the company asked her, "Where did you ride to, Pen?" (*Pen* was her little name there, from Paternal Grandfather's house, "Penfillan," to distinguish her from the other *Welshes* of Walter's household) We rode to *so*, then to *so*, answered she, punctually, then from *so*, returned by *so* "to vah-*chy* the shane!" At which, I suppose, the old man himself burst into his cheeriest laugh at the mimicry of tiny little Pen — — "Mamma, oh mamma, don't expose *me*!" exclaimed she once, not yet got quite the length of *speaking*, when her mother for some kind purpose was searching under her clothes —

I will write of all this no further the beauty of it is so steeped to me in pain. Why do I *write* at all, for that matter? Can *I* ever forget? And is not all this appointed by me rigorously to the *fire*? Somehow it solaces me to *have* written it, —and tomorrow, probably, I shall fill out these two remaining pages¹. Ah me — She had written at one time something of her own early life, but she gave up, and burnt it. She wrote at various times in Note-books, refusing all sight of them even to me

¹ Of the Note book in which Miss Jewsbury had written.

but she has destroyed nearly every vestige of them, — one little Book, consisting of curious excerpts and jottings *not* biographic (in which she would often look practically for *Addresses*, Street and number as one item), is all that remains,—that I do not mean to burn

Geraldine's account of *Comley Bank*¹ and Life at Edinburgh, is extremely mythic, we did grow to "know everybody of mark," or might have grown, but nobody except Jeffrey² seemed to either of us a valuable acquisition. Jeffrey much admired her, and was a pleasant phenomenon to both of us. Wilson, a far *bigger* man, I could have loved, or fancied I could, but he would not let me try,—being already deep in *whisky-punch*, poor fellow, and apprehensive I might think less of him the better I knew him.—We had a little tea-party (never did I see a smaller or a frugaller, with the tenth part of the human grace and brightness in it) once a week,—the "brown coffee-pot," the feeble talk of dilettante——, pretty silly—— etc, ah me, how she knit up all that into a shining thing¹. Oh she was noble, very noble, in that early as in all other periods, and made the ugliest and dullest into something beautiful! I look back on it as if through rainbows, the bit of sunshine hers, the tears my own

I was latterly beginning also to get into note and employment. "If I could recover health!" said I

¹ 21 Comley Bank, a house in the north western suburbs of Edinburgh in which Carlyle and his wife lived from the time of their marriage, 17th October 1826, till their removal to Craigenputtock in 1828

² See the paper on "Jeffrey" in next volume

always, with v hich view and for the sake of cheapness we moved (in May 1828) to Craigenputtock, she cheerily assenting, though our plans were surely somewhat helpless¹

[May 29] We must have gone to Craigenputtock² early in May 1828. I remember passing our furniture carts (my Father's carts from Scotsbrig, conducted by my two farming Brothers) somewhere about Elvanfoot, as the coach brought *us* two along. I don't remember our going up to Craigenputtock (a day or two after), but do vll remember what a bewildering *heap* it all was for some time after

Geraldine's *Craigenputtock* stories are more mythical than any of the rest. Each consists of two or three, in confused exaggerated state, rolled with nev confusion into one, and given wholly to *her*, when perhaps they were mainly some servant's in whom she was concerned. That of the kitchen door, v hich could not be closed again on the snowy morning, etc., that is a fact very visible to me yet; and how I, coming down for a light to my pipe, found Grace Macdonald (our Edinburgh servant, and a

¹ An unimportant commentary on the passage in Miss Jerribury's narrative relating to 'Mrs Carlyle's cousin, see *supra*, p 62 n, is omitted here.

² A farm on the moors about sixteen miles north west of Dumfries. It was purchased from his father by Dr Welsh, and on his death in 1819 became the property of his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle. Dr Welsh having died suddenly without making provision for his widow, Mrs Welsh made it over in life rent to her mother. Carlyle added a second story to the house, and, with his wife, removed thither from Edinburgh in May 1828. He built a smaller house, which, together with the farm, was let for £200 a year to his brother Alexander. Mrs. Welsh died in 1842, and it then again came into Mrs. Carlyle's possession.

most clever and complete one) in tears and despair, with a stupid farm-servant endeavouring vainly by main force to pull the door to, which, as it had a frame round it, sill and all, for keeping out the wind, could not be shut except by somebody from within (me, *eg*) who would first clear out the snow at the sill, and then, with his best speed, shut, which I easily did. The washing of the kitchen floor etc (of which I can remember nothing) must have been years distant, under some quite other servant, and was probably as much of a joyous half-frolic as of anything else. I can remember very well her coming in to me, late at night (eleven or so), with her *first loaf*, looking mere triumph and quizzical gaiety "See!" The loaf was excellent, only the crust a little burnt, and she compared herself to Cellini and his *Perseus*, of whom we had been reading. From that hour we never wanted excellent bread. In fact, the saving charm of her life at Craigenputtock, which to another young lady of her years might have been so gloomy and vacant, was that of conquering the innumerable Practical Problems that had arisen for her there,—all of which, I think all, she triumphantly mastered. Dairy, poultry-yard, piggery, I remember one exquisite pig, which we called *Fixie* (*Quintus Fixlein* of Jean Paul), and such a little ham of it as could not be equalled. Her cow gave 24 quarts of milk daily in the two or three best months of summer, and such cream, and such butter (though oh, she had such a problem with that, owing to a bitter herb among the grass, not known of till long after by my heroic Darling, and she triumphed over that too!) That of milking with her own little hand, I think,

could never have been *necessary*, even by accident (plenty of milkmaids within call), and I conclude must have had a spice of frolic or *adventure* in it, for which she had abundant spirit. Perfection of housekeeping was her clear and speedy attainment in that new scene. Strange how she made the Desert blossom for herself and me there, what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man! In my life I have seen no human intelligence that so genuinely pervaded every fibre of the human existence it belonged to. From the baking of a loaf, or the darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes, or most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success (if you could judge it),—*fidelity* to insight of the fact given.

We had trouble with servants, with many paltry elements and objects, and were very poor—but I do not think our days there were sad,—and certainly not *lucid* in especial, but mine rather. We read together at night,—one winter, through *Don Quixote* in the original, Tasso in ditto had come before,—but that did not last very long. I was diligently writing and reading there, wrote most of “the *Miscellanies*” there, for Foreign, Edinburgh, etc. Reviews (obliged to keep *several* strings to my bow),—and took serious thought about every part of every one of them. After finishing an Article, we used to get on horseback, or mount into our soft old Gig, and drive away, either to her Mother’s (Templand,¹ fourteen miles off), or to my Father and Mother’s (Scotsbrig, seven- or six-and-thirty miles),—the pleasantest journeys I ever made,

¹ See *infra*, p. 157

and the pleasantest visits Stay perhaps three days , hardly ever more than four , then back to work and silence My Father she particularly loved, and recognised all the grand rude worth and immense originality that lay in him Her demeanour at Scotsbrig, throughout in fact, was like herself, unsurpassable , and took captive all those true souls, from oldest to youngest, who by habit and type might have been so utterly foreign to her At Templand or there, our presence always made a sunshiny time To Templand we sometimes rode on an evening, to return next day early enough for something of work this was charming generally Once I remember we had come by Barjarg,¹ not by Auldgarth (Bridge) , and were riding, the Nith then in flood, from Penfillan or Penpont neighbourhood she was fearlessly following or accompanying me , and there remained only one little arm to cross, which did look a thought uglier, but gave me no disturbance, when a farmer figure was seen on the farther bank or fields, earnestly waving and signalling (could not be *heard* for the floods) , but for whom we should surely have had some accident, who knows how bad ! Never rode that water again, at least never in flood I am sure

[*May* 30] We were not unhappy at Craigenputtock , perhaps these were our happiest days Useful, continual labour, essentially successful , that

¹ At Barjarg, some eight miles from Craigenputtock, there was a library ("a handsome Library for a Country Gentleman," Carlyle calls it) which the owner, Mr Hunter Arundell, had placed at Carlyle's service, and which was a privilege much prized , but this good fortune did not come until September 1833, within eight months of his leaving Craigenputtock for London, May 1834

makes even the moor green I found I could do fully *twice* as much work in a given time there, as with my best effort was possible in London,—such the interruptions etc Once, in the winter time, I remember counting that for three months, there had not any stranger, not even a beggar, called at Craigenputtock door In summer we had sparsely visitors, now and then her Mother, or my own, once my Father, who never before had been *so far* from his birthplace as when here (and yet “knew the world” as few of his time did, so well had he looked at what he did see¹) At Auldgarth Brig, which he had assisted to build when a lad of fifteen, and which was the beginning of all good to him, and to all his Brothers (and to *me*), his emotion, after fifty-five years, was described to me as strong, conspicuous and *silent* He delighted us, especially her, at Craigenputtock, himself evidently thinking of his *latter end*, in a most intense awe-stricken, but also quiet and altogether human way Since my Sister Margaret’s death,¹ he had been steadily sinking in strength, though we did not then notice it.— —On the 12th of August (for the *grouse’s* sake) Robert Welsh, her uncle, was pretty certain to be there, with a tag-raggery of Dumfries Writers,² Dogs, etc etc, whom, though we liked him very well, even I, and much more *she* who had to provide, find beds, etc, felt to be a nuisance I got at last into the way of riding off, for some visit or the like, on August 12th and unless “Uncle Robert” came in person, she also would answer, “not at home”

An interesting relation to Goethe had likewise

¹ See *supra*, p 811

² Lawyers

begun in Comley Bank first, and now went on increasing ¹ "Boxes from Weimar" (and "to," at least once or twice) were from time to time a most sunny event,—I remember her making for Ottilie a beautiful Highland Bonnet (bright blue velvet, with silvered thistle etc), which gave plenty of pleasure on both hands. The *Sketch* of Craigenputtock ² was taken by G. Moir, Advocate (ultimately Sheriff, Professor,³ etc, "little Geordie Moir" as we called him), who was once and no more with us. The visit of Emerson from Concord, and our quiet night of clear fine talk, was also very pretty to both of us. The Jeffreys came twice, expressly, and once we went to Dumfries by appointment to meet them in passing. Their correspondence was there a steadily enlivening element. One of the visits, I forget whether first or last, but from Hazlitt,⁴ in London, there came to Jeffrey a *death-bed letter* one of the days, and instead of "£10," £50 went by return. Jeffrey, one of the nights, young Laird of Stroquhan present, was, what with mimicry of speakers, what with other cleverness and sprightliness, the most brilliantly amusing creature I have ever chanced to see. One time we went to Craig-

¹ See the *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, edited by C. E. Norton (Macmillan, 1887). Carlyle's first letter to Goethe, accompanying a copy of his translation of *Meister's Apprenticeship*, is dated 24th June 1824, Goethe's reply, 30th October 1824.

² Two sketches,—they were sent to Goethe, at his request, and engraved for the translation of Carlyle's *Schiller*, prepared under Goethe's direction, and for which he wrote an Introductory Preface (*Frankfurt am Main*, 1830). See Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* (Library ed., 1869), *Appendix II*.

³ Professor of Rhetoric in the Edinburgh University, translator of *Wallenstein*, etc., died 1870, aged 71.

⁴ Hazlitt died 18th September 1830.

crook,¹ and returned their visit,—and, as I can *now* see, staid at least *a week too long*. His health was beginning to break, he and I had, nightly, long arguments (far *too* frank and equal on my side, I can now see with penitence) about moral matters, perhaps till two or three A.M. He was a most gifted, prompt, ingenious little man (essentially a *Dramatic* Genius, say a melodious Goldoni or more, but made into a Scotch Advocate and Whig), never a deeply serious man. He discovered here, I think, that I *could* not be “converted,” and that I was of thoughtlessly rugged rustic ways, and faultily irreverent of him (which, alas, I was). The Correspondence became mainly *hers* by degrees, but was, for years after, a cheerful, lively element,—in spite of Reform Bills and Officialities (ruinous to poor Jeffrey’s health and comfort) which, before long, supervened. We were at Haddington on that Craigcrook occasion, staid with the Donaldsons at Sunnybank (*hodie* Tenterfield), who were her oldest and dearest friends (*hereditarily* and otherwise) in that region. I well remember the gloom of our arrival back to Craigenputtock—a miserable wet, windy November evening, with the yellow leaves all flying about, and the sound of Brother Alick’s stithy (who sometimes amused himself with smithwork, to small purpose), clink-clinking solitary through the blustering element. I said nothing, far was she from ever, in the like case, saying anything! Indeed I think we at once readjusted ourselves, and went on

¹ Jeffrey’s house, on the eastern slope of Corstorphine Hill, about three miles north west of Edinburgh, where (from 1815 until his death, 26th January 1850) Jeffrey’s summers were spent

diligently with the old degree of industry and satisfaction

"Old Esther," whose death came, one of our early winters, was a bit of memorability, in that altogether vacant scene I forget the old woman's surname (perhaps M'George?), but well recal her lumpish heavy figure (lame of a foot), and her honest, quiet, not stupid countenance of mixed ugliness and stoicism. She lived about a mile from us in a poor Cottage of the next Farm (Corson's, of *Nithu* Craigenputtock

), Esther had been a Laird's Daughter, riding her palfrey at one time, but had gone to wreck, Father and self,—a special "misfortune" (so they delicately name it) being of Esther's own producing "Misfortune," in the shape ultimately of a solid tall Ditcher, very good to his old mother Esther, had, just before our coming, perished miserably one night on the shoulder of Dunscore Hill (found dead there, next morning), which had driven his poor old mother up to this *thrister* hut, and silent mode of living, in our moorland part of the Parish. She did not beg, nor had my Jeannie much to have given her of help (perhaps on occasion *milk*, old warm *clothes*, etc.), though always very sorry for her last sad bereavement of the stalwart affectionate Son. I remember one frosty kind of forenoon, while walking meditative to the top of our Hill (now a mass of bare or moorclad whinstone *Crag*, once a woody wilderness, with woody mountain in the middle of it, "Craigenputtock," or the stone-mountain, "Craig" of the "Puttock,"—puttock being a sort of *Hawk*, both in Galloway Speech, and in Shakspeare's Old English,¹

¹ 'I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.'—*Cymbeline*, Act 1 Scene 1

"Hill-Forest of the Puttocks"), now a very bare place, the universal silence was complete, all but one *click-clack*, heard regularly like a far-off *spinder* or *carious* rather, 'click-clack' at regular intervals, a great way to my right. No other sound in nature. On looking sharply I discovered it to be old Esther on the highway, *crippling* along.—towards our house most probably. Poor old soul thought I; what a desolation: but you *will* meet a kind face too, perhaps! Heaven is over all.

Not long afterwards, poor old Esther sank to bed; death-bed, as my Jane 'who had a quick and sure eye in these things, well judged it would be. Sickness did not last above a ten days: my poor Wife zealously assiduous, and with a minimum of fuss or noise. I remember those few poor days; as full of human interest to her (and through her to me) and of a human pity, not painful but sweet and genuine. She went walking every morning, especially every night, to arrange the poor bed etc. (nothing but *rustic* hands, rude though kind enough being about) the poor old woman evidently gratified by it and heart-thankful, and almost to the very end giving clear sign of that. Something pathetic in poor old Esther and her exit.—nay, if I rightly bethink me that "click-clack" pilgrimage had in fact been a last visit to Craigeppinock with some poor bit of crockery, small gray, lustered dinner-plate which I used to see, "as a wee remembrance o' me, when I am gane!" Memorandum was her word: and I remember the poor little platter for years after. Poor old Esther had another that frosty morning, with a feeling that she would soon see that "the

bonny Leddy" had been "unco' guid" to her, and that there was still that "wee bit memorandum" Nay, I think she had, or had once had, the remains, or complete *ghost* of a "fine old riding-habit" once her own, which the curious had seen but this she had judged it more polite to leave to the Parish. Ah me *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*!

The gallop to Dumfries and back on "Harry," an excellent, well-paced, well-broken loyal little Horse of hers (thirteen hands or so, an exceeding favourite, and her *last*),—thirty good miles of swift canter, at the least,—is a fact, which I well remember, though from home at the moment Word had come (to *her* virtually, or *properly* perhaps) that the Jeffreys, three and a servant, were to be there, day after tomorrow, perhaps morrow itself, I was at Scotsbrig, nothing ready at all (and such narrow means to get ready anything, my Darling Heroine!) She directly mounted Harry, "who seemed to know that he must gallop, and faithfully did it," laid her plans while galloping, ordered everything at Dumfries, sent word to me express, galloped home, and stood victoriously prepared at all points to receive the Jeffreys,—who, I think, were all there on my arrival The night of her *express* is to me very memorable for its own sake I had been to Burnswark (visit to good old Graham, and walk of three miles to and three from), it was ten P.M. of a most still and fine night when I arrived at my Father's door, heard him making worship, and stood meditative, gratefully, lovingly, till he had ended, thinking to myself, how good and innocently beautiful and manful on the earth, is all this —and it was the

last time I was ever to hear it. I must have been there twice or oftener [afterwards] in my Father's time, but the sound of his pious *Coleshill* (that was always his tune), pious Psalm and Prayer, I never heard again. With a noble politeness, very noble when I consider, they kept all that in a fine kind of remoteness from us, knowing (and somehow *forgiving* us completely) that we did not think of it quite as they. My Jane's express would come next morning, —and of course I made Larry¹ ply his hoofs

The *second* ride, in Geraldine, is nearly altogether mythical, being in reality a ride from Dumfries to Scotsbrig (two and a half miles *beyond* "Ecclefechan," where none of us ever passed), with *some* loss of road within the last five miles (wrong turn at Hod-dam Brig, I guessed), darkness (night-time in May), money etc., and "terror" enough for a commonplace young lady, but little or nothing of real danger,—and terror not an element at all, I fancy, in her courageous mind. Harry I think cannot have been her Horse (half-killed two years before in an *epidemic*, through which *she* nursed him fondly, he once "kissing her cheek" in gratitude, she always thought) or Harry would have known the road, for we had often ridden and driven it. I was at that time gone to London, in quest of houses

[May 31] My last considerable bit of *Writing* at Craigenputtock was *Sartor Resartus*,² done, I think, between January and August 1830 (my

¹ Larry was Carlyle's horse.

² Appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* 1833-34, first in book form, under Emerson's auspices, in America in 1836-37, and was not reprinted in England until 1838

Sister Margaret¹ had died while it was going on) I well remember, where and how (at Templand one morning) the *gem* of it rose above ground "Nine months," I used to say, it had cost me in writing. Had the perpetual fluctuation, the uncertainty and unintelligible whimsicality of Review Editors not proved so intolerable, we might have lingered longer at Craigenputtock,—“perfectly left alone, and able to do *more* work, beyond doubt, than elsewhere” But a Book did seem to promise some *respite* from that, and perhaps further advantages Teufelsdröckh was ready, and (first days of August [1831]) I decided to make for London Night before going, how I still remember it! I was lying on my back on the sofa in the

a little. Charles Lamb and his Sister came daily once or oftener, a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to *gin*, in poor old Lamb His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually *ill-mannered* (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit,—in fact more like ‘diluted insanity’ (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, “humour,” or geniality. A most slender fibre of actual worth there was in that poor Charles, abundantly recognisable to me as to others, in his better times and moods, but he was Cockney to the marrow; and Cockneydom, shouting, “Glorious, marvellous, unparalleled in Nature!” all his days, had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the *leanest* of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no farther, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head finish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of *smoky* brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter, in walking tottered and shuffled: emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real *insanity*, I have understood), and yet something too of humane, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much-enduring. Poor Lamb! He was infinitely astonished at my Wife, and her quiet encounter of his too ghastly London wit by cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb! He soon after died, as did Badams, much more to the sorrow of us both. Badams at our last parting (in Ampton Street, four or more months after this), burst into

tears "Pressed down like *putty* under feet," we heard him murmuring, "and no strength more in me to rise!" We invited him to Craigenputtock, with our best temptations, next Summer, but it was too late, he answered, almost as with tears, "No, alas,"—and shortly died¹

We had come home, last days of previous March wild journey by heavy Coach, I outside, to Liverpool to Birmingham it was good, and Inn there good, but next day (a Sunday, I think) we were quite overloaded, and had our adventures, especially on the street in Liverpool, rescuing our luggage after dark. But at Uncle John's,² again, in Maryland Street, all became so bright. At mid-day, somewhere, we dined pleasantly *tête-à-tête*,—in the belly of the Coach, from my Dear One's *stores* (to save expense doubtless), but the rest of the day had been unpleasantly chaotic even to me,—though from her, as usual, there was nothing but patient goodness. Our dinners at Maryland Street I still remember, our days generally as pleasant,—our departure in the Annan Steamer, a bright sunshiny forenoon, Uncle etc zealously helping and escorting, sick, sick my poor woman must have been, but she retired out of sight, and would suffer with her best grace in silence—ah me, I recollect now a tight, clean, brandy-barrel she had bought, to "hold such quantities of luggage, and be a water-barrel, for the rain at Craigenputtock!"—how touching to me at this moment!—And an excellent water-barrel it proved, the purest *tea* I ever tasted, made from the rain it stored for us—At Whinnyrigg,

¹ September 1833

² Mr John Welsh, Mrs Carlyle's maternal uncle

I remember, Brother Alick and others of them were waiting to receive us there were *tears* among us (my Father gone, while *we* returned), *she* wept bitterly, I recollect,—her sympathetic heart girdled in much sickness and dispiritment of her own withal but my Mother was very kind and cordially good and respectful to her always We returned in some days to Craigenputtock, and were again at peace there. Alick, I think, had by this time left, a new tenant there (a peaceable but dull stupid fellow), and our summers and winters for the future (1832-1834) were lonelier than ever *Good Servants* too were hardly procurable, difficult anywhere, still more so at Craigenputtock where the choice was so limited However, we pushed along, *writing* still brisk, *Sartor* getting published in *Fraser*, etc. etc. We had not at first any thought of leaving And indeed would the Review Editors but have stood *steady* (instead of for ever changeful), and domestic service gone on comfortably,—perhaps we might have continued still a good while. We went one winter (1833) to Edinburgh, the Jeffreys absent in official regions A most dreary contemptible kind of element we found Edinburgh to be (partly by accident, or baddish behaviour of two individuals, Dr Irving one of them, in reference to his poor kinswoman's *furnished house*) a locality and life-element never to be spoken of in comparison with London and the frank friends there. To London accordingly, in the course of next winter and its new paltry experiences of house-service etc., we determined to go Our home-coming I remember, missed the coach in Princes Street, waited perdue till follow-

ing morning, bright weather,—but my poor Jeannie so ill by the ride, that she could not drive from Thornhill to Templand (half a mile), but had to go or stagger hanging on my arm, and instantly took to bed with one of her terrible headaches. Such headaches I never witnessed in my life, agony of retching (never anything but phlegm) and of spasmodic writhing, that would last from twenty-four to sixty hours, never the smallest help affordable. Oh, what of pain, *pain*, my poor Jeannie had to bear in this thorny pilgrimage of life, the unwitnessed Heroine, or witnessed only by me,—who never till now *saw* it *wholly*!

She was very hearty for London, when I spoke of it, though *till* then her voice on the subject had never been heard. “Burn our ships!” she gaily said, one day,—“dismantle our House, carry all our furniture with us. And accordingly here it still is (mostly all of it her Father’s furniture, whose character of solidly noble is visibly written on it “respect what is *truly* made to its purpose, detest what is *falsely*, and have no concern with it!”) My own heart could not have been more emphatic on that subject, honour to him for its worth to me, not as furniture alone. My Writing-table, solid mahogany, well devised, always *handy*, yet *steady* as the *rocks*, is the best I ever saw. “no Book could be too good for being written here,” it has often mutely told me *His* Watch, commissioned by him in Clerkenwell, has measured my time, for forty years,—and would still guide you to the *longitude*, could anybody now take the trouble of completely regulating it (but old Whitelaw in Edinburgh, perhaps thirty-five years

ago, was the last that did). Repeatedly have upholsterers asked, "Who made these chairs, ma'am?" In 'Cockneydom, nobody in our day; 'unexampled prosperity' makes another kind. Abhorrence, quite equal to my own, of *cheap and nasty*, I have nowhere seen, certainly nowhere else seen completely accomplished, as poor mine could never manage almost in the least degree to be. My *pride*, fierce and sore as it might be, was never hurt by that furniture of his in the house called mine, on the contrary my *fety* was touched, and ever and anon have this *Table* etc. been a silent solemn sermon to me. Oh, shall not victory at last be to the Handful of Brave; in spite of the rotten multitudinous canaille, who *swart* to inherit all the world and its forces and steel-weapons and culinary and stage properties? Courage; and be true to one another!

[June 3] I remember well my departure (middle of May, 1834),¹ she staying to superintend packing

¹ "LONDON, May 14th, 1834. What a word is there! I left home on Thursday last (five days ago), and see myself, still with astonishment, *here* seeking houses. The parting with my Sister Jean, who had driven down with me to Darnley, was the first of the partings, that with my dear Mother next day, with poor Mary at Annan, with my two Brothers Alick and Jamie. all these things *were* to be done. Shall we meet again, shall our meeting again be for good? God grant it! We are in His hands: this is all the comfort I have. As to my beloved and now aged Mother, it is sore upon me, so sore as I have felt nothing of the kind since boyhood. She paid her last visit to Cragenputtock the week before, and had attached me much (if I could have been more attached) by her quiet way of taking that sore mal. she studied not to sink my heart, she shed no tear at parting,—and so I drove off with poor Alick, in quest of new fortunes. May the Father of All, to whom she daily prays for me, be ever near her! May He, if it be His will, grant us a glad re-meeting —and oh! if there were an everlasting re-meeting, and reunion in a higher country—! —But no more of this: words are worse than vain. . . At Shillahill Bridge the good Alick

and settling, in gig, I, for the last time, with many thoughts (forgotten these), Brother Alick *voluntarily* waiting at Shillahill Bridge with a *fresh* horse for me, night at Scotsbrig, ride to Annan (through a kind of May series of slight showers), pretty breakfast waiting us in poor good Mary's (ah me, how strange is all that now, "Mother, you *shall* see me once yearly, and regularly hear from me, while we live!" etc etc) embarkation at Annan-water Foot, Ben Nelson and James Stuart, our lifting hawser, and steaming off,—my two dear Brothers (Alick and Jamie) standing silent, apart, feeling I well knew what,—self-resolute enough, and striving (not *quite* honestly) to feel more so! Ride to London, all night and all day (I think),—Trades-Union people out processioning ("Help *us*, what is your sublime Reform Bill else?" thought they,—and I, gravely saluting one body of them, I remember, and getting grave response from the leader of them) At sight of London I remember humming to myself a ballad-stanza of *Johnnie o' Braidislea* which my dear old Mother used to sing,

"For there's seven Foresters in yon Forest,
And them I want to see, see,
And them I want to *see*" (and shoot down)!

Lodged at Ampton Street again, immense stretches of walking in search of houses Camden Town once, Primrose Hill and its bright dwarfed population in the distance, Chelsea, Leigh Hunt's

was waiting for me with his fresh horse that is one little thing I shall *never* forget, slight as it looks and was —They are all good to me, how good, and over good!"—Carlyle's *Journal*

huggermugger, etc etc —What is the use of recollecting all that?

Her arrival I best of all remember ah me! She was clear for *this* poor house (which she gradually, as poverty a little withdrew after long years of pushing, has made so beautiful and comfortable) in preference to all my other samples and *here* we spent our two-and-thirty years of hard battle against Fate, hard but not quite unvictorious, when she left me, as in her car of heaven's fire My noble one! I say deliberately *her* part in the stern battle, and except myself none knows how stern, was brighter, and braver than my own Thanks, Darling, for your shining words and acts, which were continual in my eyes, and in no other mortal's Worthless I was your divinity, wrapt in your perpetual love of me and pride in me, in defiance of all men and things Oh was it not beautiful, all this that I have lost forever! And I was Thomas the *Doubter*, the Unhoping, till now the only Half-believing, in myself and my priceless opulences¹—At my return from Annandale, after *French Revolution*,¹ she so cheerily recounted to me all the good "items," item after item, "Oh, it has had a great success, Dear!"—to no purpose, and at length beautifully lost patience with me for my incredulous humour My life has not wanted at any time what I used to call '*desperate hope*' to all lengths, but of common '*hoping hope*' it has had but little; and has been shrouded since youthhood (almost since boyhood, for my

¹ The *French Revolution* was published in early summer 1837, the *Diamond Necklace*, *Mirabeau*, and *Parliamentary History of the French Revolution* were also published in that year

school-years, at Annan, were very miserable, harsh, barren and worse) in continual gloom and grimness, as of a man set too nakedly *crissus* the Devil and all men. Could I be easy to live with? She flickered round me, like perpetual radiance, and in spite of my glooms and my misdoings, would at no moment cease to love me and help me. What of bounty too is in Heaven!

[*Monday, June 4, 1866* Yesterday all spent against my will in foreign talk "National Portrait Exhibition" (Tyndall's kindness), American Pike (Belgian Minister), Mazzini (kind and sad) etc. etc. At midnight, alone upon the streets, I felt only gloomier and sorer than ever,—as if *she* had been defrauded of my thoughts every instant they had been away from her]

We proceeded all through Belgrave Square hither, with our Servant, our looser luggage, ourselves and a little canary bird ("Chico" which she had brought with her from Craigenputtock), one hackney coach rumbling on with us all. Chico, in Belgrave Square, burst into singing, which we took as a good omen. We were all of us striving to be cheerful (she needed no effort of striving) but we "had burnt our ships," and at bottom the case was grave. I don't remember our arriving at this door, but I do the cheerful Gypsy life we had here among the litter and carpenters, for three incipient days¹ Leigh Hunt was in the next street, sending kind

¹ "5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Friday, 21st June 1834. Adventures enough, seeking Houses, ups and downs, cross purposes, good-fortunes, at length a glad meeting with my Wife, a house got, and all well that ends well. We have been here since Tuesday gone a week"—*Carlyle's Journal*

unpractical messages, in the evenings, I think, personally coming in, we had made acquaintance with him (properly he with us), just before leaving in Spring 1832. Huggermugger was the type of his Economics, in all respects, financial and other, but he was himself a pretty man, in clean cotton nightgown,¹ and with the airiest kindly style of sparkling talk,—wanting only wisdom of a sound kind, and true insight into fact. A great want!

I remember going with my Dear One (and Eliza Miles, the "Daughter" of Ampton Street, as escort), to some dim ironmonger's shop, to buy kettles and pans, on the thriftiest of fair terms. How noble and more than royal is the look of that to me now, and of my Royal One then! California is dross and dirt to the experiences I have had — —A tinderbox with steel and flint was part of our outfit (incredible as it may seem at this date). I could myself burn rags into tinder, and I have groped my way to the kitchen, in sleepless nights, to strike a light, for my pipe, in that manner. *Chico* got a Wife by and by (Oh the wit there was about that and its sequels), produced two bright yellow young ones, who, so soon as they were fledged, got out into the trees of the garden, and vanished towards swift destruction, upon which, villain *Chico* finding his poor wife fallen so tattered and ugly, took to pecking a hole in her head, pecked it, and killed her by and by ending his own disreputable life. I had begun *The French Revolution* (trees at that time before our window—a tale by these too on her part) infinitesimal

¹ *Nightgown* in its old sense, equivalent to the modern Dressing-gown

little matters of that kind hovered round me like bright fire-flies, irradiated by *her* light! Breakfast, early, was in the best part of the ground-floor room, details of practical intentions etc. as to *French Revolution*, advice, approval or criticism, always beautifully wise, and so soft and loving, had they even been foolish!

We were not at all unhappy during those three years of *French Revolution* at least he was not, her health perhaps being better than mine, which latter was in a strangely painful, and as if conflagrated condition towards the end. She had made the house "a little Eden round her" (so neat and graceful in its simplicity and thrifty poverty), "little Paradise round you,"—those were Edward Irving's words to her, on his visit to us, short affectionate visit, the first and the last (October¹ 1834), on horseback, just about setting off for Glasgow, where he died, December following. I watched him till at the corner of Cook's Grounds,² he vanished, and we never saw him more. Much consulting about him we had already had—a *Letter* to Henry Drummond (about delivering him from the fools and fanatics that were agitating him to death, as I clearly saw) lay on the mantelpiece here for some days, in doubt, and was then burnt. Brother, Father, rational Friend, I could not think of, except Henry, and him I had seen only once, not without clear view of his unsoundness too. Practically we had long ago

¹ Not in October—"Irving gone on a journey, very unhealthy, was here one day but departed, I know not whither, when I called Another *Offer der Zeit*"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 8th September 1834

² Street at the top of Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

had to take leave of poor Irving but we both knew him well, and all his *brotherhoods* to us first and last, and mourned him in our hearts as a lost Hero Nobler men I have seen few if any, till the foul gulfs of London Pulpit-Popularity sucked him in, and tragically swallowed him.

We were beginning to find a "friend" or two here, that is, an eligible acquaintance,—none as yet very dear to us, though several brought a certain pleasure. Leigh Hunt was here almost nightly, three or four times a week, I should reckon,—he came always neatly dressed, was thoroughly courteous, friendly of spirit, and talked—like a singing bird. Good insight, plenty of a kind of humour too,—I remember little *warbles* in the turns of his fine voice which were full of fun and charm. We gave him Scotch Porridge to supper ("nothing in nature so interesting and delightful"). *she* played him Scotch tunes, a man he to understand and feel them well. His talk was often enough (perhaps at first oftenest) Literary-Biographical, Autobiographical, wandering into Criticism, *Reform of Society*, Progress, etc. etc.,—on which latter points he gradually found me very shocking (I believe,—so fatal to his rose-coloured visions on the subject). An innocent-hearted, but misguided, in fact rather foolish, *unpractical* and often much-suffering man. John Mill was another steady visitor (had by this time introduced his Mrs. Taylor too,—a very Will-o'-wispish "Iridescence" of a creature, meaning nothing bad either) She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humour took her, but got taught better (to her lasting memory) before long Mill

was very useful about *French Revolution*,¹ lent me all his Books, which were quite a Collection on that subject, gave me, frankly, clearly and with zeal, all his better knowledge than my own (which was pretty frequently of some use in this or the other detail) being full of eagerness for such an advocate in that cause as he felt I should be. His evenings here were sensibly agreeable for most part. Talk rather wintry ("sarcastic"-ish, as old Sterling once called it), but always well-informed and sincere. The Mrs Taylor business was becoming more and more of questionable benefit to him (we could see), but on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was very pretty still. For several years he came hither, and walked with me every Sunday,—Dialogues fallen all

¹ "The First Book of that *French Revolution* is finished some three weeks ago. I, after a pause spent in reading etc., have begun the Second. Soul and body both very sick, yet I have a kind of sacred defiance *trützend das Schicksal*. It has become clear to me that I have honestly more force and faculty in me than belongs to the most I see, also it was always clear that no honestly exerted force can be utterly lost, were it long years after I am dead, in regions far distant from this, under names far distant from thine, the seed thou sowest will spring. The great difficulty is to keep one's own *self* in right balance—not despondent, not exasperated, defiant, free and clear. O for faith! Food and raiment thou hast never lacked, and shalt not.

"Nevertheless it is now some three and twenty months since I have earned one penny by my craft of Literature—be this recorded as a fact and document of the Literary History of this time. I have been ready to work, I am abler than ever to work, know no fault I have committed—and yet so it stands. To ask able Editors to employ you will not improve but worsen the matter—you are like a Spinster waiting to be married, one knows how she has to behave! I have some serious thoughts of quitting this Periodical Craft one good time for all—it is not synonymous with a life of wisdom, when want is approaching one must have done with whims. If Literature will refuse me both bread and a stomach to digest bread with, then surely the case is growing clear"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 7th February 1835

dim, except that they were never in the least genial to me, and that I took them as one would wine where no nectar is to be had,—or even thin ale where no wine. *Her* view of him was very kindly, though precisely to the same effect. How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate First Volume was burnt!¹ It was like *half* sentence of death to us both; and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was *his* horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He staid three mortal hours or so, his departure quite a relief to us. Oh the burst of sympathy my poor Darling then gave me;

¹ "Last night at tea, Mili's rap was heard at the door. He entered pale unable to speak, gasped out to my Wife to go down and speak with Mrs. Taylor, and came forward (led by my hand, and agonised looks) the very picture of desperation. After various incoherence and articulate utterances to merely the same effect, he informs me that my First Volume (stolen out by him in too careless a manner, after or while reading . . .) was except four or five cuts of leaves *irretrievably* LOST! I remember and can still remember less of it than of anything I ever wrote with such toil. It is gone, the whole world and myself backed by it could not bring that back. Nay the old spirit too is lost. I find it took five months of steady, occasionally excessive and always sunny and painful toil—Mili very impudently staid with us till late, and I had to make an effort and speak, as if indifferent, about other common matters; he left us however in a *relieved* state, one of the painful—My dear Wife has been very kind and become dearer to me. The night has been full of emotion; occasionally sharp pain (something coming or hard-grasping me round the heart), occasionally with sweet consolations. I dreamed of my Father and Sister Margaret; ains, yet all defaced with the sleepy fragrance, swollen habitude of the Grave,—and again doing in some strange wide country—a horrid dream! The painfullest too is what you first said. But, on the way to, should I not thank the Unseen? For I was not driven out of comfort, having for moments 'Well enough with my God.' How I longed for some Psalm or Prayer and I got a bare *afford*, and my loved ones would have used me in. But there was none. Silence had to be my language."—*Carlyle's Journal*, Jan. 1835.

flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under Heaven is nothing beautifuller We sat talking till late, "*shall* be written again," my fixed word and resolution to her Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since I wrote out *Feast of Pikes* (vol 11), and then went at it,—found it fairly *impossible* for about a fortnight, passed three weeks (reading Marryat's novels), tried, cautious-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more, and in short had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me I forget how much of money we still had I think there was at first something like £300, perhaps £280 to front London with Nor can I in the least remember where we had gathered such a sum,—except that it was our own, no part of it borrowed or *given* us by anybody "Fit to last till *French Revolution* is ready!"—and she had no misgivings at all Mill was penitently liberal sent me £200 (in a day or two), of which I kept £100 (actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume), upon which he bought me *Biographie Universelle*, which I got bound, and still have Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed, and fanaticised "John Stuart Mill" to take that £100 back, but I fear there is no way!

How my Incomparable One contrived to beat out these exiguous resources into covering the appointed space I cannot now see, nor did I then know but in the like of that, as in her other tasks, she was silently successful always, and never, that I saw, had

a misgiving about success There would be some trifling increments from *Fraser's Magazine*, perhaps (*Diamond Necklace*, etc were probably of those years), but the *guess* stated above is the nearest I can now come to, and I don't think is in defect of the actuality—I was very diligent, very desperate (“desperate *hope!*”),—wrote my two (folio) pages (perhaps four or five of print) day by day then about two P M walked out, always heavy-laden, grim of mood, sometimes with a feeling not rebellious or impious against God Most High, but otherwise too similar to Satan's stepping the burning marle Some conviction I had that the Book was worth something,—a pretty constant persuasion that it was not I that could make it better Once or twice among the flood of equipages at Hyde-Park Corner, I recollect sternly thinking “Yes, and perhaps none of *you* could do what I am at!” But generally my feeling was, “I will finish this Book, throw it at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the Transatlantic Wildernesses,—far from human beggaries and basenesses!” This had a kind of comfort to me, yet I always knew too, in the background, that this would not practically do In short, my nervous-system had got dreadfully irritated and inflamed before I quite ended, and my desire was *intense*, beyond words, to have done with it. The *last* paragraph I well remember writing upstairs in the drawing-room that now is, which was then my writing-room, beside *her* there, in a gray evening (summer I suppose), soon after tea perhaps,—and thereupon, with her dear blessing on me, going out to walk. I had said before going out, “What they

will do with this Book, none knows, my Jeannie, lass, but they have not had, for a two hundred years, any Book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as *they* see best!" "Pooh, pooh, they cannot trample that!" she would cheerily answer, for her own approval (I think she had read always regularly behind me), especially in vol iii, was strong and decided¹

We knew the Sterlings by this time, John, and all of them. Old Sterling very often here, knew Henry Taylor,² etc, the Wilsons of Ecclestone Street, Rev Mr Dunn, etc etc., and the waste wilderness of London was becoming a peopled garden to us, in some measure, especially to *her*, who had a frank welcome to every sort of worth and even kindly-singularity in her fellow-creatures, such as I could at no time rival

¹ Carlyle, after a long interval in which he wrote nothing in his *Journal*, says—"Not a word written here till now. Jane fell sick (to the degree of terrifying me) in the saddest circumstances every way, directly after" the last entry in the *Journal*, 21st March 1837. "Ah me, ever since, it has been unpleasant for me to speak. Lectures on 'German Literature' (save the mark!) in the first weeks of May horrid misery of that, in my then state of nerves! Book *French Revolution* out about the 1st of June. Jane's mother here. I off to Scotland by Hull, Leeds, etc, on the 20th of that month, where I lay like one burned alive till the middle of September, when I returned hither, in a kind of dead alive state, for which there was no name,—of which there was no writing. Why chronicle it? The late long effort has really almost killed me. Not the writing of the Book, but the writing of it amid such sickness, poverty and despair. The 'reception' of it, every one says, is good and so good. It may be so, but to me the blessing of blessings is that I am free of it"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 15th November 1837

² Author of *Philip van Artevelde*, etc., afterwards Sir Henry Taylor. He died March 1886. See Paper on Wordsworth, *infra*, vol ii, for notice of him

Sprinklings of Foreigners, "Political Refugees," had already begun to come about us, to me seldom of any interest, except for the foreign instruction to be gathered from them (if any), and the curiosity attached to their foreign ways. Only two of them had the least charm to me as men. Mazzini whom, I remember, Mr Taylor, Mrs Taylor's (ultimately Mrs Mill's) *then* Husband, an innocent dull good man, brought in to me one evening, and Godefroi Cavaignac, whom my Jane had met somewhere, and thought worth inviting. Mazzini I once or twice talked with, recognisably a most valiant, faithful, considerably gifted and noble soul, but hopelessly given up to his Republicanisms, his "Progress," and other Rousseau fanaticism, for which I had at no time the least credence, or any considerable respect amid my pity¹. We soon tired of one another, Mazzini and I, and he fell mainly to *her* share, off and on, for a good many years, yielding her the charm of a sincere mutual esteem, and withal a good deal of occasional amusement from his curious bits of Exile London- and Foreign-life, and his singular Italian-English modes of locution now and then. For example,—Petrucci having quenched his own fiery chimney one day, and escaped the fine (as he hoped), "*there came to pass a Sweep,*"

¹ "Yesterday took leave of Mazzini, who is just about returning permanently to Rome, to publish a Newspaper there. I had not seen him for a long time. we talked for about an hour, in a cordial and sincere way, with real emotion (I do believe) on both sides, and parted, hardly expecting, either of us, to meet again in this world. Mournfully tender, mournfully sublime even, I might call the event to me in the days that now are. Mazzini is the most *pious* living man I now know." —Carlyle's *Journal*, 8th February 1871

with finer nose in the solitary street, who involved him again. Or, "*Ma, wio cato, ner c'i e' an werto!*" which, I see, she has copied into her poor little book of *reflections*¹. Her reports of these things to me, as we sat at breakfast or otherwise, had a tinkle of the finest mirth in them, and in short a beauty and felicity I have never seen surpassed. Ah me, ah me *wtill'er* fled?

Cavaignac was considerably more interesting to both of us. A fine Bayard soul (with figure to correspond), a man full of seriousness and of genial gaiety withal, of really fine faculties, and of a politeness (especially towards women) which was curiously elaborated into punctiliousness, yet sprang everywhere from frank nature. A man very pleasant to converse with, walk with, or see drop in on an evening, and lead you or follow you far and wide over the world of intellect and humanly recorded fact. A Republican to the bone, but a "Bayard" in that vesture (if only Bayard had wit and fancy at command). We had many dialogues while *French Revolution* struggled through its last two volumes, Cavaignac freely discussing with me, accepting kindly my innumerable dissents from him, and on the whole elucidating many little points to me. Punctually on the *jour de l'an*, came some little gift to her, frugal yet elegant, and I have heard him say with a mantling joyous humour overspreading that sternly sad French face, "*Vous n'êtes pas*

¹ An undertaker applying to the wrong house, explained to Mazzini, who had opened the door to him, that he had come with "the coffin." To which Mazzini answered, with animation, "But, my dear, there is not here a *Dead!*"

Écossaise, Madame, désormais vous serez Française !" I think he must have left us in 1843, he and I rode, one summer forenoon, to Richmond and back (some old *Bonapartist* Colonel married out there, dull ignorant loud fellow to my feeling), country was beautiful, air balmy, ride altogether *ditto ditto* I don't remember speaking with him again, "going to Paris this week" or so, he (on unconditional amnesty, not on conditional like all the others) He returned once, or indeed twice, during the three years he still lived but I was from home the last time, both of us the first (at Newby Cottage, Annan, oh dear!)—and I saw him no more. The younger Brother ("*President*" in 1849 etc) I had often heard of from him, and learned to esteem on evidence given, but never saw I take him to have been a second *Godfrey* probably, with less gift of social utterance, but with a soldier's breeding in return

One autumn, and perhaps another, I recollect her making a tour with the elder Sterlings (Thunderer and Wife), which, in spite of the hardships to one so delicate, she rather enjoyed. Thunderer she had at her apron-string, and brought many a comical pirouette out of him from time to time. Good Miss Sterling really loved her, and *vice versa*, a luminous household circle that to us—as may be seen in *Life of Sterling*, more at large

Of money from *French Revolution* I had *here* as yet got absolutely nothing, Emerson in America, by an edition of his *there*, sent me £150¹ ("pathetic!")

¹ "Yesterday came a Letter from Emerson at Concord, New England, informing me that the volumes of *Miscellanies* will be ready by and by,

was her fine word about it, "but never mind, Dear"), after some three years grateful England (through poor scrubby but correctly arithmetical Fraser) £100, and I don't remember when, some similar munificence but I now (and indeed not till recent years do I) see it had been, as *she* called it, "a great success," and greatish of its kind. Money I did get somewhere honestly, Articles in *Fraser*, in poor Mill's (considerably hidebound) *London Review*, *Edinburgh* I think was *out* for me before this time. *London Review* was at last due to the charitable faith of young Sir William Molesworth, a poorish narrow creature, but an ardent believer in Mill *Père* (James) and Mill *Fils*. "How much will your Review take to launch it then?" asked he (all other Radical believers being so close of fist) — "Say £4000," answered Mill. "Here, then," writing a cheque for that amount, rejoined the other. My private (altogether private) feeling, I remember, was, that they could, with profit, have employed me much

and—enclosing me a draft for £100, the produce of my *French Revolution* there! Already £50 had come, this is £150 in all, not a farthing having yet been realised *here* by our English bibliopoly. It is very strange this American occurrence, very gratifying nothing more so has occurred in the history of my economics. Thanks to the kind friends across the salt waters yonder! This American cash is so welcome *because* I am so poor. Had I been rich, I could not have had that pleasure. *Sic de multis*, I must own it, bitterly as I often grumble over my poverty. On the whole I shall rejoice to *have been* poor, if in my old days I be not still prosecuted and dogged by the spectre of absolute indigence that, surely, is ill to bear—I find too, had this £100 been £1000, it would at bottom have made little difference. What if Fate, as thrifty mothers do, were reserving her sweet condiment till towards the *latter part* of the repast, and giving it out always more liberally the nearer we get to the end! It were the kindest way of all perhaps"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 6th February 1839

more extensively in it, perhaps even (though of this I was candid enough to doubt) made me Editor of it, let me *try* it for a couple of years,—worse I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself did as Editor (*sawdust* to the masthead, and a croakery of crawling things, instead of a speaking by men), but I whispered to none but *her* the least hint of all this and oh, how glad am I now, and for long years back, that apparently nothing of it ever came to the thoughts or the dreams of Mill and Co! For I should surely have accepted of it, had the terms been at all tolerable I had plenty of *Radicalism*, and have, and to all appearance shall have, but the opposite hemisphere (which never was wanting either, nor will be, as it miserably is in Mill and Co) had not yet found itself summoned by the trumpet of Time and his Events (1848 study of *Oliver* etc.) into practical emergence, and emphasis and prominence as now “Ill luck,” take it quietly, you never are sure but it may be *good* and the *best*¹

Our main revenue for perhaps three, or four years (?) now was *Lectures*,² in Edw ard Street, Portman Square, the only free *room* there was, earnestly

¹ “Mill, I discern, has given Fox the Editorship of that Molesworth Periodical, seems rather ashamed of it. *A la bonne heure* is it not probably *better* so? Trust in God and in thyself! O could I but, all *el e* were so light, so trivial”—Carlyle’s *Journal*, 12th August 1834.

² There were Four Courses of Lectures, the dates of which are as follows, viz.—

I In 1837, Six Lectures on German Literature.

II In 1838, Twelve Lectures on the History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture.

III In 1839, Six Lectures on the Revolutions of Modern Europe.

IV In 1840, Six Lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship

Only the Last Course, *Heroes*, was ever published.

forwarded by Miss and Thomas Wilson, of Eccleston Street (who still live and are good), by Miss Martineau, by Henry Taylor, Frederick Elliot, etc. etc. Brought in, on the average, perhaps £200, for a month's labour first of them must have been in 1838, I think,—Willis's Rooms, this "Detestable mixture of Prophecy and Play-actorism," as I sorrowfully defined it nothing could well be hatefuller to me, but I was obliged. And she, oh she was my Angel, and unwearied helper and comforter in all that, how we drove together, poor Two, to our place of execution, she with a little drop of brandy to give me at the very last,—and shone round me like a bright *aurcola*, when all else was black and chaos! God reward thee, Dear One, now when I cannot even own my debt. Oh why do we *delay* so much, till Death makes it impossible? And don't I continue it still with others? Fools, fools, we forget that it *has* to end, lo this *has* ended, and it is such an astonishment to me, so sternly undeniable, yet as it were incredible!—

It must have been in this 1838 that her Mother first came to see us here¹ I remember giving each of them a sovereign, from a pocketful of *odd* which I had brought home,—greatly to satisfaction especially of Mrs Welsh, who I doubt not bought something pretty and symbolic with it. She came perhaps three times on one of the later times was that of the "One Soirée," with the wax-candles on Mother's part,—and subsequent remorse on Daughter's "Burn these last two, on the night when I lie dead!"² Like a stroke of lightning this

¹ It was in September 1835

² See *infra*, p. 255

has gone through my heart, cutting and yet healing
Sacred be the name of it: its praise *silent*. Did I
 elsewhere meet in the world a soul so direct from
 the Empyrean? My dear old Mother was perhaps
 equally pious in the Roman sense, in the British she
 was much more so—but starry flashes of this kind
 she had not,—from her education etc. could not.

[*Ms 6* Surely this is very idle work,—the rather
 if it is all to be burnt! But nothing else yields me
 any solace at all in those days. I will continue it
 to-morrow. Poor Tablet or memorial due to me
 from the lapidary this day fortnight, at farthest,
 surely]

[*Ms 7*] By this time we were getting noticed by
 select individuals of the Aristocracy and were what
 is called “rather rising in society.” Ambition that
 way my Jane never had, but she took it always as
 a something of honour done to *us*, and had her
 various bits of satisfaction in it. The Spring-Rices
 (Lord Montague afterwards) were probably the first
 of their class that ever asked me out as a distin-
 guished thing. I remember their funkey arriving
 here with an express while we were at dinner. I
 remember, too, their Soiree itself in Downing Street,
 and the *salon* and *salon* (as I called them) with
 their state and their effulgences as something new
 and entertaining to me. The Stanleys (of Alderley),
 through the Bullers, we had long since known, and
 still know—but that I suppose was still mostly
theoretic,—or perhaps I *had* dined there, and seen the
 Hollands (Lord and Lady, the etc. (as I certainly
 did ultimately), but not been judged eligible, or both

catchable and eligible? To me I can recollect (except what of snob ambition there might be in me, which I hope was not very much, though for certain it was not quite wanting either¹), there was nothing of charm in any of them old Lady Holland I viewed even with aversion, as a kind of hungry "ornamented witch," looking over at me with merely carnivorous views (and always questioning her Dr Allen, when I said anything), nor was it till years after (Husband, Allen, etc. all dead) that I discovered remains of beauty in her, a pathetic situation, and distinguished qualities. My Jane I think knew still less of her in her house neither my Jane nor I ever was. At Marshall's (millionaire of Leeds, and an excellent man, who much esteemed me, and once gave me a horse for health's sake) we had ample assemblages, shining enough in their kind,—but *she*, I somehow think, probably for saving the cost of "fly" (oh my Queen, *mine* and a true one!), was not so often there as I. On the whole, that too was a thing to be gone through in our career, and it had its bits of benefits, bits of instructions etc etc, but also its temptations, intricacies, tendencies to vanity etc, to waste of time and faculty, and in a better sphere of arrangement, would have been a 'game not worth the candle'. Certain of the Aristocracy, however, did seem to me still very *noble*, and, with due elimination of the grossly worthless (none of whom had we to do with), I should vote at present that, of *classes* known to me in England, the Aristocracy (with its perfection of human politeness, its continual grace of bearing and of acting, steadfast "honour," light address and cheery *stoicism*, if you

see *well* into it), is actually yet the best of English Classes¹ Deep in it *we* never were, promenaders on the shore rather, but I have known it too, and formed deliberate judgment as above. My Dear One, in theory, did not go so far (I think) in that direction,—in fact was not at the pains to form much “theory,” but no eye in the world was quicker than hers for individual specimens,—and to the last she had a great pleasure in consorting more or less with the select of these Lady William Russell, Dowager Lady Sandwich, Lady etc. etc. (and not in over-quantity) I remember, at first sight of the *first* Lady Ashburton² (who was far from

¹ “At Alverstoke” (Bay House, The Hon. H. B. Baring’s), “in January last,—for the third time now,—and very full of *suffering* in all ways there. Have seen a good deal of the higher ranks, plenty of lords, politicians, fine ladies, etc. etc.—certainly a new *top-dressing* for me that, nor attainable either without peril let me see if any *growth* will come of it, and what.—The most striking conclusion to me is, How *like* all men of all ranks in England (and doubtless in every land) intrinsically are to one another Our Aristocracy, I rather take it, are the *best*, or as good as any class we have, but their position is fatally awry,—their whole breeding and way of life, ‘To go gracefully idle’ (most tragically *so*), and which of them can mend it?”—*Carlyle’s Journal*, 8th February 1848

² Properly, the second Lady Ashburton, first Wife of the second Lord Ashburton.—For a good many years the friendship of Lord and Lady Ashburton was Carlyle’s best social resource. He held both in highest regard At the time of Lady Ashburton’s death he made the following entry in his *Journal* —

“Monday, 4th May, 4½ P.M., at Paris, died Lady Ashburton a great and irreparable sorrow to me, yet with some beautiful consolations in it too A thing that fills all my mind, since yesterday afternoon that Milnes came to me with the sad news,—which I had never once anticipated, though warned sometimes vaguely to do so God ‘sanctify my sorrow, as the pious old phrase went’ To her I believe it is a great gain, and the exit has in it much of noble beauty as well as pure sadness,—worthy of such a woman. Adieu, adieu’ —6th May 1857

regularly *beautiful*, but was probably the *chief* of all these great ladies), she said of her to me, "Something in her like a Heathen Goddess!"—which was a true reading, and in a case not plain at all, but oftener mistaken than rightly taken

Our first visit to Addiscombe together a bright summer Sunday, we walked (*thrift*, I daresay, ah me!) from the near Railway Station, and my poor Jeannie grew very tired and disheartened, though nothing ill came, I had been there several times, and she had seen the Lady here (and called her "Heathen Goddess" to me) this time I had at once joined the company under the shady trees, on their beautiful lawn, and my little woman, in few minutes, her dress all adjusted, came stepping out, round the corner of the house,—with such a look of lovely innocence, modesty, ingenuousness, gracefully suppressed timidity, and radiancy of native cleverness, intelligence, and dignity, towards the great ladies and great gentlemen, it seems to me at this moment, I have never seen a more beautiful expression of a human face Oh my Dearest, my Dearest that cannot now know how dear! There are glimpses of Heaven too given us on this Earth, though sorely drowned in terrestrial vulgarities, and sorely "flamed-on from the Hell beneath" too This must have been about 1843 or so?

A year or two before, going to see her Mother, she had landed in total wreck of sea-sickness (miser-

On the same day, Lord Ashburton wrote to Carlyle "She has left me an inheritance of great price, the love of those who loved her I claim that of you, in her name, and I am sure it will be rendered to me."

able always at sea, but had taken it as cheapest doubtless)—and been brought up almost speechless, and set down at the Queensberry Arms Inn, Annan. Having no maid, no sign but of trouble and (unprofitable) ladyhood, they took her to a remote bedroom, and left her to her solitary shifts there. Very painful to me, yet beautiful and with a noble pathos in it, to look back upon (from her narrative of it) here and now! How Mary, my poor but ever faithful "Sister Mary," came to her (on notice), *her* resources few, but her heart overflowing, could hardly get admittance to the Flunkey House of Entertainment at all, got it, however, had a "pint of sherry" with her, had this and that, and perhaps on the third day, got her released from the base place, of which that is my main recollection now, when I chance to pass it, in its now dim enough condition. Perhaps this was about 1840, Mary's husband (now Farmer at the Gill, not a clever man, but a diligent and good-natured) was then a "Carter with two Horses" in Annan,—gradually becoming unable to live in that poor capacity there. They had both been Craigenputtock figures. She loved Mary for her kind-heartedness, admired and respected her skill and industry in Domestic management of all kinds, and often contrasted to me her perfect talent in that way, compared to Sister Jean's, who intellectually was far the superior (and had once been her own Pupil and Protégée, about the time we left Comley Bank, always very kind and grateful to her since, too, but never such a favourite as the other). Mary's Cottage was well known to me too, as I came home by the Steamer, on my visits, and was often

riding down to bathe etc These visits, "once a year to my Mother," were pretty faithfully paid, and did my *heart* always some good, but for the rest were unpleasantly chaotic (especially when my poor old Mother, worthiest and dearest of simple hearts, became incapable of management by her own strength, and of almost all enjoyment even from me) I persisted in them to the last, as did my Woman, but I think they comprised for both of us (such skinless creatures), in respect of outward *physical* hardship, an amount larger than all the other items of our then life put together

How well I remember the dismal evening, when we had got word of her Mother's dangerous crisis of illness (a *Stroke*, in fact, which ended it), and her wildly impressive look, laden as if with resolution, affection and prophetic woe, while she sat in the railway carriage and rolled away from me into the dark "Poor, poor Jeannie" thought I, and yet my sympathy how paltry and imperfect was it to what hers would have been for me! Stony-hearted, shame on me! She was stopped at Liverpool, by news of the *worst*, I found her sharply wretched, on my following,—and had a strange two or three months, slowly settling everything at Templand, the "last Country Spring," and my *first* for many long years Bright, sad, solitary (letters from Lockhart etc), nocturnal mountain heather-burning, by day the courses of the hail-storms from the mountains, how they came pouring down their respective valleys, deluge-like, and blotted out the sunshine etc. Spring of 1842

[I ought to have copied my Mother-in-law's

epitaph at least, or to send for it now to the Minister of Crawford in Clydesdale Stop to-day, or even altogether? No, can't.]

I find it was in 1842 (20th February) that my poor Mother-in-law died¹ Wild night for me from Liverpool, through Dumfries (Sister Jean out with tea, etc.), arrival at waste Templand (only John Welsh etc there, funeral quite over) all this and the lonesome, sad, but not unblessed three months almost which I spent there, is still vividly in my mind I was for trying to keep Templand once, as a summer refuge for us,—one of the most picturesque of locations, but *her* filial heart abhorred the notion, and I have never seen more than the chimney-tops of Templand since Her grief, at my return and for months afterwards, was still poignant, constant —and oh how inferior my sympathy with her, to what hers would have been with me, woe on my dull hard ways in comparison! To her Mother she had been the kindest of Daughters, life-rent of Craigenputtock

¹ “In February last my good Mother in law suddenly died That will be an unforgettable February, March and April My poor Wife hurrying off by the first mail train the evening the Letter came, in an agony of hope and terror towards Templand,—*too late*, as she found at Liverpool my following in two days, by night outside the Coach (from Lancaster to Carlisle), and like a kind of ghost, through Annan, Dumfries, in that strange mood my solitary abode in Templand till the spring storms went by, and the pale Sun had grown hot and strong when I returned All this makes, in several ways, a new chapter in our history here. My poor Wife has been in deep distress, and is yet, though thank Heaven recovering now I went to Crawford Church yard, the wild spring tempests, the wild hills, Dalveen Pass and the lone Resting place of her whose grave I went to see! How much that is Heaven high blended with the lowest things of Earth, lay in all that business for me. But there are no words —Carlyle's *Journal*, 25th October 1842.

settled frankly on her (and such effort to make it practically good to the letter when needful),—I recollect one gallop of hers, which Geraldine has not mentioned, gallop from Craigenputtock to Dumfries Bank, and thence to Templand at a stretch, with the half-year's rent, which our procrastinating Brother Alick seldom could or would be punctual with.¹ ah me, gallop which pierces my heart at this moment, and clothes my Darling with a sad radiancy to me. But she had many *remorses*, and indeed had been obliged to have manifold little collisions with her fine high-minded, but often fanciful and fitful Mother, —who was always a Beauty, too, and had whims and thin-skinned ways, distasteful enough to such a Daughter. All which, in cruel aggravation (for all were really small, and had been ridiculous rather than deep or important), now came remorsefully to mind, and many of them, I doubt not, *staid*—Craigenputtock lapsed to *her*, in 1842, therefore, —to me she had left the fee-simple of it by will (in 1824, two years before our marriage),—as I remember she once told me *thenabouts*, and never but once. Will found, the other day, after some difficulty, since her own departure, and the death of any Welsh to whom she could have wished me to bequeath it. To my kindred it has no relation, nor shall it go to *them*: it is much a problem with me how I shall leave it settled ("Bursaries for Edinburgh College;" or *what* were best?) after my poor interest in it is over. *Cari-*

own sweet will, with great indifference and loyalty on our part. This did not help our incomings, in fact I suppose it effectually hindered, and has done so *till quite recently*, any "progress" of ours in that desirable direction, though I did not find that the small steady sale of my Books was sensibly altered from year to year, but quietly stood where it used to be. Chapman (hard-fisted cautious Bibliopole) would not, for about ten years farther, go into any edition of my "Collected Works," I did once transiently propose it, once only,—and remember being sometimes privately a good deal sulky towards the poor man for his judgment on that matter, though decided to leave him strictly to his own light in regard to it, and indeed to avoid him altogether when I had not clear business with him. The "recent return of popularity greater than ever," which I hear of, seems due alone to that late Edinburgh affair, especially to the Edinburgh *Address*,¹ and affords new proof of the singularly dark and feeble condition of "Public Judgment" at this time. No idea, or shadow of an idea, is in that Address, but what had been set forth by me tens of times before and the poor gaping sea of Prurient Blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation,—and runs to buy my Books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy. If they would give me £10,000 a year, and bray unanimously their *hosannahs* heaven-high for the rest of my life,—who *now* would there be to get the

¹ Inaugural Address, on his being installed as Lord Rector of the University there, was delivered on the 2d of April 1866. See *Miscellaneous*, vi. 297

smallest joy or profit from it? To *me* I feel as if it would be a silent sorrow rather, and would bring me painful retrospections, nothing else.—On the whole, I feel often, as if poor England had really done its very kindest to me, after all Friends not a few I do at last begin to see that I have had all along, and these have all, or all but two or three, been decorously silent enemies I cannot strictly find that I have had any (only blind blockheads running athwart me on their own errand),—and as for the speaking and criticising multitude, who regulate the paying ditto, I perceive that their labours on me have had a two-fold result 1° That, after so much nonsense said, in all dialects, and so very little sense or real understanding of the matter, I have arrived at a point of indifferency towards all that, which is really very desirable to a human soul that will do well, and 2° That, in regard to money, and payment etc in the money kind, it is essentially the same To a degree which, under *both* heads (if it were safe for me to estimate it), I should say was really a far nearer than common approach to completeness And which, under both heads, so far as it *is* complete, means *victory*, and the very highest kind of “success”! Thanks to poor anarchic crippled and bewildered England, then, hasn’t it done its very *best* for me, under disguised forms, and seeming occasionally to do its *worst*? Enough of all that I had to say only that my dear little Helpmate, in regard to these things also, has been throughout as one sent from Heaven to me Never for a moment did she take to blaming England or the world on my behalf, rather to quizzing my *despondencies* (if any)

on that head, and the grotesque stupidities of England and the world she cared little about Criticisms of me, good or bad, but I have known her read, when such came to hand, the unfriendliest specimens with real amusement, if their stupidity was of the readable or amusing kind to bystanders. Her opinion of me, it was curiously unalterable from the first! In Edinburgh for example, in 1826 still, Bookseller Tait (a foolish goosey, innocent but very vulgar kind of mortal), 'Oh Mrs. Carlyle, fine criticism in *The Scotsman*, you will find it at, I think you will find it at ——' "But what good will it do me?" answered Mrs. Carlyle, with great good humour, to the miraculous collapse of Tait, who stood (I dare say) with eyes staring!

In 1844, late Autumn, I was first at the Grange for a few days (doing d'Ewes's *Election to the Long Parliament*, I recollect), she with me next year, I think; and there, or at Addiscombe, Alverstoke, Bath House,¹ saw on frequent enough occasions, for twelve years coming, or indeed for nineteen (till the second Lord Ashburton's death), the choicest specimens of English Aristocracy, and had no difficulty in living with them on free and altogether human terms, and learning from them by degrees whatever *they* had to teach us. *Something* actually, though perhaps not very much, and surely *not* the best. To me, I should say, more than to her, came what lessons there were, human friendships we also had, and she too was a favourite with the better kind,—

* ¹ The Grange and Bath House were residences of Lord Ashburton Addiscombe Farm and Alverstoke (Bay House), or his son, the Hon. H. B. Baring, who succeeded to the title in 1845, and died in 1893.

Lord Lansdowne, for example, had at last discovered what she was, not without some amazement in his old retrospective mind, I dare say! But to her the charm of such circles was at all times insignificant, *human* was what she looked at, and what she was, in all circles. *Ay de mi* it is a mingled yarn, all that of our "Aristocratic" History, and I need not enter on it here. One evening, at Bath House, I saw her, in a grand soirée, softly step up, and (unnoticed, as she thought, by anybody) *kiss* the old Duke of Wellington's shoulder!¹ That perhaps was one of the prettiest things I ever saw there. Duke was then very old, and hitched languidly about, speaking only when spoken to, some "Wow-wow," which perhaps had little real meaning in it. He had on his Garter-order, his gold-buckle stock, and was very clean and trim, but except making appearance in

¹ "By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms. Truly a beautiful old man, I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity and nobleness there is about the old hero, when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish, slightish figure, about five feet eight, of good breadth however, and *all* muscle or bone,—his legs I think must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback at least, I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before. The face wholly gentle, wise, valiant and venerable, the voice too, as I again heard, is *aquiline*, a clear, perfectly equable (*uncracked*, that is), and perhaps almost musical, but essentially *tenor* or even almost treble voice. Eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and the other, clean, clear, fresh as the June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room (to make, I suppose, *one* round of the place), and I saw him no more. Except Dr Chalmers I have not for many years seen so beautiful an old man"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 25th June 1850

certain evening parties, half an hour in each, perhaps hardly knew what he was doing. From Bath House, we saw his Funeral Procession,¹ a while after, and, to our disgust, in one of the Mourning Coaches, some Official or Dignitary reading a Newspaper. The hearse (seventeen tons of bronze), the arrangements generally, were vulgar and disgusting. but the *fact* itself impressed everybody, the street rows all silently doffed hat as the Body passed,—and London, altogether, seemed to be holding its breath. A dim, almost wet kind of day. Adieu, adieu.—With Wellington I don't think either of us had ever spoken, though we both esteemed him heartily: I had known his face for nearly thirty years, he also, I think had grown to know mine, as that of somebody who wished him well, not otherwise, I dare say, or the proprietor's name at all, but I have seen him gaze at me a little as we passed on the streets. To speak to him, with my notions of his ways of thinking, and of his *articulate* endowments, was not among my longings. I went once to the House of Lords, expressly to hear the sound of his voice, and so complete my little private Physiognomic Portrait of him: a fine *aquiline* voice, I found it, quite like the face of him,—and got a great instruction and lesson, which has staid with me, out of his little speech itself (Lord Ellenborough's "Gates of Somnauth" the subject, about which I cared nothing, speech of the most *haggly*, hawky, pinched and meagre kind, so far as utterance and "eloquence" went, but potent for *conviction* beyond any other, nay, I may say, quite *exclusive* of all the others that night, which were mere

"melodious wind" to me (Brougham's, Derby's, etc etc), while *this* hitching, stunted, haggling discourse of ten or fifteen minutes had made the Duke's opinion completely mine too. I thought of O Cromwell withal. And have often since, oftener than ever before, said to myself, "Is not this (to make your opinion mine) the aim of all 'eloquence,' rhetoric, and Demosthenic artillery practice?" And what is it good for? Fools get a *true* insight and belief of your own as to the matter, that is the way to get your belief into me, and it is the only way!—

One of the days while I was first at The Grange (in 1844) was John Sterling's *death*-day¹ I had well marked it, with a sad almost remorseful contrast,—we were at St Cross and Winchester Cathedral that day—I think my Wife's latest favourites, and in a sense friends and intimates, among the Aristocracy were the old Dowager Lady Sandwich (died about four years ago, or three), *young* Lady Lothian (recent acquaintance), and the (Dowager) Lady

¹ "My beloved friend John Sterling died at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, on Wednesday, 18th September 1844, about eleven at night

"For a long while I refused to believe in Sterling's danger, of late weeks it became sternly apparent to me. I had two notes from him, very affecting to me, and sent him two. He refused to see me, though I think there were few living he loved better. Four days before his death he composed some stanzas of verse addressed to me, not to be delivered till he were gone. I received them the day before yesterday, keep them among my precious things. I have had a great loss, which will gradually become more sensible to me in all its details. He was a noble character, full of brilliancy, of rapid light flashes in every kind, and loved me heartily well. Ah me! These verses were written on Friday the 14th September, that day I was at Winchester. He sat writing at Ventnor in those hours, such words, in such a mood! I shall never see John Sterling more, then, my noble Sterling!"—*Carlyle's Journal*, 1st October 1844

William Russell, whom I think she had something of real love to, and in a growing condition for the last two or three years. This a clever, high-mannered, massive-minded old lady, now seventy-two

[*Sunday, 10th June*, weather fiercely hot, health suffering visibly last week, *must* take new courses, form new resolutely definite *plans*,—which requires (or *would* require) a great deal more of strength and calmness than I have at present! Quiet I am, avoiding almost everybody, and far preferring *silence* to most words I can hear but clear of vision, *calm* of judgment I am far from being!—Ought I to *quit* this “work” here, which I feel to be very idleness? I sit in great gloom of heart, but it is gloom all drenched in soft pity (as if *she* were to be “pitied!”) in benign affection really it is like a kind of religious course of worship to me, this of “Sitting by her Grave,” as I daily do. Oh my Loved one, must I quit even that, then? Dost *thou*, as if it were *thou*, bid me Rise, go hence, and work at something? Patience, yet a little, yet ‘a little!—At least I will quit these vague provinces, and try to write something more specifically *historical*, on this Paper of *her* providing!—Stop to-day

11th June, Very mournful little hour “Parting of her raiment” (I somehow call it), sad *sanction* of what Maggie Welsh had done in it! Have read the (Dumfries) Copy of her Will, too, a beautiful *Letter* to her Mother, and other *Deed*¹ (“of Life-rent”),—all gone, *gone* into the vacant Past—and have reposed both Documents. Intend to put down something about

¹ Conveying Craigenputtock in life rent to Mrs. Welsh. See *supra*, p. So.”

her Parentage etc, *now*,—and what of reminiscence most lives with me on that head Little *Tablet* is not due for ten days yet, feel it too sad to quit my daily companionship, idle though it be, and almost blamable—no, it is not *blamable*, no !]

John Welsh, Farmer of Penfillan, near Thornhill, Nithsdale, for the greater part of his life, was born, I believe at Craigenputtock, 9th December 1757, and was sole Heir of that place, and of many ancestors there, my Wife's paternal Grandfather,—of whom she had many pretty things to report, in her pleasant interesting way, genuine affection blending so beautifully with perfect candour, and with arch recognition of whatever was, comically or otherwise, singular in the subject matter Her Father's name was also John, which from of old had specially been that of the *Laud*, or of his First-born, as her Father was This is *one* of the probabilities they used to quote in claiming to come from John Knox's youngest daughter and her husband, the once famous John Welsh, minister of Ayr, etc a better probability perhaps is the topographical one that Craigenputtock, which, by site and watershed would belong to Galloway, is still part of Dumfriesshire, and did apparently form part of Collieston, fertile little farm still extant, which probably was an important estate when the antique "John Welsh's Father" had it in Knox's day (see the *Biographies*¹),—to which Collieston, Craigenputtock, as moorland, extending from the head of

¹ John Welsh married (about 1595) Elizabeth, third and youngest daughter of Knox. He was not, however, heir of Collieston (as appears from his Father's Will), the eldest son being David —*Life of John Welsh*, by the Rev J Young Edinburgh, 1866

the Glenessland Valley, and a two miles farther southward (quite over the slope and down to Orr, the next river), does seem to have been an appendage. My Jeannie cared little or nothing about these genealogies, but seeing them interest *me*, took some interest in them. Within the last three months (*à propos* of a new Life of the famed John Welsh), she mentioned to me some to me new, and still livelier spark of likelihood, which her "Uncle Robert" (an expert Edinburgh lawyer) had derived from reading the old Craigenputtock law-papers. What this new "spark" of light on the matter was (quite forgotten by me at that time, and looking "new") I in vain strive to recal, and have *again* forgotten it (swallowed in the sad Edinburgh hurlyburles of "three months ago," which have now had such an issue¹). To my present judgment there is really good likelihood of the genealogy, and likelihood all going that way, but no certainty attained or perhaps ever attainable. That 'famed John Welsh' lies buried (since the end of James I's reign) in some churchyard of Eastern London, name of it known, but nothing more¹. His Grandson was minister of Erncray ("Irongray" they please to spell it) near by, in Claver's's bloody time, and there all certainty ends — — By her Mother's *mother*, who was a Baillie, of somewhat noted kindred in Biggar country, my Jeannie was further said to be descended from "Sir William Wallace" (the great), but this seemed to rest on nothing but air and vague fireside rumour of obsolete date, and she herself, I think, except perhaps

¹ Buried at St Botolph's, Bishopgate, 4th April 1662 — *Young's Life of John Welsh*, p. 407

in quizzical allusion, never spoke of it to me at all Edward Irving once did (1822 or so) in his half-laughing Grandison way, as we three sat together talking "From Wallace and from Knox," said he, with a wave of the hands "there's a Scottish Pedigree for you !" The good Irving so guileless, loyal always, and so hoping and so generous !

My wife's Grandfather, I can still recollect, died 20th September 1823, aged near sixty-six,—I was at Kinnaird (Buller's in Perthshire), and had it in a Letter from *her* Letters from her were almost the sole light-points in my dreary miseries there (fruit of *miserable health* mainly, and of a future blank and barred to me, as I felt) Trustfully she gave me details how he was sixty-three, near sixty-six (in fact), hair still raven-black, only within a year *eyebrows* had grown quite white, which had so softened and sweetened the look of his bright glancing black eyes, etc etc A still grief lay in the dear Letter, too, and much affection and respect for her old Grandfather just gone Sweet and soft to *me* to look back upon, and very sad now, from the threshold of our own grave My bonnie Darling, *Ja*, I shall follow thee very soon, and then—

Grandfather's youngest years had been passed at Craigenputtock, mother had been left a widow there, and could not bear to part with him, elder sisters there were, he the only boy Jane always thought him to have fine faculty, a beautiful clearness, decision, and integrity of character, but all this had grown up in solitude and vacancy, under the silent skies on the wild moors for most part. She sometimes spoke of his (and her) ulterior ancestors,

“several blackguards among them,” her old Grandfather used to say, “but not one blockhead that I heard of!” Of one, flourishing in 1745, there is a story still current among the country people thereabouts how, though this Laird of Craigenputtock had not himself gone at all into the Rebellion, he received with his best welcome certain other Lairds or gentlemen of his acquaintance who *had*, and who were now flying for their life, kept them there, as in a seclusion lonelier almost than any other in Scotland,—heard timefully that Dragoons were coming for them, shot them thereupon instantly away by various well-contrived routes and equipments, and waited his Dragoon Guests as if nothing were wrong “Such and such men here with you, aren’t they, you——!” said they “Truly they were, till three hours ago, and they are *rebels*, say you? Fie, the villains, had I but known or dreamt of that! But come, let us *chase* immediately once across the Orr yonder (and the swamps on this side, which look green enough from here), you find firm road, and will soon catch the dogs!” Welsh mounting his galloway, undertook to guide the Dragoons through that swamp or “bottom” (still a place that needed guiding in our time, though there did come at last a “solid road and bridge”), Welsh, trotting cheerily along on his light galloway, guided the Dragoons in such way that their heavy animals sank mostly or altogether, in the treacherous element, safe only for a native galloway and man, and with much pretended lamentation, seeing them provided with work that would last till darkness had fallen, rode his ways again I believe this was *true* in substance,

but never heard any of the saved rebels named Maxwells etc, who are of Roman-Catholic Jacobite type, abound in those parts a Maxwell, I think, is feudal superior of Craigenputtock This Welsh, I gather, must have been *grandfather* of my wife's grandfather she had strange stories of his wives (three in succession, married perhaps all, especially the second and third, for money), and how he kept the last of them, a decrepit ill-natured creature, *invisible* in some corner of his house, and used gravely to introduce visitors to her "gown and bonnet" hanging on a stick as "Mrs Welsh III" *Him* his Grandson doubtless ranked among the "blackguard" section of ancestry I suppose his immediate heir may have died shortly after him and been an unexceptionable man

In or about 1773, friends persuaded the widow of this latter that she absolutely must send her Boy away for some kind of *schooling*, his age now fourteen to which she sorrowfully consenting, he was despatched to Tynron school (notable at that time) about twelve miles over the hills Nithsdale way, and consigned to a farmer named Hunter, whose kin are now well risen in the world thereabouts, and who was thought to be a safe person for boarding and supervising the young moorland Laird The young Laird must have learned well at school, for he wrote a fine hand (which I have seen) and had acquired the ordinary elements of country education in a respectable way,—in the course of one year as turned out. Within one year, 16th February 1774, these Hunters had married him to their eldest Girl (about sixteen, three months *younger* than him-

self), and his school-days were suddenly completed ¹¹ This young girl was my Jeannie's Grandmother, had fourteen children, mostly men (of whom, or of whose male posterity, none now survive, except the three Edinburgh Aunts, youngest of them a month *younger* than my Jane was), and thus held the poor Laird's face considerably to the grindstone all his days! I have seen the Grandmother, in her old age and widowhood, a respectable-looking old person (lived then with her three daughters in a house they had purchased at Dumfries), silently my woman never much liked her or hers (a palpably rather tricky, cunning set these, with a turn for ostentation and hypocrisy in them),—and was accustomed to divide her uncles (not without some ground, as I could see) into "Welshes," and "Welshes with a cross of Hunter," traceable oftenest (not always though) in their very physiognomy and complexion. They are now all gone, the kindred as good as *out*, only their works following them, *talia qualia*!—

This imprudent marriage reduced the poor young man to pecuniary straits (had to *sell* first *Nether* Craigenputtock, a minor part, in order to pay his Sisters' portions, then long years afterwards, in the multitude of his children, *Upper* Craigenputtock, or Craigenputtock Proper, to my Wife's Father this *latter* sale), and though, being a thrifty vigorous

¹ The whole of the above paragraph requires correction. Carlyle would seem to have written without exact knowledge. There is good reason for believing that the marriage was a runaway match, regretted by the lady's family as much as by the Welshes. Mrs. Carlyle was on intimate terms with these relations, whom she visited, and it is certain, from the way in which she writes to them, that she would not willingly have given them pain.

and solid manager, he prospered handsomely in his farming, first of Milton, then ditto of Penfillan, the best thing he could try in the circumstances, and got completely above all *money*-difficulties, the same "circumstances" kept him all his days a mere "*Teræ Filius*," restricted to Nithsdale and his own eyesight (which indeed was excellent) for all the knowledge he could get of this Universe, and on the whole had made him, such the contrast between native vigour of faculty and accidental contraction of arena, a singular and even interesting man, a Scottish Nithsdale Son of Nature Highly interesting to his bright young Grand-daughter, with the clear eyesight and valiant true heart like his own, when she came to look into him in her childhood and girlhood He was solidly devout, truth's own self in what he said and did, had dignity of manners too, in fact a really brave sincere and honourable soul (reverent of talent, honesty, and sound sense, beyond all things), and was silently a good deal respected and honourably esteemed (though with a grin here and there) in the district where he lived For chief or almost sole intimate he had the neighbouring (biggish) Laird, "old Hogan of Waterside," almost close by Penfillan, whose peremptory ways and regularities of mind and conduct, are still remembered in that region,—sorrowfully and strangely as his sons, grandsons, and now great-grandson, have distinguished themselves in the other direction there It was delightful to hear my Bright One talk of this old Grandfather, so kindly yet so playfully, with a vein of fond affection, yet with the justest insight. In his Last Will (owing to Hun-

terian artifices and unkind whisperings, as she thought) he had omitted *her*, though her Father had been such a Second Father to all the rest — £1000 apiece might be the share of each son and each daughter in this Deed of the old man's, and my Jane's name was not found there, as if she too had been dead like her beneficent Father. Less care for the *money* no creature in the world could have had, but the neglect had sensibly grieved her, though she never at all blamed the old man himself, and before long, as was visible, had forgiven the suspected Hunterian parties themselves,—“Poor souls, so earnest about their paltry bits of interests, which are the vitallest and highest *they* have! or perhaps it was some whim of the old man himself? Never mind, never mind!” And so, as I could perceive, it actually *was abolished* in that generous heart, and not there any longer, before much time had passed. Here are two pictures, a wise and an absurd, two of very many she used to give me of the loved old Grandfather,—with which surely I may *end*

1° “Never hire as servant a very poor person's daughter or son *they* have seen nothing but confusion, waste, and huggermugger, mere *want* of thrift or method” This was a very wise opinion surely. On the other hand,—

He was himself a tall man, perhaps six feet or more, and stood erect as a column. And he had got gradually into his head, supported by such observation as the arena of Keir Parish and neighbouring localities afforded, the astonishing opinion—

2° That small people, especially short people,

were good for nothing, and in fine that a man's bodily stature was a correctish sign of his spiritual! Actually so, and would often make new people, aspiring to be acquaintances, stand up and be measured, that he might have their inches first of all. Nothing could drive this out of him, nothing till he went down once to sit on a jury at Dumfries, and for pleader to him had Francis Jeffrey, a man little above five feet, and evidently the cleverest Advocate one had ever heard or dreamed of!—Ah me, these were such histories and portrayings as I shall never hear again, nor I think did ever hear, for some of the qualities they had

[June 13] John Welsh, my Wife's Father, was born at *Craigputtock* (I now find, which gives the place a new interest to me), '4th April 1776,'—little more than eighteen years younger than his father, or than his mother. His first three years or so (probably till 26th May 1779, when the Parents may have moved to Milton, in Tynron) must have been passed in those solitudes. At Milton he would see his poor young Sister die,—wonted Playmate sadly vanish from the new hearth,—and would no doubt have his thoughts about it (my own little Sister Jenny in a similar stage, and my dear Mother's tears about her, I can vividly remember, the strangely silent white-sheeted room, white-sheeted linen-curtained bed, and small piece of elevation there, which the joiner was about measuring, and my own outburst into weeping thereupon, I hardly knew why,—my first passing glance at the Spectre Death!)—more we know not of the Boy's biography there, except that it seems to have lasted about seven years at Milton, and that,

no doubt, he had been for three or four years at school there (Tynron School, we may well guess) when (1785 or 6) the family shifted with him to Penfillan. There probably he spent some four or three years more, Tynron still his school, to which he could walk, and where I conclude he must have got what Latin and other education he had. Very imperfect he himself, as I have evidence, considered it, and in his busiest time he never ceased to struggle for improvement of it. Touching to know,—and how superlatively well, in other far more important respects, Nature and his own reflections and inspirations had “educated” him. Better than one of many thousands, as I do perceive! *Closburn* (a school still of fame) lay on the other side of Nith River, and would be inaccessible to him, though daily visible.

What year he first went to Edinburgh, or entered the University, I do not know,—I think he was first a kind of apprentice to a famous Joseph or Charles Bell and with this famed Bell he was a favourite,—probably I think attending the classes etc., while still learning from Bell. I rather believe he never took an M D degree, but was, and had to be, content with his Diploma as Surgeon very necessary to get out of his Father’s way, and shift for himself in some honest form! Went, I should dimly guess, as Assistant to some old Doctor at Haddington on Bell’s recommendation,—I know not in what year (say about 1796, his twentieth year, my first in this world) [Went first, I clearly find, as Regimental Surgeon, 10th August 1796, into the “Perthshire Fencible Cavalry,” and served there some three

years Carefully tied up and repositied by pious hands (seemingly in 1819), I find three old "Commissions" on parchment, with their stamps, seals, signatures, etc (Surgeon, 10th August 1796, Cornet, 15th September 1796, and Lieutenant, 5th April 1799) which testify to this,—after which there could have been no "assistantship" with Somers, but *purchase* and full *practice* at once,—marriage itself having followed in 1800, the next year after that "Lieutenancy" promotion]¹ The old Doctor's name, if I mistake not, was Someis Somers finding his Assistant able for everything, a man fast gaining knowledge, and acceptable to all the better Public, or to the Public altogether, agreed in a year or two, to demit, withdraw to country retirement, and declare his assistant successor, on condition, which soon proved easy and easier, of being paid (I know not for how long, possibly for life of self and wife, but it did not last long) an annuity of £200 Of which I find trace in that poor Account Book of his, piously preserved by his Daughter ever since his death

Dr Welsh's success appears to have been, henceforth and formerly, swift and constant, till, before long, the whole sphere, or section of life he was placed in had in all senses, pecuniary and other, become his own, and there remained nothing more to conquer in it, only very much to retain by the methods that had acquired it, and to be extremely thankful for as an allotment in this world A truly superior man, according to all the evidence I from all quarters have A "very valiant man," Edward

¹ This passage in brackets is pasted on to the leaf of the Note Book, Carlyle marking in the text that the paragraph was to be corrected by it.

Irving once called him in my hearing His medical sagacity was reckoned at a higher and higher rate, medical and other *honesty* as well, for it was by no means as a wise Physician only, but as an honourable exact and quietly dignified man, punctual, faithful in all points, that he was esteemed over the County It was three years after his death when I first came into the circle which had been his, and nowhere have I met with a posthumous reputation that seemed to be higher or more unanimous, among all ranks of men The brave man himself I never saw but my poor Jeannie, in her best moments, often said to me, about this or that, "Yes, *he* would have done it so!" "Ah, *he* would have liked you!" as her highest praise "Punctuality" Irving described as a thing he much insisted on Many miles daily of riding ("three strong horses in saddle" always, with inventions against frost etc) he had appointed the minute everywhere, and insisted calmly on having it kept by all interested parties, high or low Gravely inflexible, wherever right was concerned, and "very independent" where mere rank etc attempted to avail upon him Story of some old valetudinarian Nabal of eminence (Nisbet of Dirleton, immensely rich, continually cockering himself, and suffering), grudging audibly once at the many fees he had to pay (from his annual £30,000) — "Daresay I have to pay you [£160] a year, Dr Welsh!"—"Nearly or fully that, I should say, all of it accurately for work done"—"It's a great deal of money, though!"—"Work not demanded, drain of payment will cease, of course, *not* otherwise," answered the Doctor, and came home with the full

understanding that his Dirleton practice and connection had ended My Jeannie recollected his quiet report of it to Mamma and her, with that corollary—however, after some short experience (or re-experience of London Doctors) Nabal Nisbet (who had “butter churned *daily* for breakfast,” as one item of expenditure) came back, with the necessary *Peccavi* expressed or understood

One anecdote I always remember, of the *per contra* kind Riding along one day, on his multifarious business, he noticed a poor wounded partridge, fluttering and struggling about, wing or leg, or both, broken by some sportman’s lead He alighted, in his haste, or made the groom alight if he had one, gathered up the poor partridge, looped it gently in his handkerchief, brought it home, and, by careful splint and salve and other treatment, had it soon on wing again, and sent it forth healed This, in so grave and practical a man, had always in it a fine expressiveness to me—*she* never told it me but once, long ago, and perhaps we never spoke of it again — —

Some time in Autumn 1800 (I think) the young Haddington Doctor married my Wife, his first and only child, was born *14th July* (“Bastille-day,” as we often called it) 1801,—sixty-four and a half years old when she died The Bride was Grace Welsh of Caplegill (head of Moffat Water in Annandale), her Father an opulent store-farmer up there, native of Nithsdale, her Mother, a Bailie from Biggar region, already deceased Grace was beautiful,—must have been, she continued what might be called beautiful till the very end, in or beyond her sixtieth year *Her*

Welshes were Nithsdale people of good condition, though beyond her grandfather and uncles, big farmers in Thornhill Parish (the "Welshes of Morton-Mains" for I know not what length of time before, nor exactly what after, only that it ceased some thirty or perhaps almost fifty years ago, in a tragic kind of way), I can learn nothing certain of them from Rev Walter of Auchtertool, nor from his sister Maggie here, who are of that genealogy, children of my Mother-in-law's brother John; concerning whom perhaps a word afterwards—When the young Haddington Doctor and his beautiful Grace had first made acquaintance I know not, probably on visits of hers to Morton-Mains, which is but a short step from Penfillan^{*} acquainted they evidently were, to the degree of mutually saying, "Be it for life then," and, I believe, were and continued deeply attached to one another. Sadder widow than my Mother-in-law, modestly, delicately, yet discernibly was, I have seldom or never seen, and my poor Jeannie has told me, he had great love of her, though obliged to keep it rather secret or undemonstrative, being well aware of her too sensitive, fanciful, and capricious ways.

[June 15] Mrs Welsh when I first saw her (1821) must have been in the [second] year of her widowhood. I think, when Irving and I entered, she was sitting in the room with Benjamin¹ and my Jane, but soon went away. An air of deep sadness lay on her, and on everybody, except on poor dying Benjamin, who affected to be very sprightly, though overwhelmed as he must have felt himself. His

¹ Dr Welsh's youngest Brother, he died at Leghorn, in 1822, aged 26

spirit, as I afterwards learned from his Niece, who did not love him, or feel grateful to him, was extraordinary, in the worldly-wise kind Mrs Welsh, though beautiful, a tall *aquiline* figure, of elegant carriage and air, was not of intellectual or specially distinguished physiognomy, and, in her severe costume and air, rather repelled me than otherwise at that time. A day or so after, next evening perhaps, both Irving and I were in her Drawing-room, with her Daughter and her, both very humane to me, especially the former, which I noticed with true joy for the moment. I was miserably ill in health, miserable every way more than enough, in my lonely imprisonment, *such* it was, which lasted many years. The Drawing-room seemed to me the finest apartment I had ever sat or stood in—in fact it was a room of large and fine proportions, looking out on a garden, on mere gardens or garden walls and sprinkling of trees, across the valley or plain of the Tyne (which lay hidden),—house quite at the back of the Town, facing towards Lethington etc the best rooms of it, and everywhere bearing stamp of the late owner's solid temper. Clean, all of it, as spring water, solid and correct as well as pertinently ornamented in the Drawing-room, on the tables there, perhaps rather a superfluity of elegant whimwhams. The summer twilight, I remember, was pouring in rich and soft, I felt as one walking transiently in upper spheres, where I had little right even to make transit. Ah me! They did not *know* of its *former* tenants when I went to the house again in April last. I remember our all sitting, another evening, in a little parlour off the dining-room (downstairs), and

talking a long time, Irving mainly, and bringing out *me*, the two ladies benevolently listening with not much of speech, but the younger with lively apprehension of all meanings and shades of meaning. Above this parlour I used to sleep, in my visits in after years, while the house was still unsold. Mrs W left it at once, autumn 1826, the instant her Jeannie had gone with me,¹ went to Templand, Nithsdale, to her Father,—and turned out to have decided never to behold Haddington more.

She was of a most generous, honourable, affectionate turn of mind, had consummate skill in administering a household, a goodish well-tending intellect,—something of real drollery in it, from which my Jeannie, I thought, might have inherited that beautiful lambency and brilliancy of soft genial *humour*, which illuminated her perceptions and discoursings so often to a singular degree, like pure soft morning radiance falling upon a perfect picture, *true* to the facts. Indeed, I once said, “Your mother, my Dear, has narrowly missed being a woman of genius.” Which doubtless was reported by and by in a quizzical manner, and received with pleasure. For the rest, Mrs Welsh, as above said, was far too sensitive, her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps, she was very variable of humour, flew off or on upon slight reasons, and, as already said, was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy

¹ It was at the beginning of August that Mrs and Miss Welsh left Haddington. They staid at Comley Bank for a few weeks, furnishing the house there, and by September were settled at Templand. The marriage was on the 17th October 1826.

and perfect assentation were superadded. The married life at Haddington, I always understood, was loyal and happy, sunnier than most, but it was so by the Husband's softly and steadily *taking* the command, I fancy, and knowing how to keep it in a silent and noble manner. Old Penfillan (I have heard the three Aunts say) reported once, on returning from a visit at Haddington, "He had seen her one evening in fifteen different humours" as the night wore on. This, probably, was in his own youngish years (as well as hers and his son's), and might have a good deal of satirical exaggeration in it. She was the most exemplary nurse to her Husband's Brother William, and to other of the Penfillan sons who were brought there for help or furtherance. William's stay lasted five years, three of them involving two hours daily upon the "spring-deal" (a stout elastic plank of twenty or thirty feet long, on which the weak patient gets himself shaken and secures exercise), she herself, day after day, doing the part of trampler,—which perhaps was judged useful, or as good as necessary, for her own health. William was not in all points a patient one *could* not have quarrelled with, and my Mother-in-law's quiet obedience I cannot reckon other than *exemplary*,—even supposing it was partly for her own health too. This I suppose was actually the case. She had much weak health, more and more towards the end of life. Her husband had often signally helped her by his skill and zeal, once, for six months long, he, and visibly he alone, had been the means of keeping her alive. It was a bad inflammation or other disorder of the liver, liver disorder was cured, but power of digestion had ceased,

Doctors from Edinburgh etc. unanimously gave her up, food of no kind would stay a moment on the stomach, "What can any mortal of us do?" Husband persisted, found food that would stay (arrowroot perfectly pure, if by chance, your pure stock being out, you tried *shop* arrowroot, the least of starch in it declared it futile), for six months kept her alive and gathering strength on those terms, till she rose again to her feet. "He much loved her," said my Jeannie, "but none could less love what of *follies* she had,"—not a few, though none of them deep at all, the good and even noble soul! How sadly I remember now, and often before now, the time when she vanished from her kind Jane's sight and mine, never more to meet us in this world. It must have been in autumn 1841, she had attended Jane down from Templand, [to Dumfries] probably I was up from Scotsbrig (but don't remember), I was, at any rate, to *conduct* to Scotsbrig that night, and on the morrow or so, thence for London. Mrs Welsh was unusually beautiful, but strangely sad too,—eyes bright, and as if with many tears behind them. Her Daughter too was sad, so was I, at the sadness of both, and at the evidently boundless feeling of affection which knew not how to be kind enough. Into shops etc. for last gifts, and later than last at length we had got all done, and withdrew to Sister Jean's, to order the gig and go. She went with us still, but feeling what would now be the kindest, heroically rose (still not weeping), and said Adieu there. We watched her, sorrowful both of us, from the end window, stepping, tall and graceful, feather in bonnet, etc, down Lochmaben Gate, casting no

glance *back*, then vanishing to rightward, into High Street (bonnet feather perhaps, the last thing), and she was gone for ever *Ay de mi, Ay de mi* What a thing is Life, bounded thus by Death! I do not think we ever spoke of this, but how could either of us ever forget it at all?—

Old Walter Welsh, my Wife's maternal Grandfather, I had seen twice or thrice, at Templand, before our marriage, and for the next six or seven years, especially after our removal to Craigenputtock, he was naturally a principal figure in our small circle. He liked his Granddaughter cordially well, she had been much about him on visits and so forth, from her early childhood, a bright merry little grig, always pleasant, in the troubled atmosphere of the old Grandfather. "Pen" (*Penfillan* Jeannie, for there was another) he used to call her to the last, Mother's name in the family was "Grizzie" (Grace). A perfect true affection ran through all branches, my poor little "Pen" well included and returning it well. She was very fond of old Walter (as he privately was of her), and got a great deal of affectionate amusement out of him. Me too he found much to like in, though practically we discorded commonly on two points 1°, that I did and would smoke tobacco, 2°, that I could not and would not drink, with any freedom, whisky punch, or other liquid stimulants, a thing breathing the utmost poltroonery in some section of one's mind, thought Walter always. He for himself cared nothing about drink, but had the rooted idea (common in his *old* circles) that it belonged in some indissoluble way to good fellowship. We used to presently knit up the peace

again , but tiffs of reproach from him on this score would always arise from time to time , and had always to be laughed away by me, which was very easy, for I really liked old Walter heartily , and he was a continual genial study to me over and above *microcosm* of old Scottish Life as it *had* been , and man of much singularity, originality and real worth of character, and even of intellect too if you saw well . He abounded in contrasts , glaring oppositions, contradictions, you would have said in every element of him,—yet all springing from a single centre (you might observe) and honestly uniting themselves there . No better-natured man (sympathy, sociality, honest loving-kindness towards all innocent people) , and yet of men I have hardly seen one of hotter, more impatient *temper* . Sudden, vehement , breaking out into fierce flashes as of lightning when you touched him the wrong way . Yet they were flashes only, never bolts, and were gone again in a moment , and the fine old face beaming quietly on you as before . Face uncommonly fine serious, yet laughing eyes, as if inviting you *in* , bushy eyebrows, face which you might have called picturesquely shaggy, under its plenty of gray hair, beard itself imperfectly shaved here and there , features massive yet soft (almost with a tendency to pendulous or flabby in parts) and nothing but honesty, quick ingenuity, kindness, and frank manhood as the general expression . He was a most simple man, of stunted utterance, *buried* with his *i* and had a *chewing* kind of way with his words, which, rapid and few, seemed to be forcing their way through laziness or phlegm, and were not extremely distinct till you attended a little (and then,

aided by the face etc, they *were* extremely and memorably,—brave old Walter's words, so true too, as honest almost as my own Father's, though in a strain so different!) Clever things Walter never said or attempted to say, nor wise things either in any sphere beyond that of sincerely accepted commonplace, but he very well knew when such were said by others and glanced with a bright look on them, a bright dimpling chuckle sometimes (*smudge* of laughter, the Scotch call it, one of the prettiest words and ditto things), and on the whole, hated no kind of talk but the unwise kind. He was serious, pensive, not morose or sad, in these old times. He had the prettiest laugh (once or at most twice, in my presence) that I can remember to have heard,—not the loudest, my own Father's still rarer laugh was louder far, though perhaps not more complete, but his was all of artillery-thunder, *feu de joie* from all guns as the main element, while in Walter's there was audible something as of infinite flutes and harps, as if the vanquished themselves were invited (or compelled) to partake in the triumph. I remember one such laugh (quite forget about what), and how the old face looked suddenly so beautiful and young again. "Radiant ever-young Apollo" etc of Teufelsdröckh's laugh¹ is a reminiscence of that. Now when I think of it, Walter must have had an immense fund of inarticulate gaiety in his composition, a truly fine sense of the ridiculous (excellent *sense* in a man, especially if he never cultivate it, or be conscious of it, as was Walter's case) and it must have been from him, then, that my Jane

¹ *Sartor Resartus* (Library edition, 1869), p. 32

derived that beautiful light of humour (*never* going into folly, yet full of tacit fun) which spontaneously illuminated all her best hours. Thanks to Walter, *she* was of him in this respect. my Father's laugh, too, is mainly mine (a grimmer and inferior kind), of my Mother's beautifully sportive vein (which was a *third* kind,—also hereditary I am told) I seem to have inherited less, though not nothing either, nay, perhaps at bottom not even less, had my life chanced to be easier or joyfuller. "Sense of the ridiculous" (worth calling such, i.e. "brotherly sympathy with the *downward* side") is withal very indispensable to a man—Hebrews have it not, hardly any Jew creature (not even blackguard Heine, to any real length),—hence various *mis*qualities of theirs, perhaps most of their qualities too which have become *Historical*. This is an old remark of mine, though not yet written anywhere.

Walter had been a Buck in his youth, a high-prancing horseman etc. I forget what image there was of him, in buckskins, pipe hair-dressings, grand equipments, riding somewhither (with John Welsh of Penfillan I almost think?)—bright air-image, from some transient discourse I need not say of *whom*. He had married a good and beautiful Miss Baillie (of whom already), and settled with her at Caplegill, in the Moffat region, where all his children were born,—and left with him young, the mother having died, still in the flower of her age, ever tenderly remembered by Walter to his last day (as was well understood, though mention was avoided). From her my Jeannie was called "Jane Baillie Welsh" at the time of our marriage, but

after a good few years, when she took to signing "Jane *Welsh* Carlyle," in which I never hindered her, dropped the "Baillie," I suppose as too long I have heard her quiz about the "unfortunate Miss Baillie" of the song at a still earlier time. Whether Grace Welsh was married from Caplegill I do not know. Walter had been altogether prosperous in Caplegill, and all of the Family that I knew (John a merchant in Liverpool, the one remaining of the sons, and Jeannie the one other daughter, a beautiful "Aunt Jeannie" of whom a word by and by) continued warmly attached to it as their real home in this earth but at the renewal of leases (1801 or so) had lost it in a quite provoking way. By the treachery of a so-called Friend, namely Friend a neighbouring farmer perhaps, but with an inferior farm, came to *advise* with Walter about rents, probably his own rent first, in this general time of leasing. "I am thinking to offer so-and-so, what say you? what are *you* going to offer by the bye?" Walter, the very soul of fidelity himself, made no scruple to answer,—found by and by that this precious individual had thereupon himself gone and offered for Caplegill the requisite few pounds *more*, and that, according to fixed customs of the Estate, he and not Walter, was declared tenant of Caplegill henceforth. Disdain of such scandalous conduct, astonishment and *quasi* horror at it, could have been stronger in few men than in Walter, a feeling shared heartily and irrevocably by all the Family, who, for the rest, seldom spoke of it, or hardly ever, in my time, and did not seem to hate the man at all, but to have cut him off as non-extant and left him un-

mentioned thenceforth. Perhaps some Welsh he took of a different stock? There were Merioneth country Welshes, I observed with whom they rather eagerly (John of Liverpool eagerly) disclaimed all kinship, but it might be on other grounds: this individual's name I never once heard. Nor was the story touched upon except by rare chance and in the lightest way.

After Caplegill, Walter had no more rising prosperity: I believe he was unskilful in the mercantile kind of business, certainly he was unlucky, shifted about to various places (all in Nithsdale and I think on a smaller and smaller scale, Castlehill in Durisdeer, Strathmulligan in Tynron ultimately Tenapland) and had gradually lost nearly all his capital, which at one time was of an opulent extent (actual number of thousands quite unknown to me) and felt himself becoming old and frail, and as it were thrown out of the game. His Family meanwhile had been scattered abroad seeking their various fortune: son John to Liverpool (where he had one or perhaps more uncles of mercantile distinction) son William to the West Indies (?) and to early death whom I often heard lamented by my Mother-in-law: these and possibly others who were not known to me. John by this time had recovered out of one bit of very bad luck, got into a solid way of business: and was he alone of the Brothers capable of helping his Father a little on the pecuniary side. Right willing to do it to the utmost of his power or further! A most munificent affectionate and nobly honourable kind of man much esteemed by both my Jane and me for so much as his way of life was to us.

Besides these there was the youngest Daughter, now a woman of thirty or so, the excellent "Aunt Jeannie," so lovable to both of us, who was said to resemble her Mother ("nearly *as* beautiful, all but the golden hair,"—Jeannie's was fine flaxen, complexion of the fairest), who had watched over and waited on her Father, through all his vicissitudes, and everywhere kept a comfortable, frugally effective and even elegant house round him,—and in fact let no wind visit him too roughly. She was a beautifully patient, ingenious and practically thoughtful creature, always cheerful of face, *suppressing* herself and her sorrows, of which I understood there had been enough,—in order to screen her Father, and make life still soft to him. By aid of John, perhaps slightly of my Mother-in-law, the little Farm of Templand (Queensberry farm, with a strong but gaunt and inconvenient old stone house on it) was leased and equipped for the old man's house thoroughly repaired, garden etc., that he might still feel himself an active citizen, and have a civilised habitation, in his weak years. Nothing could be neater, trimmer, in all essential particulars more complete than house and environment, under Aunt Jeannie's fine managing, had in a year or two grown to be. Fine sheltered beautiful and useful garden in front, with trellises, flower-work, and strip of the cleanest river shingle between porch and it. House all clean and complete like a new coin, steadily kept dry (by industry), bedroom, and every part, old furniture (of Caplegill) really interesting to the eye, as well as perfect for its duties. Dairy, kitchen etc. nothing that was fairly needful or useful could you

find to be wanting —the whole matter had the air, to a visitor like myself, as of a rustic Idyl (the seamy side of it all strictly hidden by clever Aunt Jeannie),—I think she must have been, what I often heard, one of the best Housekeepers in the world Dear good little Beauty it appears too she had met with her tragedies in life,—one tragedy hardest of all upon a woman, betrothed Lover flying off into infamous treason, not against her specially, but against her Brother and his own honour and conscience (Brother's Partner he was, if I recollect rightly, and fled with all the funds, leaving £12,000 of *minus*), which annihilated *him* for her, and closed her poor heart against hopes of that kind, at an early period of her life Much lying on her mind, I always understood, while she was so cheery, diligent and helpful to everybody round her!—I forget, or never knew what time they had come to Templand, but guess it may have been in 1822 or shortly after dates of Castlehill and Strathmilligan I never knew, even *order* of dates —last summer, I could so easily have known (Deaf-and-dumb "Mr Turner," an old Strathmilligan acquaintance, recognised by *her* in the Dumfries Railway Station, and made to *speak* by paper and pencil, I writing for *her* because she could not,—oh me, oh me, *where is* now that summer Evening, so beautiful, so infinitely sad and strange! The train rolled off with her to Thornhill, Holm Hill, and that too, with its setting sun, is gone)—I almost think Durisdeer (Castlehill) must have been *last* before Templand, I remember passing that quaint old Kirk (with village hidden) on my left, one April Evening, on the top of a Dumfries

Coach from Edinburgh, with reveries and pensive reflections, which must have belonged to 1822 or 1823. Once, long after, on one of our London visits, I drove thither sitting by her, in an afternoon, and saw the Gypsy Village for the first time, and looked in with her, at the fine Italian Sculptures on the Queensberry Tomb through a gap in the old kirk wall. Again a pensive Evening, now so beautiful and sad.

From Childhood upwards she seemed to have been much about these Homes of old Walter, summer visits almost yearly, and, after her Father's death, likely to be of longer continuance. They must have been a quiet, welcome, and right wholesome element for her young heart and vividly growing mind. beautiful simplicity and rural Scottish Nature in its very finest form frugal, elegant, true and kindly, *simplex munditus* nowhere more descriptive both for men and things. To myself, summing up what I experienced of them, there was a real gain from them as well as pleasure. Rough nature I knew well already, or perhaps too well, but here it was reduced to cosmic, and had a victorious character which was new, and grateful to me, well nigh poetical. The old Norse Kings, the Homeric *gigantes* sovereigns of men. I have felt in reading of them, as if their ways had a kinship with these (*unsung*) Nithsdale ones. Poor "Aunt Jeannie" sickened visibly the Summer after our Marriage, Summer 1827, while we were there on visit. My own little Jeannie, whom nothing could escape that she had the interest to fix her lynx-eyed scrutiny upon, discovered just before our leaving, that her dear Aunt was dangerously ill,

and indeed had long been,—a tumour, now evidently cancerous, growing on her breast for twelve years past, which, after effort, she at last made the poor Aunt confess to¹ We were all (I myself by sympathy, had there been nothing more) thrown into consternation, made the matter known, at Liverpool etc., to everybody but old Walter, and had no need to insist on immediate steps being taken My Mother-in-law was an inmate there, and probably in chief command (had moved thither, quitting Haddington for good, directly on our marriage)¹ she at once took measures, having indeed a turn herself for *medicining*, and some skill withal That autumn Aunt Jeannie and she came to Edinburgh, had a furnished house close by us, in Comley Bank, and then the dismal operation, successfully, the Doctors all said,—but alas! Dim sorrow rests on those weeks to me. Aunt Jeannie showed her old Heroism, and my Wife herself strove to hope but it was painful, oppressive, sad,—twice or so I recollect being in the sick-room, and the pale yet smiling face, more excitation in the eyes than usual one of the times she was giving us the earnest counsel (my Jane having been consulting), “To go to London, clearly, if I could,—if they would give me the Professorship there!” (Some Professorship in Gower Street, perhaps of “Literature,” which I had hoped vaguely [for], not strongly at all, nor ever formally declaring myself, through Jeffrey from his friend Brougham and consorts,—which they were kind enough to dispose of *otherwise*) My own poor little Jeannie, my poor pair of kind little Jeannies! Poor

¹ See *Sketches*, p. 148.

Templand Jeannie went home again, striving to hope, but sickened in winter, worsened when the spring came, and *summer* 1828 was still some weeks off when she had departed. Or *were* we at Craigenputtock by that time? I cannot think so. No it must have been in April or March of 1828. The Funeral, at Crawford, I remember sadly well, old Walter, John and two Sons (Walter of Auchtertool,¹ and Alick now successor in Liverpool), with various old Moffat people etc etc at the Inn of Crawford, Pass of Dalveen with Dr Russell in the dark (holding candles, both of us, inside the chaise), and old Walter's silent sorrow and my own as we sat together in the vacant parlour after getting home. "Hah, we'll no see *her* nae mair!" murmured the old man, and that was all I heard from him, I think.

Old Walter now fell entirely to the care of Daughter "Grizzie," who was unweariedly attentive to him, a most affectionate Daughter, an excellent housewife too, and had money enough to support herself and him in their quiet, neat and frugal way. Templand continued, in all points, as trim and beautiful as ever, the old man made no kind of complaint, and in economics there was even an improvement but the old cheery patience of Daughter "Jeannie," magnanimously effacing herself, and returning all his little spurts of smoke in the form of lambent kindly flame and radiant light upon him, was no longer there, and we did not doubt but he sometimes felt the change. Templand has a very fine situation, old Walter's walk, at the south end of the house, was one of the most picturesque and pretty

¹ Rev. Walter Welsh of Auchtertool, 1816, who died some six years ago

to me except in general,—and drive like no other in my memory. Cairn hoarsely roaring on the left (my Darling's side), Harry, with but one lamp-candle (for we had put out the other, lest both might fall done), bending always to be straight in the light of that, I really anxious, though speaking only hopefully, my Darling so full of trust in me, really *happy* and opulently interested in these equipments, in these poor and dangerous circumstances,—how opulent is a nobly royal heart. She had the worthless "Portrait" (pencil-sketch by a wandering German, announced to us by poor and hospitable Mrs Richardson, once a "Novelist" of mark, much a gentlewoman and well loved by us both) safe in her reticule, "better far than none," she cheerfully said of it, and the price, I think, had been 5s, fruit of her thrift too—well, could California have made me and her so rich, had I known it (sorry gloomy mortal) just as she did? To noble hearts such wealth is there in Poverty itself, and impossible without Poverty! I saw ahead, high in the mist, the minarets of Dunscore Kirk, at last, glad sight, at Mrs Broatch's cosy rough inn, we got Harry fed, ourselves dried and refreshed (still seven miles to do, but road all plain), and got home safe, after a pleasant day, in spite of all—Then the drive to Boreland once (George Welsh's, "Uncle George," youngest of the Penfillans), heart of winter, intense calm frost, and through Dumfries, at least thirty-five miles for poor Harry and us, very beautiful, that too, and very strange, past the base of towering New Abbey,¹ huge ruins, piercing grandly into the silent

¹ Sweetheart Abbey (*Cor Dulce*) is a magnificent ruin seven miles

frosty sunset, on this hand, despicable cowhouse of Presbyterian Kirk on that hand (sad new contrast to Devorgilla's *old* bounty) etc etc — of our drive home again I recollect only *her* invincible contentment, and the poor old Cowar-woman¹ offering to warm us with a flame of dry broom, "A'll licht a brum couw, if ye'll please to come in!" Another time we had gone to "Dumfries Cattle Show" (*first* of its race, which are many since) a kind of *lark*, on our part, and really entertaining, though the day proved shockingly wet and muddy, saw various notabilities there, Sir James Grahame (baddish, proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards *alter* our opinion much), Ramsay Macculloch (in sky-blue coat, shiningly on visit from London) etc. etc, with none of whom, or few, had we right (or wish) to speak, abundantly occupied with seeing so many fine specimens, biped and quadruped in afternoon we suddenly determined to take Templand for the night (nearer by some miles, and weather still so wet and muddy), and did so, with the best success, a right glad surprise there. Poor Huskisson had perished near Liverpool, in first trial of the railway, I think, the very day before, at any rate we heard the news, or at least the full particulars there, — the tragedy (spectacular mostly, but not

from Dumfries, it was built in the thirteenth century by Devorgilla, widow of John Baliol, whose heart, enclosed in an ivory casket, was buried in the High Altar. It is generally called New Abbey to distinguish it from the older abbey in the neighbourhood (Dundrennan), which this beneficent lady had also founded.

¹ *Cowar woman*, a maker of broom "couws" or besoms. A wisp of broom, also called a *Cow* or *Couw*, is sometimes used for a temporary blaze on poor hearths in Scotland.

quite, or inhumanly in any sense) of our bright glad evening there. But I must quit these things.

[*June 18*, day wet and muddy. Sad; quiet and sad, "*drowned* in soft regrets and loving sorrow," so I define my common mood at present,—and sometimes estimate it as a kind of *religious* worship (course of devotional exercises) I have got into,—driven by Fate, at the long last!]

The Liverpool children first, then "Uncle John" himself for a fortnight or so, used to come every summer, and stir up Templand's quietude,—to us bystanders, in a purely agreeable way. Of the children I recollect nothing almost, nothing that was not cheerful and auroral or matutinal. The two Boys, Walter and Alick, came once on visit to us, perhaps oftener, but once I recollect their lying quiet in their big bed till eleven A.M., with exemplary politeness,—for fear of awakening me, who had been up for two hours, though everybody had forgotten to announce it to them. We ran across to Templand rather oftener than usual on these occasions, and I suppose staid a shorter time.

My Jeannie had a great love and regard for her "Uncle John," whose faults she knew well enough, but knew to be of the surface all, while his worth of many fine kinds ran in the blood, and never once failed to show in the conduct when called for. He had all his Father's *virtues*, integrity, abhorrence of dishonourable behaviour, was kind, munificent, frank, and had more than his Father's impetuosity, vehemence, and violence or perhaps was only more provoked (in his way of life) to exhibit these qualities now and then. He was cheerful, musical,

politely conversible, truly a genial harmonious, loving nature, but there was a roar in him too like a lion's. He had had great misfortunes and provocations, his way of life, in dusty, sooty, ever noisy Liverpool, with its dinnerings, wine-drinkings, dull evening parties issuing in whist, was not *his* element, few men's less, though he made not the least complaint of it (even to himself, I think) but his heart, and all his pleasant memories and thoughts, were in the breezy Hills of Moffatdale, with the rustic natives there, and their shepherdings, huntings (brock and fox), and solitary fishings in the clear streams. It was beautiful to see how he made some pilgriming into those or the kindred localities, never failed to search out all his Father's old herdsmen (with a sovereign or two for each, punctual as fate), and had a few days' fishing as one item. He had got his schooling at Closeburn, was, if no very learned, a very intelligent inquiring kind of man, could talk to you instructively about all manner of practical things, and loved to talk with the intelligent, though nearly all his life was doomed to pass itself with the stupid or commonplace sort, who were intent upon nothing but "getting-on," and giving dinners or getting them. Rarely did he burst out into brief fiery recognition of all this, yet once at least, before my time, I heard of his doing so in his own drawing-room, with brevity, but with memorable emphasis and fury. He was studiously polite in general, *always* so to those who deserved it, not quite always to those who didn't.

His demeanour in his bankruptcy, his and his Wife's when the villain of a partner eloped, and

left him possessor of a *minis* £12,000, with other still painfuller items (Sister Jeannie's incurable heart, for example), was admitted to be beautiful. Creditors had been handsome and gentle, aware how the case stood. household with all its properties and ornaments left intact, etc: Wife rigorously locked all her plate away. Husband laboriously looked out for a new course of business; ingeniously found or created one, prospered in it, saving every penny possible;—then, after perhaps seven or eight years, had a great dinner: all the plate out again; all the creditors there—and under every man's cover punctual sum due, payment complete to every creditor, - Pocket your cheques, Gentlemen, with our poor warmest thanks.—and let us drink Better Luck for time coming!' He prospered always afterwards, but never saved much money: too hospitable, far too open-handed, for that: all his dinners, ever since I knew him, were *given* (never dined out, he) and in more than one instance, to our knowledge, ruined people were lifted up by him (one widow *Cousin* one orphan young daughter of an acquaintance eg) as if they had been his own; sank possibly enough mainly or altogether into his hands, and were triumphantly (with patience and in silence) brought through. No wonder my Darling liked this Uncle. nor had I the least difficulty in liking him!—

Once I remember mounting early, almost with the sun (a kind hand expediting, perhaps sending me), to breakfast at Templand and spend the day with him there. I rode by the shoulder of the Black Craig (Dunscore Hill) might see Dumfries with its cap of early kitchen-smoke, all shrunk to the size of one's hat, though there were 11 000 souls in

it, far away to the right, descended then by Cairn, by the Clone of Maxwellton (where at length came roads), through fragrant grassy or bushy solitudes, at the Bridge of Shinnel, looked down into the pellucid glassy pool rushing through its rock chasms, and at a young peasant woman, peeling potatoes by the brink, chubby infant at her knee,—one of the finest mornings, one of the pleasantest rides, and arrived at Templand in good time and trim for my hosts. The day I forget, would be spent wholesomely wandering about, in rational talk on indifferent matters—Another time, long after, new from London then, I had wandered out with him, his two pretty Daughters, and a poor good Cousin called Robert Macqueen attending, we gradually strolled into Crichop Linn (a strange high-lying chasmy place, near Closeburn), there pausing, well aloft, and shaded from the noon sun, the two Girls, with their Father for *octave* accompaniment, sang us “The Birks of Aberfeldy” so as I have seldom heard a song, voices excellent and true, especially his voice and native expression given, which stirred my poor London-fevered heart almost to tears—One earlier visit from London, I had driven up, latish, from Dumfries, to see my own little Woman who was there among them all. No wink could I sleep, at length about three A M, reflecting how miserable I should be all day, and cause only misery to the others—I (with leave had) rose, yoked my gig, and drove away the road I had come. Morning cold and surly, all mortals still quiet, except unhappy self, I remember seeing towards Auldgarth, within few yards of my road, a vigilant industrious heron, mid-leg deep in

ment to her "A perfect *gentleman*," she at once discerned him to be, and of sound worth, and kindness, in the most unaffected form "Take me now to *Oxygen* Street, a dyer's shop there!" Darwin, without a wrinkle or remark, made for Oxenden Street and drew up at the required door Amusingly admirable to us both, when she came home

Our commonest evening sitter, for a good while, was Leigh Hunt, who lived close by, and delighted to sit talking with us (free, cheery, *idly* melodious as bird on bough), or listening, with real feeling, to her old Scotch tunes on the Piano, and winding up with a frugal morsel of Scotch Porridge (endlessly admirable to Hunt)¹—I think I spoke of this above? Hunt was always accurately dressed, these evenings, and had a fine chivalrous gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her) and yet so free and natural Her brilliancy and faculty he at once recognised, none better, but there rose gradually in it, to his astonished eye, something of positive, of practically steadfast, which scared him off, a good deal, the like in my own case too, still more,—which he would call "Scotch," "Presbyterian," who knows what, and which gradually repelled him, in sorrow, not in anger, quite away from us, with rare exceptions, which, in his last years, were almost pathetic to us both. Long before this, he had gone to live in Kensington,—and we scarcely saw him except by accident. His Household, while in "4

¹ "Hunt himself seems almost scared off by my Puritanic Stoicism, talks in a quite tremulous way when he does come A mind *shattered* by long misery into a kind of unnatural quivering eagerness, which before and instead of all things covets agreement with it? A good man"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 8th September 1834

Upper Cheyne Row," within few steps of us here, almost at once disclosed itself to be huggermugger, unthrifty, and sordid collapse, once for all, and had to be associated with on cautious terms,—while he himself emerged out of it in the chivalrous figure I describe Dark complexion (a trace of the African, I believe), copious clean strong black hair, beautifully-shaped head, fine beaming serious hazel eyes, *seriousness* and intellect the main expression of the face (to our surprise at first),—he would lean on his elbow against the mantelpiece (fine clean, elastic figure too he had, five feet ten or more), and look round him nearly in silence, before taking leave for the night "as if I were a *Lar*," said he once, "or permanent Household God here!" (such his polite *Aniel*-like way) Another time, rising from this *Lar* attitude, he repeated (voice very fine) as if in sport of parody, yet with something of very sad perceptible "While I to sulphurous and penal fire"—as the last thing before vanishing Poor Hunt! no more of him She, I remember, was almost in *tears*, during some last visit of his, and kind and pitying as a Daughter to the now weak and time-worn old man

[23d June 1866, Saturday, *hot*, and weary of heart] Allan Cunningham, living in Pimlico, was well within walking distance, and failed not to come down, now and then, always friendly, smooth and fond of pleasing "a solid Dumfries Stone-mason at any rate!" *she* would define him He had very smooth manners, much practical shrewdness, some real tone of *melody* lodged in him, *item* a twinkle of bright mockery where he judged it safe culture only superficial (of the *surface*, truly), reading, infor-

mation, ways of thinking, all mainly ditto ditto. Had a good will to us evidently, not an unwelcome face, when he entered, at rare intervals,—always rather *rarer*, as they proved to be—he got at once into *Nithsdale*, recalled old rustic comicalities (seemed habitually to *dwell* there), and had not much of instruction either to give or receive. His resort seemed to be much among Scotch City people, who presented him with punchbowls etc., and in his own house that was chiefly the (unprofitable) people to be met. We admired always his shrewd sense for managing himself in strange London, his stalwart healthy figure and ways (bright hazel eyes, bald open brow, sonorous hearty tone of voice, a tall, perpendicular, quietly manful-looking figure), and were sorry sincerely to lose him, as we suddenly did. His widow too is now gone, some of the sons (especially Colonel Frank, the youngest, and a daughter, who lives with Frank), have still a friendly though far-off relation to this house.¹

Harriet Martineau had for some years a much more lively intercourse here,—introduced by Darwin possibly, I forget by whom, on her return from America, her *Book* upon which was now in progress Harriet had started into lionhood since our first visit to London, and was still much run after, by a rather feeble set of persons chiefly. She was not unpleasant to talk with for a little, though through an ear-trumpet, without which she was totally deaf. To admire her literary genius, or even her solidity of common sense, was never possible for either of us but she had a sharp eye, an imper-

¹ Allan Cunningham died 29th October 1842. Colonel Francis Cunningham and his sister are now also dead.

turbable self-possession, and in all things a swiftness of positive decision, which, joined to her evident loyalty of *intention*, and her frank, guileless, easy ways, we both liked. Her adorers, principally, not exclusively, "poor *whinnering*"¹ old moneyed women in their well-hung broughams, otherwise idle," did her a great deal of mischief, and indeed as it proved were gradually turning her fine clear head (so to speak), and leading to sad issues for her. Her talent, which in that sense was very considerable, I used to think, would have made her a quite shining Matron of some big Female Establishment, mistress of some immense Dress-Shop, for instance (if she *had* a dressing-faculty, which perhaps she hadn't), but was totally inadequate to grapple with deep spiritual and social questions,—into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting. However, she was very fond of us, *me* chiefly, at first, though gradually of both, and I was considerably the *first* that *tried* of her. She was much in the world, we little or hardly at all, and her frank friendly countenance, eager for practical help had it been possible, was obliging and agreeable in the circumstances, and gratefully acknowledged by us. For the rest, she was full of Nigger fanaticisms, admirations (e.g.) for her Brother James (a Socinian preacher of due quality). The "exchange of ideas" with her was seldom of behoof in our poor sphere. But she was practically very good. I remember her coming down, on the sudden when it struck her, to demand dinner from us, and dining pleasantly, with praise of the frugal terms. Her Soirées were frequent and crowded (small house

¹ *Whinnering*, having a falsetto tone of voice suggesting hypocrisy

in Fludyer Street¹ full to the door), and we, for sake of the notabilities or notorieties wandering about there, were willing to attend. Gradually learning how insignificant such notabilities nearly all were. Ah me, the thing which it is now touching to reflect on, was the thrift we had to exercise, my little Heroine and I! My Darling was always dressed to modest perfection (talent conspicuous in that way, I have always understood and heard confirmed), but the expense of 10s 6d for a "neat fly" was never to be thought of omnibus, with clogs² and the best of care, that was always our resource. Painful at this moment is the recollection I have of one time muddy night, between Regent Street and our goal in Fludyer Street, one of her clogs came loose, I had to clasp it,—with what impatience compared to her fine tolerance, stings me with remorse just now. Surely, even I might have taken a Cab *from Regent Street*, 1s, 1s 6d and there could have been no "*quaiiel* about fare" (which was always my horror in such cases) she, beautiful high soul, never whispered or dreamt of such a thing, possibly may have expressly forbidden it, though I cannot recollect that it was proposed in this case. Shame on me! However, I cleaned perfectly my dirty fingers again (probably in some handy little rain-pool in the Park, with diligent wiping), *she* entered faultless into the illumination (I need not doubt) and all still went well enough.

¹ Fludyer Street is no longer in the London Directory. It was in Westminster, the third turning on the right hand from Charing cross towards the Abbey, and led to St James's Park.

² Overshoes,

[24th June] In a couple of years or so, our poor Harriet, nerves all torn by this racket, of "fame" so-called, fell seriously ill, threatening of tumour, or I know not what, removed from London (never has resided there since, except for temporary periods), took shelter at Tynemouth, "to be near her brother-in-law, an expert surgeon in Newcastle, and have solitude, and the pure sea air" Solitude she only sometimes had, and, in perfection, never for it soon became evident she was constantly in spectacle there, to herself and to the sympathetic adorers (who refreshed themselves with frequent personal visits and continual correspondings), and had, in sad effect, so far as could be managed, the whole world, along with self and company, for a theatre to gaze upon her *Life in the Sickroom*, with "Christus Consolator" (a paltry print then much canted of), etc etc this, and other sad Books, and actions full of ostentation, done there, gave painful evidence, followed always by painfuller, till the *Atheism* etc etc, which I heard described (by the first Lady Ashburton once) as "a stripping of yourself naked, not to the skin only, but to the bone, and walking about in that guise!" (*clever*, of its kind)

Once in the earliest stage of all this,¹ we made her a visit, my Jane and I, returning out of Scotland by that route. We were very sorry for her, not *censorious* in any measure, though the aspects were already questionable, to both of us (as I surmise) We had our lodging in the principal street (rather noisy by night), and staid about a week,—

¹ October 1841, Carlyle and his Wife then returning from sea-bathing quarters near Annan

not with much profit I think, either to her or ourselves, I at least with none

[25th June] There had been, before this, some small note or two of correspondence, with little hope on my part, and now I saw it to be hopeless. My hopefuller and kindlier little Darling continued it yet awhile, and I remember scrubbyish (lively enough, but "sawdustish") Socinian *didactic* little notes from Tynemouth for a year or two hence, but the vapidly didactic etc vein continuing more and more, even she, I could perceive, was getting tired of it and at length, our poor good Harriet, taking the sublime terror "that her letters might be laid hold of by improper parties in future generations," and demanding them all back that she herself might burn them, produced, after perhaps some retiring pass or two, a complete cessation. We never quarrelled in the least, we saw the honest ever self-sufficient Harriet, in the company of common friends, still once or twice, with pleasure rather than otherwise, but never had more to do with her or say to her. A soul clean as river sand, but which would evidently grow no *flowers* of *our* planting!—I remember our return home from that week at Tynemouth, the yelling flight through some detestable smoky chaos, and midnight witch-dance of base-looking nameless dirty towns (or was this some other time, and Lancashire the scene?) I remember *she* was with me and her bright laugh (long after, perhaps towards Rugby now) in the face of some innocent young gentleman opposite, who had ingeniously made a *nightcap* for himself of his pocket-handkerchief, and looked really strange (an improvised

'Camus crowned with sedge'),—but was very good-humoured too *During* the week, I also recollect reading one Play (never any since or before) of Knight's *Edition of Shakspeare*, and making my reflections on that fatal brood of people, and the nature of "fame" etc Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear!

[26th June] In those first years, probably from about 1839, we had got acquainted with the Leeds Marshall family, especially with old Mr (John) Marshall, the head and founder of it, and the most or really almost only interesting item of it He had made immense moneys ("wealth now no object to him," Darwin told us in the name of everybody), by skilful, faithful and altogether human conduct in his flax or linen manufactory at Leeds, and was now settled in opulently shining circumstances in London, endeavouring to *enjoy* the victory gained Certain of his sons were carrying on the Leeds "business," in high, quasi-"patriotic" and "morally exemplary," though still prudent and successful style, the eldest was in Parliament, "a landed gentleman" etc etc wife and daughters were the old man's London household, with sons often incidentally present there None of them was entertaining to speak with, though all were honest wholesome people The old man himself, a pale, sorrow-stricken, modest, yet dignified-looking person, full of respect for intellect, wisdom and worth (as he understood the terms), low voiced, almost timidly inarticulate (you would have said),—yet with a definite and mildly precise imperativeness to his subalterns, as I have noticed once or twice,—was an amiable, humane and thoroughly respectable pheno-

menon to me. The house (Grosvenor Street western division) was resplendent, not gaudy or offensive with wealth and its fruits and furnishings, the dinners large, and splendidly served, guests of distinction (especially on the Whig or Radical side) were to be met with there, and a good sprinkling of promising younger people of the same, or a superior type. Soirees extensive and sumptuously *appointed* in all senses, but generally *not* entertaining. My astonishment at the Reform¹ M.P.'s whom I met there, and the notions they seemed to have of 'reforming' (and *ruining*, and quarrelling with their superiors) upon! We went pretty often (I think I myself far the oftener, as in such cases, my loyal little Darling taking no manner of offence *not* to participate in my *debauch*, but behaving like the royal soul she was,—I, dullard egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness, till the bar was quite passed, or even not fully then! Alas, I see it *now* perhaps better than I ever did!), but we seldom had much real profit, or even real enjoyment for the hour. We never made out together that often-urged "visit to Hallsteads" (grand Mansion and Establishment, near Greystoke, head of Ullswater in Cumberland). I myself, partly by accident, and under convoy of James Spedding, was there once, long after for one night,¹ and felt very dull and wretched, though the old man and his good old wife etc. were so good. Old Mr Marshall was a man worth having known, evidently a great deal of human worth and wisdom lying hidden in him. And the world's resources even when he had victory

¹ On the occasion of their visit to Tynemouth October 1841

over it to the full, were so exiguous, and perhaps to himself almost contemptible! I remember well always, he gave me the first *Horse* I ever had in London, and with what noble simplicity of unaffected politeness he did it. "Son William" (the gentleman son, out near Watford) "will be *glad* to take it off your hands through winter, and in summer it will help your health, you *know*!" And in this way it continued two summers (most part of two), till in the second winter William brought it down, and it had to be sold, for a trifle—£17, if I recollect, which William would not give to the Anti-Corn-Law Fund (then struggling in the shallows) as I urged, but insisted on handing over to me. And so it ended. I was at Headingley (by Leeds) with James Marshall, just wedded to Spring-Rice's daughter, a languishing patroness of mine, staid till third day, and never happened to return. And this was about the sum of my share in the Marshall adventure. It is well known the Marshall daughters were all married off (each of them had £50,000) and what intricate intermarrying with the Spring-Rices there was. My Jeannie quarrelled with nothing in Marshalldom, quite the contrary, formed a kind of friendship (conquest I believe it was on her side, generously converted into something of friendship) with Cordelia Marshall, who became, shortly after, wife, first wife of the late big Whewell, and aided his position and advancement towards Mastership of Trinity, etc. I recollect seeing them both here, and Cordelia's adoration of her 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' with friendly enough assent, and some amusement, from us two, and I don't think I ever saw Cordelia again.

She soon ceased to write hither, we transiently heard that she was very unhappy (Poor innocent Cordelia!) and transiently, after certain years, that she was dead, and Whewell had married again.

I am weary writing down all this, so little has my Lost One to do with it, which alone could be its interest for me! I believe I should stop short. The London years are not definite, or fertile in disengaged remembrances, like the Scotch ones—dusty, dim, unbeautiful they still seem to me in comparison, and my poor Jeannie's "Problem" (which I believe was sorer, perhaps far sorer, than ever of old, but in which she again proved not to be vanquishable, and at length to be triumphant!) is so mixed with confusing intricacies to me that I cannot sort it out into clear articulation at all, or give the features of it, as before. The general type of it is shiningly clear to me. A noble fight at my side, a valiant strangling of serpents day after day—done gaily by her (for most part), as I had to do it angrily and gloomily, thus we went on together *Ay de mi, Ay de mi!*—

[June 27 Note from Dods yesterday that the *Tablet*¹ was not come, nor indeed had been expected,

¹ The *Tablet* is imbedded in the Tombstone, at Haddington, already there to mark her Father's resting place, which had now become hers also. It bears the following inscription—

Here likewise now rests
"JANE WELSH CARLYLE,

' Spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London.

"She was born at Haddington 14th July 1801—only child of the above John Welsh, and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill Dumfriesshire, his Wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common—but also a soft invincibility—a clearness of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving Helpmate of her Husband—and by act and word unwearyingly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted.

' She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

note to-day that it did come yesterday: at 11, now probably the mason is hewing out a bed for it, in the silence of the Abbey Kirk yonder, as a preparation of her Father's Tomb. The Eternal blessing be on him, and on us poor Sons of Time! Peace, Peace!

[June 28] By much the tenderest and best of all reminiscence to me out of those years, is that of the Lecture times. The vilest welter of odious confusions, horrors and repugnances; to which, nevertheless, there was compulsion absolute; and to which she was the one irradiation; noble looking soul, not to be quenched in any chaos that might come. Oh, her love to me, her cheering, unaffected, useful practicality of help was not I think, after all, she had a steady hope in me, too, while I myself had habitually none (except of the "desperate" kind), my a steady contentment with me, and with our lot together, let hope be as it might. "Do you mind him, my Dear," whispered Miss Wilson to her, one day, as I stood wiggling in my agony of helplessness, "people like it; the more of that, the better does the Lecture prove!" Which was a truth; though the poor *Sympathiser* might, at the moment, feel it harsh. This Miss Wilson and her father still live, opulent, fine, Church of England people (scrupulously orthodox to the acridities not less than the spiritualities of that creed), and Miss Wilson very clever too (i.e. full of strong just insight in her way),—who had from the first taken to us, and had us much about them (Speeding, Maunier, etc. attending) then and for some years afterwards, very desirous to help us, if that could have been done

it (for indeed, to me, it was always mainly an indigestion purchased by a loyal kind of weariness) I have seen Sir James Stephen there, but did not then understand him, or that *he* could be a "clever man," as reported by Henry Taylor and other good judges "He shuts his eyes on you," said the elder Spring-Rice (Lord Monteagle), "and talks as if he were dictating a Colonial Despatch" (most true,—"teaching you How *Not* to do it," as Dickens defined afterwards) one of the pattest things I ever heard from Spring-Rice, who had rather a turn for such Stephen, ultimately, when on half-pay and a Cambridge Professor, used to come down hither pretty often on an evening, and we heard a great deal of talk from him, recognisably serious and able, though always in that Colonial-Office style, more or less Colonial-Office *being* an Impotency (as Stephen inarticulately, though he never said or whispered it, well knew), what *could* an earnest and honest kind of man do, but try and teach you How *not* to do it? Stephen seemed to me a master in that art.—

The *Lecture* time fell in the earlier part of the Sterling Period,¹—which latter must have lasted in all, counting till John's death, about ten years (Autumn 1844 when John died) To my Jeannie, I think, this was clearly the sunniest and wholesomest element in her then outer life All the Household loved her, and she had virtually, by her sense, by her felt *loyalty*, expressed oftenest in a gay mildly quizzing manner, a real influence, a kind of light *command* one might almost call it, willingly yielded her among them Details of this are in print (as

¹ See *supra*, p. 114 "

I said above) — In the same years, Mrs Buller (Charles's mother) was a very cheerful item to her Mrs Buller (a whilom Indian Beauty, Wit and finest Fine Lady), who had, at all times a very recognising eye for talent, and a real reverence for it, very soon made out something of my little woman, and took more and more to her, all the time she lived after Mrs Buller's circle was gay and populous at this time (Radical, chiefly Radical, lions of every complexion), and we had as much of it as we would consent to I remember being at Leatherhead too,—and, after that, a pleasant rustic week at Troston Parsonage (in Suffolk, where Mrs Buller's youngest son "served," and serves), which Mrs Buller contrived very well to make the best of, sending me to ride for three days in Oliver Cromwell's country, that she might have the Wife more to herself My Jane must have been there altogether, I dare say, near a month (had gone before me, returned after me), and I regretted never to have seen the place again This must have been in September or October 1842, Mrs Welsh's death in early Spring past. I remember well my feelings in Ely Cathedral, in the close of sunset or dusk, the place was open, free to me without witnesses, people seemed to be tuning the organ, which went in solemn gusts far aloft, the thought of Oliver, and his "Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!"¹ was almost as if audible to me Sleepless night, owing to Cathedral bells, and strange ride next day to St. Ives, to Hinchinbrook, etc, and thence to Cambridge, with thunder-cloud and lightning dogging me to rear, and burst-

¹ *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (Library edition, 1869), i 185

ing into torrents few minutes after I got into The Hoop Inn —

My poor Darling had, for constant accompaniment to all her bits of satisfactions, an altogether weak state of health, continually breaking down, into violent fits of headache in her best times, and in winter-season into cough, etc, in lingering forms of a quite sad and exhausting sort. Wonderful to me how she, so sensitive a creature, maintained her hoping cheerful humour to such a degree, amidst all that, and, except the pain of inevitable sympathy, and vague flitting fears, gave me no pain. Careful always to screen me from pain, as I by no means always reciprocally was, alas, no, miserable egoist in comparison! At this time, I must have been in the thick of *Cromwell*, “four years” of abstruse toil, obscure tentations, futile wrestling, and misery, I used to count it had cost me, before I took to editing the *Letters and Speeches* (“to have *them* out of my way”), which rapidly drained off the sour swamp water bodily, and left me, beyond all first expectations, quite free of the matter. Often I have thought how miserable my Books must have been to *her*, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant (never once, I do believe) made the least complaint of me or my behaviour (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them! Always some quizzing little lesson, the purport and effect of which was to encourage me, never once anything *worse*. Oh it was noble, —and I see it so well now, when it is gone from me, and no return possible!

Cromwell was by much the worst Book-time, till this of *Friedrich*, which indeed was infinitely worse, in the dregs of our strength too,—and lasted for about thirteen years. She was generally in quite weak health, too, and was often for long weeks or months, miserably ill.

[28th *June* Interruption here yesterday, to-day likewise, the whole morning gone, in extraneous fiddle-faddle, and not so much as one word here! Shame on *me*, for (though “the world” is a most intrusive, useless, nay plunderous and obstructive affair to me at present), the blame is not chiefly “the world’s” but my own! Froude is now coming, and with remorse, I must put this away. News of Craik’s death, at Belfast, 27th ult, came last night.]

[29th *June*] It was strange how she contrived to sift out of such a troublous forlorn day as hers, in such case, was, all the available little items, as she was sure to do,—and to have them ready for me in the evening when my work was done, in the prettiest little narrative anybody could have given of such things. Never again shall I have such melodious, humanly beautiful Half-hours, they were the *rain-bow* of my poor dripping *day*,—and reminded me that there otherwise *was* a Sun. At this time, and all along, she “did all the society,” was all brightness to the one or two (oftenest rather dull and prosaic fellows, for all the *better* sort respected my seclusion, especially during that last *Friedrich* time), whom I *needed* to see on my affairs in hand, or who, with more of *biass* than others, managed to intrude upon me for these she did, in their several kinds, her

very best, all of her own people, whom I might be apt to feel wearisome (dislike any of them I never did, or his or her *discharge from service* would have swiftly followed), she kept beautifully out of my way, saving my "politeness" withal a very perfect skill she had in all this. And *took* my dark toiling periods, however long sullen and severe they might be, with a loyalty and heart-acquiescence that never failed. The heroic little soul!

Latter-Day Pamphlet time, and especially the time that preceded it (1848 etc) must have been very sore and heavy. my heart was long overloaded with the meanings at length uttered there, and no way of getting them set forth would answer. I forget what ways I tried, or thought of, *Times* Newspaper was one (alert, airy, rather vacant editorial gentleman I remember going to once, in Printing House Square), but this way, of course, proved *hypothetical* merely,—as all others did, till we, as last shift, gave the rough MSS to Chapman (in Forster's company one winter Sunday). About *half* of the ultimately *printed* might be in Chapman's hands, but there was much manipulation as well as addition needed. Forster¹ soon fell away, I could perceive, into terror and surprise,—as indeed everybody did. "A lost man!" thought everybody. Not she at any moment, much amused by the outside pother, she, and glad to see me getting delivered of my black electricities and consuming fires, in that way. Strange

¹ John Forster was for forty years a devoted friend of Carlyle's. His kindness and helpfulness to him, especially after Mrs. Carlyle's death, is sufficiently evident from the pages which follow. He was appointed one of the Executors of Carlyle's Will, but he predeceased Carlyle, having died in 1876.

letters came to us, during those nine months of pamphleteering, strange visitors (of moonstruck unprofitable type for most part), who had, for one reason or another, been each of them wearing himself half-mad on some *one* of the public scandals I was recognising and denouncing. I still remember some of their faces, and the look their paper bundles had. She got a considerable entertainment out of all that, went along with me in everything (probably *counselling* a little here and there, a censorship well worth my regarding, and generally *adoptable*, here as everywhere), and minded no whit any results that might follow this evident *speaking of the truth*. Somebody, writing from India I think, and clearly meaning kindness, "did hope" (some time afterwards) "the tide would turn, and this lamentable Hostility of the Press die away into friendship again" at which I remember our innocent laughter,—ignorant till then what "The Press's" feelings were, and leaving "The Press" very welcome to them then. Neuberger¹ helped me zealously, as

¹ Joseph Neuberger (born near Wurzburg 1806, died at Hampstead 1867) was, when Carlyle became acquainted with him in 1840, a merchant in Nottingham, some eight or nine years afterwards, having quitted his business, he generously offered his services as Amanuensis to Carlyle. He was a man "of perfect integrity, of serious reflective temper, of fine and strong faculties (able to *understand* anything presented to him, and of many high aspirations). For the last twenty or twenty five years, he had been my most attached adherent, ever loyal, ever patient, ardent, ever willing to do me service in every kind—we were twice in Germany together, where I defined him to be worth 'ten Couriers', in regard to the Book *Friedrich* (especially till he took to translating it, and I had not the face to apply so often) his help was truly valuable (or *invaluable*, sat three months in the State-Paper Office, for example, *excerpting* there, with a skill and rapid felicity not to be rivalled), he did all kinds of *excerpting* and *abstracting* etc etc as

volunteer amanuensis etc, through all this business, but I know not that even he approved it all, or any of it *to the bottom*. In the whole world I had one complete Approver, in that, as in other cases, *one*, and it was worth all

On the back of *Latter-Day Pamphlets* followed *Life of Sterling*,¹ a very quiet thing, but considerably disapproved of too, as I learned, and utterly revolting to the *Religious people* in particular (to my surprise rather than otherwise) "Doesn't believe in *us*, then, either?" Not he, for certain, *can't*, if you *will* know! Others urged disdainfully, "What has Sterling done that he should have a *Life*?" "*Induced* Carlyle *somehow* to write him one!" answered she once (to the Ferguses, I think) in an arch airy way, which I can well fancy, and which shut up the question there. The book was afterwards greatly praised,—again, on rather weak terms, I doubt. What now will please me best in it, and alone *will*, was then an accidental quality,—the authentic light, under the due conditions, that is thrown by it on *her*. Oh my Dear One, sad is my soul for the loss of Thee, and will to the end be, as I compute!

if I myself had done it,—and, in brief, was an *alter ego* in all the deeper parts of that horrible immensity of drudgery, which I believe would have been impossible to *me* without him. Got no shadow of *reward*, nor sought any, stood all my spurts of ill temper, etc., without once wincing, worked like a patient hero for me, as if *he* had been nothing, I something, and as if it ennobled *his* poor existence so to do! Perhaps no man of my day had such a *servant* and *subject* (in the noblest sense of these words),—acquired to me without the least effort too, rather permitted to *give* himself, than in any way asked for"—Carlyle's *Journal*, 3d April 1867. Carlyle had collected materials for a Memoir of Neuberg, but was unable to carry out his intention of writing it.

¹ *Latter Day Pamphlets*, published 1850, *Life of Sterling*, 1851

Lonelier creature there is not henceforth in this world, neither person, work, or thing going on in it that is of any value, in comparison, or even at all. Death I feel almost daily in express fact, Death is the one haven, and have occasionally a kind of *kingship*, sorrowful, but sublime, almost godlike, in the feeling that that is nigh. Sometimes the image of Her, gone in her car of victory (in that beautiful death), and as if nodding to me with a smile, "I am gone, loved one, work a little longer, if thou still canst, if not, follow!" There is no baseness, and no misery *here*. Courage, courage to the last!"—that, sometimes, as in this moment, is inexpressibly beautiful to me, and comes nearer to bringing *tears* than it once did. [Stop for to-day]

[*June 30*] In 1852 had come the new-modelling of our House,—attended with infinite dusty confusion (head-carpenter stupid, though honest, fell ill, etc etc.), confusion falling upon *her* more than me, and at length upon her altogether. *She* was the architect, guiding and directing and contriving genius, in all that enterprise, seemingly so foreign to her. But indeed she was ardent in it, and she had a talent that way which was altogether unique in my experience. An "eye" first of all, equal in correctness to a joiner's square,—this, up almost from her childhood, as I understood. Then a sense of order, sense of beauty, of wise and thrifty convenience,—sense of *wisdom* altogether in fact, for that was it! A human intellect shining luminous in every direction, the highest and the lowest (as I remarked above), in childhood she used to be sent to seek when things fell lost, "the best seeker of us all," her Father

would say, or look (as she thought) for me also she *sought* every thing, with such success as I never saw elsewhere. It was she who widened our poor drawing-room (as if by a stroke of genius) and made it (zealously, at the partial expense of three feet from *her own* bedroom) into what it now is, one of the prettiest little drawing-rooms I ever saw, and made the whole house into what it now is. How frugal, too, and how modest about it! House was hardly finished, when there arose that of the "Demon-Fowls,"—as she appropriately named them—macaws, Cochinchinas, endless concert of crowing, cackling, shrieking roosters (from a bad or misled neighbour, next door) which cut us off from sleep or peace, at times altogether, and were like to drive me mad, and her through me, through sympathy with me. From which also she was my deliverer,—had delivered and continued to deliver me from hundreds of such things (Oh my beautiful little *Alads*, in these new days of Anarchy and the Mud-gods, threatening to crush down a poor man, and kill him with his work still on hand!) I remember well her setting off, one winter morning, from the Grange on this enterprise,—probably having thought of it most of the night (sleep denied), she said to me next morning the first thing "Dear, we *must* extinguish those Demon-Fowls, or they will extinguish us! Rent the house (No 6, proprietor mad etc. etc.) ourselves, it is but some £40 a year,—pack away those vile people, and let it stand empty. I will go this very day upon it, if you assent!" And she went accordingly, and slew altogether this *Lana Hyara*, at far less expense than taking the house nay almost at no

expense at all, except by her fine intellect, tact, just discernment, swiftness of decision, and general nobleness of mind (in short) Oh, my bonny little woman, mine only in memory now!—

I left the Grange two days after her, on this occasion, hastening through London, gloomy of mind, to see my dear old Mother yet once (if I might) before she died. She had, for many months before, been evidently and painfully sinking away,—under no disease, but the ever-increasing infirmities of eighty-three years of time. She had expressed no desire to see me, but her love from my birth upwards, under all scenes and circumstances, I knew to be emphatically a Mother's. I walked from the Kirtlebridge ("Galls") Station that dim winter morning, my one thought, "Shall I see her yet alive?" She was still there, weary, very weary, and wishing to be at rest. I think she only at times knew me, so bewildering were her continual distresses, once she entirely forgot me, then, in a minute or two, asked my pardon—ah me, ah me! It was my Mother, and not my Mother, the last pale *lune* or sickle of the moon, which had once been *full*, now sinking in the dark seas. This lasted only three days. Saturday night she had her full faculties, but was in nearly unendurable misery, not breath sufficient etc., etc. John tried various reliefs, had at last to give a few drops of laudanum, which eased the misery, and in an hour or two brought sleep. All next day she lay asleep, breathing equably but heavily,—her face grand and solemn, almost severe, like a marble statue, about four P.M. the breathing suddenly halted, recommenced for

half an instant, then fluttered,—ceased¹ “All the days of my appointed time,” she had often said, “will I wait, *till my change come*” The most beautifully *religious* soul I ever knew Proud enough she was, too, though piously humble, and full of native intellect, humour, etc, though all undeveloped On the *religious* side, looking into the very heart of the matter, I always reckon her rather *superior* to my Jane, who in other shapes and with far different exemplars and conditions, had a great deal of noble religion too Her death filled me with a kind of *dim amazement*, and crush of *confused* sorrows, which were very painful, but not so sharply pathetic as I might have expected It was the earliest terror of my childhood that I “might lose my Mother,” and it had gone with me all my days —But, and that is probably the whole account of it, I was then sunk in the miseries of *Friedrich* etc etc., in many miseries, and was then fifty-eight years of age—It is strange to me, in these very days, how *peaccable*, though still sacred and tender, the memory of my Mother now lies in me (This very morning, I got into dreaming confused *nightmare* stuff about some *funeral* and her, not hers, nor obviously my Jane’s, seemingly my Father’s rather, and she *sending* me on it,—the saddest bewildered stuff What a dismal debasing and confusing element is that of a *sick body* on the human soul or *thinking* part!)

It was in 1852 (September-October, for about a month) that I had first seen Germany,—gone on my first errand as to *Friedrich* there was a second, five

¹ Carlyle’s Mother died at Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan, 25th December 1853

years afterwards, this time it was to *inquire* (of Preuss and Co), to look about me, search for books, portraits, etc etc I went from Scotsbrig (my dear old Mother painfully weak, though I had no thought it would be the *last* time I should see her *afoot*),—from Scotsbrig by Leith for Rotterdam, Koln, Bonn (Neuberg's),—and on the whole never had nearly so (outwardly) unpleasant a journey in my life, till the second and last I made thither But the Chelsea establishment was under carpenters, painters, till those disappeared, no *work* possible, scarcely any *living* possible (though my brave woman did make it possible without complaint) "Stay so many weeks, all painting at least shall then be off!" I returned, near broken-down utterly, at the set time, and, alas, was met by a foul dabblement of paint oozing downstairs the painters had proved treacherous to her, time could not be kept! It was the one instance of such a thing here, and except the first sick surprise, I now recollect no more of it.

[*Sunday, 1st July*] "Mamma, *wine* makes cosy!" said the bright little one, perhaps between two and three years old, her Mother, after some walk with sprinkling of wet or the like, having given her a dram-glass of wine on their getting home "Mamma, wine makes *cosy*!" said the small silver voice, gaily sipping, getting its new bits of insight into natural philosophy! What "pictures" has my Beautiful One left me,—what joys can surround every well-ordered human hearth I said long since, I never knew so beautiful a childhood Her little bit of a first chair, its wee wee arms etc., visible to me in the closet at this moment, is still here, and always was,

was a good deal disgusted with my dismal experience of the *result*. Something really good might have come of it in a scene where good and faithful work was to be had on the part of all, from *architect* downwards, but here, from all (except one good young man of the carpenter trade, whom I at length noticed thankfully in small matters), the "work," of planning to begin with, and then of executing, in all its details, was mere work of Belial, i.e. of the Father of LIES, such "work" as I had not conceived the possibility of among the sons of Adam till *then*. By degrees, I perceived it to be the ordinary English "work" of this epoch,—and, with manifold reflections, deep as Tophet, on the outlooks *thus* offered for us all, endeavoured to be silent as to my own little failure. My new illustrious "Study" was definable as the *least* inhabitable, and most entirely detestable and despicable bit of human workmanship in that kind. Sad and odious to me *very*. But by many and long-continued efforts, with endless botherations which lasted for two or three years after (one winter starved by "Arnott's improved *grate*," I recollect), I did get it patched together into something of supportability, and continued, though under protest, to inhabit it during all working hours, as I had indeed from the first done. The whole of knew *Classic* Languages like a Scholar, with great accuracy modern too and their Literatures, German, especially French, and Spanish most of all, with an accuracy and completeness quite peculiar to him here.

Ay de mi, no more will he rise up, pen joyfully flung down, sharp wry face relapsing into a sunny smile, and kind right hand held out, on my entrance at any time! Friends are falling fast about me, sign after sign, 'Thy own turn must be soon!'—To morrow is his Funeral, half-past eight A.M., at which, in spite of the bad hour, I of course resolve to be."—Carlyle's *Journal*, 3d July 1867

the now printed *Friedrich* was written there (or in summer in the back court and garden, when driven down by baking heat), much rawer matter, I think, was tentatively on paper, *before* this sublime new "Study" *Friedrich* once done, I quitted the place for ever, and it is now a bedroom for the servants. The "architect" for this beautiful bit of masonry and carpentry was one "Parsons," really a clever creature, I could see, but swimming as for dear life in a mere "Mother of Dead Dogs" (ultimately did become bankrupt), his *men* of all types, Irish hodmen and upwards, for real *mendacity* of hand, for drunkenness, greediness, mutinous nomadism, and anarchic malfeasance throughout, excelled all experience or conception. Shut the *lid* on their "unexampled prosperity" and them, for evermore.

The sufferings of my poor little woman, throughout all this, must have been great, though she whispered nothing of them,—the rather, as this was my enterprise (both the *Friedrich* and it),—indeed it was by her address and invention that I got my sooterkin¹ of a 'study' improved out of its worst blotches, it was she, for example, that went silently to Bramah's smith people, and got me a fireplace, of merely human sort, which actually warmed the room, and sent Arnott's miracle about its business. But undoubtedly that *Friedrich* affair, with its many bad adjuncts, was much the *worst* we ever had, and sorely tried us both. It lasted thirteen years or more². To me a desperate dead-lift pull at that time,

¹ Sooterkin *Hudibras*, part iii canto ii

² The following are the dates of publication of the *Friedrich* Volumes I and II, 1858, III, 1862, IV, 1864, V and VI, 1865

my whole strength devoted to it, alone, withdrawn from all the world (except some bores who would take no hint, almost nobody came to see me, nor did I wish almost anybody then left living for me), all the world withdrawing from me, I desperate of ever *getting through* (not to speak of "succeeding"), left solitary "with the nightmares" (as I sometimes expressed it), "hugging unclean creatures" (Prussian Blockheadisms) "to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!" Why do I speak of all this? It is now become *coprolith* to me, insignificant as the dung of a thousand centuries ago I did get through, thank God, let it now wander into the belly of oblivion for ever. But what I do still, and shall more and more, remember with loving admiration is her behaviour in it. She was habitually in the feeblest health, often, for long whiles, grievously ill. Yet by an alchemy all her own, she had extracted grains as of gold out of every day, and seldom or never failed to have something bright and pleasant to tell me, when I reached home after my evening ride, the most foredone of men. In all, I rode, during that book, some 30,000 miles, much of it (all the winter part of it) under cloud of night, sun just setting when I mounted. All the rest of the day, I sat silent aloft, insisting upon work, and *such* work, *invitissimâ Minervâ* for that matter. Home between five and six, with mud mackintoshes off, and, the nightmares locked up for a while, I tried for an hour's sleep before my (solitary, *dictetic*, altogether simple, simple) bit of dinner, but first *always*, came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and Her, where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning (candles

hardly lit, all in trustful *chiaroscuro*), and a spoonful of brandy in water, with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug, with my back to the jamb, and door never so little *open*, so that all the smoke, if I was careful, went up the chimney) this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were,—*not* awaiting me now on my home-coming, for the last ten weeks! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa, wearied enough, she too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history, even of what was bad, had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart, I never anywhere enjoyed the like. Her courage, patience, silent heroism, meanwhile, must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on these occasions, while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa, weak, but I knew little how weak, and patient, kind, quiet and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and Sloughs-of-despond, I still well remember, it appears I had at last *conquered* Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately, she at that time felt convinced she was dying—dark winter, and such the weight of misery, and utter decay of strength,—and, night after night, my theme to her, *Mollwitz!* This she owned to me, within the last year or two,—which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in

my pretended-superior kind of life, have I done, for love of any creature, so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft *religious* blessedness too — She *read* the first two volumes of *Friedrich*, much of it in printer's sheets (while on visit to the aged Misses Donaldson at Haddington), her applause (should not I collect her fine Notekins and reposit them here?) was beautiful and as sunlight to me,—for I knew it was sincere withal, and unerringly straight upon the blot, however exaggerated by her great love of me. The other volumes (hardly even the third, I think) she never read,—I knew too well why, and submitted without murmur, save once or twice perhaps a little quiz on the subject, which did not afflict her, either. Too weak, too weak by far, for a dismal enterprise of that kind, as I knew too well! But those Haddington visits were very beautiful to her (and to me through her letters and her), and by that time, we were over the hill and “the worst of our days were *past*” (as poor Irving used to give for *toast*, long ago),—worst of them past, though we did not yet quite know it.

[*July 3*] Volumes One, Two of *Friedrich* were published, I find, in 1858. Probably about two years before that was the *nadir* of my poor Wife's sufferings,—internal sufferings and dispiritements, for outward *fortunes* etc had now, for about ten years, been on a quite tolerable footing, and indeed evidently fast on the improving hand. nor had *they*, at any worst time, ever disheartened her, or darkened her feelings. But in 1856, owing to many circumstances,—my *engrossment* otherwise (sunk in

Friedrich, in etc etc., far *less* exclusively, very far *less*, than she supposed, poor soul !),—and owing *chiefly*, one may fancy, to the deeper downbreak of her own poor health, which from this time, as I now see better, continued its advance upon the *citadel*, or nervous system, and intrinsically grew worse and worse—in 1856, too evidently, to whatever owing, my poor little Darling was extremely miserable ! Of that year there is a bit of private diary, by chance, left unburnt, found by me since her death, and not to be destroyed, however tragical and sternly sad are parts of it. She had written, I sometimes knew (though she would never show to me or to mortal any word of them), at different times, various bits of diary, and was even, at one time, upon a kind of autobiography (had not —— stepped into it with swine's foot, most intrusively, though without ill intention—finding it unlocked one day,—and produced thereby an instantaneous burning of it, and of all like it which existed at that time) Certain enough, she wrote various bits of diary and private record, unknown to me but never anything so sore, downhearted, harshly distressed and sad as this (right sure am I!)—which alone remains as specimen ! The rest are all burnt, no trace of them, seek where I may

[Here followed Mrs Carlyle's private diary above referred to, at the end of which Carlyle has written "A very sad record ! We went to Scotland soon after," (*i.e.* after the date of the last entry in it, 5th July 1856) "she to Auchtertool (cousin Walter's), I to the Gill (sister Mary's)"]

In July 1856, as marked in her sad record, may have been about middle of month, we went to Edin-

burgh, a blazing day full of dust and tumult,—which I still very well remember! Lady Ashburton had got for herself a grand “Queen’s saloon” or *ne-plus-ultra* of railway carriages (made for the Queen some time before) costing no end of money, Lady sat, or lay, in the “saloon,” a common six-seat carriage, immediately contiguous, was accessible from it, in this the Lady had insisted *we* should ride, with her doctor and her maid, a mere partition, with a door, dividing us from her. The Lady was very good, cheerful though much unwell, bore all her difficulties and disappointments with an admirable equanimity and magnanimity but it was physically almost the uncomfortablest journey I ever made. At Peterborough, the *Ne-plus-ultra* was found to have its axletree *on fire*, at every station afterwards *buckets* were copiously dashed and poured (the magnanimous Lady saying never a syllable to it), and at Newcastle-on-Tyne, they flung the humbug *Ne-plus* away altogether, and our whole party into common carriages. Apart from the burning axle, we had suffered much from dust and even from foul air,—so that, at last, I got the door opened, and sat with my head and shoulders stretched out backward, into the wind. This had alarmed my poor Woman, lest I should tumble out altogether, and she angrily forbade it, dear loving Woman, and I complied, not at first knowing why she was angry. This and Lady Ashburton’s opening her door to tell us, “Here is Hinchinbrook!” (a long time before, and with something of pathos traceable in her cheery voice) are nearly all that I now remember of the base and dirty hurlyburly. Lord Ashburton had preceded by some days, and was waiting for our

train, at Edinburgh, 9 30 P M—hurlyburly greater and dirtier than ever They went for Barry's Hotel at once, servants and all,—no time to *inform* us (officially), that *we* too were their guests But that, too, passed well We ordered apartments, refreshments of our own there (first of all *baths*, inside of my shirt-collar was as black as ink!)—and before the refreshments were ready, we had a gay and cordial invitation etc etc., found the "Old Bear" (Ellice)¹ in their rooms, I remember, and Lord Ashburton and he with a great deal to say about Edinburgh and its people and phenomena. Next morning, the Ashburtons went for Kinloch-Luichart (fine hunting-seat in Ross-shire), and my dear little Woman to her Cousins at Auchtertool, where, I remember, she was much soothed by their kindness, and improved considerably in health, for the time The day after seeing her settled there, I made for Annandale, and my Sister Mary's at the Gill (Maggie Welsh, now here with me, has *helped* in adjusting into clearness the recollection of all this)—I remember working on final corrections of Books II and III of *Friedrich*, and reading in *Plato* (Translation, and not my first trial of him) while there My Darling's Letters I remember too (am on search for them just now), also visits from Sister Jean and to Dumfries and her,—silent nocturnal rides from that town etc, and generally much riding on the (Priest-side) Solway Sands, and plenty of sombre occupation to my thoughts

Late on in Autumn, I met my Jeannie at Kirk-

¹ Edward Ellice (M P for Coventry) died in 1863, aged 74 — "called '*Bear* Ellice' in society here, but rather for his oiliness than for any trace of ferocity ever seen in him"—Carlyle, in a Letter of 1852

caldy again , uncomfortably lodged, both of us, and did not loiter (though the people very *kind* .), I was bound for Ross-shire and the Ashburtons (miserable journey thither, sombre, miserable stay there, wet weather, sickly, solitary mostly, etc etc),—my Wife had gone to her Aunts in Edinburgh, for a night or two, to the Haddington Miss Donaldsons, and in both places, the *latter* especially, had much to please her, and came away with the resolution to go again

Next year, 1857, she went accordingly, staid with the Donaldsons (eldest of these old ladies, now well above eighty, and gone stone-blind, was her "godmother," had been at Craigenputtock to see us, the dearest of old friends my wife now had). She was at Auchtertool too, at Edinburgh with her Aunts, once and again , but the chief element was "Sunny Bank, Haddington," which she began with and ended with , a stay of some length, each time Happy to her, and heart-interesting to a high degree, though sorrowfully involved in almost constant bodily pain It was a Tour for *Health* , urged on her by me for that end ,—and the poor little Darling seemed inwardly to grudge all along the expense on herself (generous soul!) as if *she* were not worth money spent,—though money was in no scarcity with us now¹ I was printing *Friedrich*, volumes 1 and 11 here , totally solitary , and recollect her Letters of that Tour as altogether genial and delightful,—sad and miserable as the view is which they *now* give me of her endless bodily distresses and even torments, now when I read them again, after nine years, and what has befallen me eleven weeks ago!

[*Sunday, July 8* Began writing again at the

second line of this page, the intermediate time has been spent in a strenuous search for, and collection of all her letters now discoverable (by Maggie Welsh and me),—which is now completed, or nearly so,—1842-3 the earliest found (though surely there ought to be others, of 1837 etc ?), and some of almost every year onward to the last. They are exceedingly difficult to arrange, not having in general any *date*, so that place often enough, and day and even year throughout, are mainly to be got by the *Post Office Stamp*, supported by inference and inquiry such as is still possible, at least to me]

The whole of yesterday I spent in reading and arranging the *letters* of 1857, such a day's *reading* as I perhaps never had in my life before. What a piercing radiancy of meaning to me in those dear records, hastily thrown off, full of misery, yet of bright eternal love, all as if on wings of lightning, tingling through one's very heart of hearts! Oh, I was blind not to see how *brittle* was that thread of noble celestial (almost more than terrestrial) life, how much it was all in all to me, and how impossible it should long be left with me. Her sufferings seem little short of those in an hospital fever-ward, as she painfully drags herself about, and yet constantly there is such an electric shower of all-illuminating brilliancy, penetration, recognition, wise discernment, just enthusiasm, humour, grace, patience, courage, love,—and in fine of spontaneous nobleness of mind and intellect,—as I know not where to parallel! I have asked myself, Ought all this to be lost, or kept for myself, and the brief time that now belongs to me? Can *nothing* of it be saved, then, for the

worthy that still remain among these roaring myriads of profane unworthy? I really must consider it further, and already I feel it to have become uncertain to me whether at least this poor Notebook ought to be burnt ere my decease, or left to its chances among my survivors? As to "talent," epistolary and other, these *Letters*, I perceive, equal and surpass whatever of best I know to exist in that kind, for "talent," "genius," or whatever we may call it, what an evidence, if my little woman needed that to me! Not all the *Sands* and *Eliots* and babbling *colinc* of "celebrated scribbling women" that have strutted over the world, in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman. But it is difficult to make these Letters fairly legible, except myself there is nobody at all that can completely *read* them, as they now are. They abound in allusions, very full of meaning in this circle, but perfectly dark and void in all others "Coterie-sprache," as the Germans call it, "family-circle dialect," occurs every line or two, nobody ever so *rich* in that kind as she, ready to pick up every diamond-spark, out of the common floor-dust, and keep it brightly available, so that hardly, I think in any house, was there *more* of "Coterie-speech," shining innocently, with a perpetual expressiveness and twinkle generally of quiz and real humour about it, than in ours. She mainly was the creatress of all this, unmatched for quickness (and trueness) in regard to it,—and in her letters it is continually recurring, shedding such a lambency of "own fire-side" over everything, if you are in the secret. Ah me, ah me!—At least, I have tied up that bundle

(the *two* letters touching on *Friedrich* have a paper round them, the first written in Edinburgh, it appears *how*!) [*Enter* Froude, almost the only man I care to speak with, in these weeks Out with him to Battersea Park, day gray, temperate and windy]

[*July* 9 Day again all spent in searching and sorting a box of *hers*, full of strange and sad memorials of her Mother, with a few of Father and infant Self (put up in 1842)—full of poignant meanings to her then and to me now Her own *christening cap* is there (e.g.), the *lancet* they took her Father's blood with (and so *killed* him, as she always thought), Father's door-plate, "commission in Perth Fencibles," etc two or three Christmas notes of mine, which I could not read without almost sheer weeping]

[*July* 13 On the whole two days of absence from my little "Shrine of pious Memory" here, where alone it is best for me to be, at present!—I will write down my reminiscence of the "Accident in Cheapside" (1863), the opening of what has proved to be the last act of all Hand sadly shaky, weather extremely hot.]

It must have been near the end of October 1863, when I returned home from my ride, weather soft and muddy, humour dreary and oppressed as usual (nightmare *Friedrich* still pressing heavily as ever), but as usual also, a bright little hope in me that now I was *across* the muddy element, and the lucid twenty minutes of my day were again at hand To my disappointment, my Jeannie was *not* here, "had gone to see her Cousin in the City,"—a Mrs Godby, widow of an important Post-Official, once in Edinburgh, where he had wedded this cousin, and died

leaving children, and in virtue of whom she and they had been brought to London a year or two ago, to a fine situation as "Matron of the Post-office Establishment" ("forty maids under her etc etc, and well managed by her") in St Martin's-le-Grand. She was a good enough creature, this Mrs Godby (Binnie had been her Scotch name, she is now Mrs Something-else, and very prosperous) —my Jeannie, in those early times, was anxious to be kind to her in the new scene, and had her often here (as often as, for my convenience, seemed to the loyal heart permissible), and was herself, on calls and little tea-visits, perhaps still oftener there. A perfectly harmless Scotch cousin, polite and prudent, almost prettyish, with good wise instincts, but no developed intelligence in the articulate kind. Her mother, I think, was my mother-in-law's cousin or connection, and the young widow and her London friend were always well together. This was, I believe, the last visit my poor wife ever made her, and the last but two she ever received from her, so miserably unexpected were the issues on this side of the matter!

We had been at The Grange for perhaps four or five weeks that autumn, utterly quiet, nobody there besides ourselves, Lord Ashburton being in the weakest state, health and life visibly decaying,—I was permitted to keep *perdu* till three o'clock daily, and sat writing about Poland I remember. Mournful, but composed and dignifiedly placid the time was to us all. My Jeannie did not complain of health beyond wont, except on one point that her right arm was strangely lame, getting lamer and lamer, so that at last she could not "*do her hair her*—

self," but had to call in a maid to fasten the hind part for her. I remember her sadly dispirited looks, when I came in to her in the mornings with my inquiries, "No sleep," too often the response, and this lameness, though little was said of it, a most discouraging thing. Oh, what discouragements, continual distresses, pains and miseries my poor little Darling had to bear, remedy for them nowhere, speech about them useless, best to be avoided,—as, except on pressure from myself, it always nobly was! This part of her life-history was always sad to me, but it is tenfold more now, as I read in her old *Letters*, and gradually realise, as never before, the continual grinding wretchedness of it, and how, like a winged Psyche, she so soared above it, and refused to be chained or degraded by it.—"Neuralgic rheumatism," the Doctors called this thing, "neuralgia" by itself, as if confessing that they knew not what to do with it. Some kind of hot half-corrosive ointment was the thing prescribed,—which did, for a little while each time, remove the pain mostly, the lameness not,—and I remember to have once seen her beautiful arm (still so beautiful) all stained with spots of *burning*, so zealous had she been in trying, though with small faith in the prescription. This lasted all the time we were at The Grange, it had begun before, and things rather seemed to be worsening after we returned. Alas, I suppose it was the Siege of the *Citadel* that was now going on, disease and pain had for thirty or more years been trampling down the *outworks*, were now got to the *nerves*, to the citadel, and were bent on storming that.

[14th July, twelfth Saturday since] I was dis-

appointed, but not sorry at the miss of my "twenty minutes," that my little Woman, in her weak languid state, had gone out for exercise, was glad news, and I considered that the "twenty minutes" was only postponed, not lost, but would be repaid me presently with interest. After sleep and dinner (all forgotten now), I remember still to have been patient, cheerfully hopeful, "she is coming, for certain, and will have something nice to tell me of news etc., as she always has!" In that mood I lay on the sofa, not sleeping, quietly waiting, perhaps for an hour-and-half more. She had gone in an omnibus, and was to return in one, at this time, she had no carriage. With great difficulty I had got her induced, persuaded and commanded, to take two drives weekly in a hired brougham ("more difficulty in persuading *you* to go into expense, than other men have to persuade their wives to keep out of it!") on these terms she had agreed to the two drives weekly, and found a great benefit in them,—but, on no terms, could I get her consent to go, *herself*, into the adventure of purchasing a brougham etc., though she knew it to be a fixed purpose, and only delayed by absolute want of time on my part. She could have done it, too, employed the right people to do it, right well, and knew how beneficial to her health it would, likely, be—but no, there was a refined delicacy which would have perpetually prevented *her*,—and my "time," literally, was *scarcely*, I believe, for the last seven years of that nightmare *Friedrich*, I did not write the smallest message to friends, or undertake the least business, except upon plain *compulsion* of necessity. How lucky that, next autumn, I did

actually, in spite of *Friedrich*, undertake this of the brougham it is a mercy of Heaven to me for the rest of my life! And oh why was it not undertaken, in spite of all *Friedrichs* and nightmares, years before! That had been still luckier, perhaps endlessly so? But this was not to be.

The visit to Mrs Godby had been pleasant, and gone all well, but now, dusk falling, it had to end, —again by omnibus, as ill-luck would have it. Mrs Godby sent one of her maids as escort, at the corner of Cheapside, the omnibus was waited for (some excavations going on near by, as for many years past they seldom cease to do), Chelsea omnibus came, my Darling was in the act of stepping in (maid stupid, and of no assistance),—when a cab came rapidly from behind, and, forced by the near excavation, seemed as if it would drive over her, such her frailty, and want of *speed*. She desperately determined to get on the flag pavement again, desperately leaped, and did get upon the curbstone, but found she was falling over upon the flags, and that she would alight on her right or neuralgic arm, which would be ruin, spasmodically struggled against this for an instant or two (maid nor nobody assisting), and *had* to fall on the neuralgic arm,—ruined *otherwise* far worse. For, as afterwards appeared, the muscles of the thigh-bone or sinews attaching them had been torn in that spasmodic instant or two, and, for three days coming, the torment was excessive, while in the right arm there was no neuralgia perceptible during that time, nor any very manifest new injury afterwards either. The calamity had happened, however, and in

that condition, my poor Darling, "put into a cab" by the humane people, as her one request to them, arrived at this door,—“later” than I expected, and after such a “drive from Cheapside” as may be imagined!

I remember well my joy at the sound of her wheels ending in a knock, then my surprise at the *delay* in her coming up, at the singular silence of the maids when questioned as to that thereupon my rushing down, finding her in the hands of Larkin and them, in the greatest agony of pain and helplessness I had ever seen her in. The noble little soul, she had determined I was not to be shocked by it, Larkin then lived next door, assiduous to serve us in all things (did *maps*, *indexes*, even *journeings* etc etc) him she had resolved to charge with it,—alas, alas, as if you *could* have saved me, noble heroine and martyr! Poor Larkin was standing helpless, he and I carried her upstairs in an arm-chair to the side of her bed, into which she crept by aid of her hands in few minutes, Barnes (her wise old doctor) was here,—assured me there were no bones broken, no joint out, applied his bandagings and remedies, and seemed to think the matter was slighter than it proved to be,—the spasmodic *tearing of sinews* being still a secret to him.

For fifty hours the pain was excruciating, after that it rapidly abated, and soon altogether ceased, except when the wounded limb was meddled with never so little. The poor Patient was heroic, and had throughout been. Within a week, she had begun contriving rope-machineries, leverages, and could not only pull her bell, but lift and shift herself

about, by means of her arms, into any coveted posture, and was, as it were, *mistress* of the mischance. She had her poor little room arranged, under her eye, to a perfection of beauty and convenience, nothing that was possible to her had been omitted (I remember one little thing the apothecary had furnished, an artificial *champagne-cork*, turn a screw, and your champagne spurted up, and when you had a spoonful, could be instantly closed down with what a bright face she would show me this in action!)—in fact her sick-room *looked* pleasanter than many a drawing-room (all the weakness and suffering of it nobly veiled away), the select of her lady-friends were admitted for short whiles, and liked it well to me, whenever I entered, all spoke of cheerfully patient *hope*,—the bright side of the cloud always assiduously turned out for *me*, in my dreary labours! I might have known, too, better than I did, that it had a dark side withal, sleeplessness, sickness, utter weakness,—and that “the silver lining” was due to my Darling’s self mainly, and to the inextinguishable loyalty and hope that dwelt in her. But I merely thought, “How lucky beyond all my calculations!”

I still right well remember the night when her bedroom door (double-door) suddenly opened upon me into the drawing-room, and she came limping and stooping on her staff, so gracefully, and with such a childlike joy and triumph, to irradiate my solitude. Never again will any such bright vision of gladdening surprise illuminate the darkness for me in that room or any other! She was in her Indian dressing-gown, absolutely beautiful, leaning

on her *mobby* staff (a fine hazel, cut and polished from the Drumlanrig woods, by some friend for *my* service), and with such a kindly brilliancy and loving innocence of expression, like that of a little child, unconquerable by weakness and years! A hot-tempered creature, too, few hotter, on momentary provocation but what a fund of soft affection, hope, and melodious innocence and goodness, to temper all that lightning—I doubt, candidly, if I ever saw a nobler human soul than this which (alas, alas, never *rightly* valued till now!) accompanied all my steps for forty years. Blind and deaf that we are oh think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till *Death* sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!

We thought all was now come or fast coming right again, and that, in spite of that fearful mischance, we should have a good winter, and get our dismal “misery of a book” *done*, or almost done. My own hope and prayer was and had long been continually that, *hers* too, I could not doubt, though hint never came from *her* to that effect, no hint or look, much less the smallest word, at any time, by any accident. But I felt well enough how it was crushing down her existence, as it was crushing down my own,—and the thought that *she* had *not* been at the choosing of it, and yet must suffer so for it, was occasionally bitter to me. But the practical conclusion always was, “Get done with it, get done with it! For the saving of us both, that is the one outlook.” And, sure enough, I did stand by the

dismal task with all my time and all my means, day and night, wrestling with it, as with the ugliest dragon, which blotted out the daylight and the rest of the world to me, till I should get it slain. There was perhaps some merit in this, but also, I fear, a *démerit*. Well, well, I could do no better. Sitting smoking upstairs, on nights when sleep was impossible, I had thoughts enough, not permitted to rustle amid my rugs and wrappages lest I awoke *her*, and startled all *chance* of sleep away from her. Weak little Darling, thy sleep is now unbroken, still and serene in the Eternities (as the Most High God has ordered for us), and nobody more in this world will wake for my wakefulness, but for some other reason!—

My poor Woman was what we called “getting well” for several weeks still, she could walk very little, indeed she never more walked much in this world—but it seems she was out driving, and again out, hopefully for some time (I cannot now remember at all how long), considered to be steadily mending of her accident. [Interruption from Ruskin, *July* 16, must stop again for this day]

Towards the end of November (perhaps it was in December), she caught some whiff of cold, which, for a day or two, we hoped would pass, as many such had done but on the contrary, it began to get worse, soon rapidly worse, and developed itself into that frightful universal “neuralgia,” under which, it seemed as if no force of human vitality would be able long to stand. “Disease of the nerves” (poisoning of the very *channels* of sensation) such was the *name* the

doctors gave it, and for the rest, could *do* nothing further with it, well had they only attempted nothing! I used to compute that *they*, poor souls, had at least *reinforced* the disease to *twice* its natural amount, such the pernicious effect of all their "remedies" and appliances, opiates, etc etc, which every new one of them (and there came many) applied anew,—and always with the like *inverse* result. Oh, what a sea of agony my Darling was immersed in, and had to plunge and toss and desperately struggle in, month after month! Sleep had fled. A hideous pain of which she used to say that "common honest pain, were it cutting of one's flesh or sawing of one's bones would be a luxury in comparison,"—seemed to have begirdled her, at all moments and on every side. Her intellect was clear as starlight, and continued so, the clearest *intellect* among us all, but she dreaded that this too must give way. "Dear," said she to me, on two occasions, with such a look and tone as I shall never forget, "*promise* me that you will not put me into a mad-house, however this go. Do you *promise* me, now?" I solemnly did. "Not if I do quite lose my wits?" "Never, my Darling, oh compose thy poor terrified heart!" Another time, she punctually directed me about her *burial*, how her poor bits of possessions were to be distributed, this to one friend, that to another (in help of their necessities, for it was the *poor* sort she had chosen, old indigent Haddington figures),—what employment in the solitary night watches, on her bed of pain. ah me, ah me!

The house, by day especially, was full of confusion. Maggie Welsh had come at my solicitation,

and took a great deal of patient trouble (herself of an almost obstinate placidity), doing her best among the crowd of doctors, sick-nurses, visitors —I mostly sat aloft, sunk, or endeavouring to be sunk, in *work*, and till evening, only visited the sick-room at intervals,—first thing in the morning, perhaps about noon again, and always (if permissible) at three P M, when riding time came, etc etc.,—*if* permissible, for sometimes she was reported as “asleep” when I passed, though it oftenest proved to have been quiescence of exhaustion, not real sleep To this hour it is inconceivable to me how I could continue “working,” as I nevertheless certainly for much the most part did! About three times or so, on a morning it struck me, with a cold shudder as of conviction, that here did lie death, that my world must go to shivers, down to the abyss, and that “victory” never so complete, up in my garret, would not save *her*, nor indeed be possible without her I remember my morning walks, three of them or so, crushed under that ghastly spell But again I said to myself, “No man, doctor or other, *knows* anything about it. There is still what *appetite* there was, that I can myself understand”—and generally, before the day was done, I had decided to *hope* again, to keep hoping and working The *after*-cast of the Doctors’ futile opiates were generally the worst phenomena I remember her once coming out to the drawing-room sofa, perhaps about midnight, decided for trying that—ah me, in vain, palpably in vain, and what a look in those bonny eyes, vividly present to me yet, unaidable, and like to break one’s heart!

One scene with a Catholic sick-nurse I also remember well. A year or two before this time, she had gone with some acquaintance who was in quest of sick-nurses to an establishment under Catholic auspices, in Brompton somewhere (the acquaintance, a Protestant herself, expressing her "certain knowledge" that this Catholic was the one good kind),—where accordingly the aspect of matters, and especially the manner of the old French lady who was matron and manager, produced such a favourable impression, that I recollect my little Woman saying, "If I need a sick-nurse, that is the place I will apply at." Appliance now was made, a nun duly sent, in consequence—this was in the early weeks of the illness, *household* sick-nursing (Maggie's and that of the maids alternately) having sufficed till now. The nurse was a good-natured young Irish nun, with a good deal of brogue, a tolerable share of blarney too, all varnished to the due extent, and, for three nights or so, she answered very well. On the fourth night, to our surprise, though we found afterwards it was the common usage, there appeared a new Nun, new and very different,—an *elderly* French *young lady*, with broken English enough for her occasions, and a look of rigid earnestness, in fact, with the air of a life broken down into settled despondency, and abandonment of all hope that was not *ultra*-secular. An unfavourable change,—though the poor lady seemed intelligent, well-intentioned, and her heart-broken aspect inspired pity and good-wishes, if no attraction. She commenced by rather ostentatious performance of her nocturnal Prayers, "*Beata Maria*," or I know not what other

Latin stuff, which her poor Patient regarded with great vigilance, though still with what charity and tolerance were possible "You won't understand what I am saying or doing," said the Nun, "don't mind me" "Perhaps I understand it better than yourself," said the other (who had *Latin* from of old), and did "mind" more than was expected The dreary hours, no sleep, as usual, went on, and we heard nothing,—till about three A.M I was awakened (I, what never happened before or after, though my door was always left slightly ajar, and I was right above, usually a deep sleeper),—awakened by a vehement continuous ringing of my poor Darling's bell I flung on my dressing-gown, awoke Maggie by a word, and hurried down "Put away that woman!" cried my poor Jeannie vehemently, "away, not to come back!" I opened the door into the drawing-room, pointed to the sofa there, which had wraps and pillows plenty, and the poor Nun at once withdrew, looking and murmuring her regrets and apologies "What was she doing to thee, my own poor little Woman?" No very distinct answer was to be had then (and afterwards there was always a dislike to speak of that hideous bit of time at all, except on necessity), but I learned in general, that during the heavy hours loaded, every moment of them, with its misery, the Nun had gradually come forward with ghostly consolations, ill received, no doubt, and at length, with something more express, about "Blessed Virgin," "*Agnus Dei*," or whatever it might be, to which the answer had been "Hold your tongue, I tell you, or I will ring the bell!" Upon which the Nun had rushed forward with her dread-

fullest supernal admonitions, "*impenitent sinner*," etc, and a practical attempt to *prevent* the ringing Which only made it more immediate and more decisive. The poor woman expressed to Miss Welsh much regret, disappointment, real vexation and self-blame, lay silent, after that, amid her rugs, and disappeared, next morning, in a polite and soft manner never to reappear, she or any consort of hers I was really sorry for this heavy-laden, pious or quasi-pious and almost broken-hearted French-woman,—though we could perceive she was under the foul tutelage and guidance, probably, of some dirty muddy-minded semi-*felonious* Proselytising Irish Priest—but there was no help for her, in this instance, probably, in all England, she could not have found an agonised human soul more nobly and hopelessly superior to her and her *poisoned-gingerbread* "consolations"—This incident threw suddenly a glare of strange and far from pleasant light over the sublime Popish "Sisters of Charity" movement,—and none of us had the least notion to apply there henceforth

The doctors were many, Dr Quain (who would take no fees) the most assiduous, Dr Blakiston (ditto), from St. Leonard's, express, one time,—speaking hope, always, both of these, and most industrious to help,—with many more, whom I did not even see. When any *new* miraculous kind of Doctor was recommended as such, my poor struggling martyr, conscious too of grasping at mere straws, could not but wish to see him, and he came, did his mischief, and went away We had even (by sanction of Barnes, and indeed of sound sense never so sceptical)

a trial of "Animal Magnetism," two magnetisers, first a man, then a *quack* woman (evidently a conscious quack I perceived her to be),—who at least did no ill, *except* entirely disappoint (if that were much an exception) By everybody it had been agreed that a "change of scene" (as usual, when all else has failed) was the thing to be looked to "St. Leonard's so soon as the weather will permit!" said Dr Quain and everybody,—especially Dr Blakiston, who generously offered his house withal, "Infinitely more room than we need!" said the sanguine Blakiston always, and we dimly understood too, from his wife ("Bessie Barnet," an old inmate here, and of distinguished qualities and fortunes), that the doctor would accept "remuneration," though this proved quite a mistake Money for the use of two rooms in his house, we might have anticipated, but did not altogether, he would regard with sovereign superiority

It was early in March, perhaps 2d March 1864, a cold blowing damp and occasionally raining day, when the flitting thither took effect. Never shall I see again so sad and dispiriting a scene, hardly was the day of her last departure for Haddington, departure of what had once been She (the *instant* of *which*, they contrived to hide from me here) so miserable, for *she* at least was now suffering nothing, but safe in victorious rest for evermore—though then beyond expression suffering There was a railway "invalid carriage," so expressly adapted, so etc,—and evidently costing some ten or twelve times the common expense —this drove up to the door, Maggie and she to go in this Well do I

I recollect her look as they bore her downstairs full of nameless sorrow, yet of clearness, practical management, steady resolution, in a low small voice she gave her direction, once or twice, as the process went on, and practically it was under her wise management. The "invalid carriage" was hideous to look upon, black, low, base-looking,—and you entered it by window, as if it *were* a hearse. I knew well what she was thinking, but her eye never quailed, she gave her directions as heretofore, and, in a minute or two, we were all away. Twice or oftener in the journey, I visited Maggie and her in their prison—no complaint, but the "invalid carriage," in which I doubt if you could actually sit upright (if you were of *man's* stature or of tall woman's), was evidently a catch-penny humbug, and she freely admitted afterwards that she would never enter it again, and that in a "coupé to ourselves" she would have been far better. At St Leonard's, I remember, there was considerable waiting for "the horses" that should have been ready, a thrice bleak and dreary scene to all of us (*She* silent as a child), the arrival, the dismounting, the ascent of her quasi-bier up Blakiston's long stairs, etc, etc—ah me! Dr Blakiston was really kind. The sea was hoarsely moaning at our hand, the bleared skies sinking into darkness overhead. Within doors, however, all was really nice and well-provided (thanks to the skilful Mrs Blakiston), excellent drawing-room, and sitting-room, with bed for *her*, bedroom upstairs for Maggie, ditto for servant, within call, etc etc, all clean and quiet—a kind of hope did rise, perhaps even in her, at sight of all this. My mood, when I bethink me, was that

of deep misery frozen *torp'or*. singularly dark and stony,—strange to me now. due in part to the *Francia* incubus then. I had to be home again that night, by the last train,—miscalculated the distance, found no vehicle. and never in my life saved a train by so infinitesimally small a miss. I had taken mournfully tender leave of my poor much-suffering Heroine (speaking hope to her, when I could more readily have ‘lifted up my voice and wept’) I was to return in so many days if nothing went wrong. *at once*, if anything did—I lost nothing by that hurried ride, except at London Station or in the final cab, a velvet Cap of her old making, which I much regretted and still regret. ‘I will make you another cap if I get better,’ said she lovingly at our next meeting but she never did or perhaps well could. What matter? That would have made me still sornier, had I had it by me now. *Wae’s me, wae’s me!* [*Wae* is the Scotch *adjective* too. ‘*wae wae*,’—there is no word in English that will express what is my habitual mood in these months]

I was twice or perhaps thrice at St. Leonards (Warrior Square, Blakiston’s house, *right* end of it to the sea) Once I recollect being taken by Forster who was going on a kind of birthday Holiday with his Wife. Blakiston spoke always in a swaggering tone of hope, and there really was some improvement but, alas, it was small and slow. deep misery and pain still too visible and all we could say was, ‘We must try St. Leonards further. I shall be able to shift down to you in May’ My little Darling looked sweet gratitude upon me (so thankful always for ‘the gay of small things’)—out heaviness,

sorrow, and *want* of hope was written on her face, the sight filling me with sadness, though I always strove to be of Blakiston's opinion. One of my volumes (fourth, I conclude) was coming out at that time,—during the Forster visit, I remember there was some *review* of this volume, seemingly of a shallow impudent description, concerning which I privately applauded Forster's silent demeanour, and not Blakiston's vocal, one evening at Forster's inn. The dates, or even the number, of these sad preliminary visits, I do not now recollect: they were all of a sad and ambiguous complexion. At home, too, there daily came a letter from Maggie, but this in general, though it strove to look hopeful, was *ambiguity's* own self! Much driving in the open air, appetite where it was, sleep at least ditto: all this, I kept saying to myself, must lead to something good.

Dr Blakiston, it turned out, would accept no payment for his rooms, "a small furnished house of our own" became the only outlook, therefore,—and was got, and entered into, some time in April, some weeks before my arrival in May. Brother John, before this, had come to visit me here, ran down to St Leonard's one day, and, I could perceive, was silently intending to pass the summer with us at St. Leonard's. He did so, in an innocent, self-soothing, kindly and harmless way (the good soul, if good wishes would always suffice!)—and occasionally was of some benefit to us, though occasionally also not. It was a quiet sunny day of May when we went down together,—I read most of "Sterne's Life" (just out, by some Irishman, named Fitz-something),

looked out on the old *Wilhelmus Conquestor* localities, on Lewes, for one thing (de "*Le Ouse*,"—Ouse the dirty river there is *still* named), on Pevensey, Bexhill etc., with no unmixed feeling, yet not with absolute misery, as we rolled along I forget if Maggie Welsh was still there at St. Leonard's. My Darling, certain enough, came down to meet us, attempting to sit at dinner (by my request, or wish already signified), but too evidently it would not do. Mary Craik was sent for (from Belfast) instead of Maggie Welsh who "was wanted" at Liverpool, and did then or a few days afterwards return thither,—Mary Craik succeeding, who was very gentle, quiet, prudent, and did well in her post. Miss Jewsbury had *offered* "for a] fortnight,"—"say No, and write to Mary Craik," was my poor Jane's direction to me (more practical sense in her sick head, than in all the sound ones together!—So it was with her *throughout*)

I had settled all my Book affairs the best I could. I got at once installed into a poor closet on the ground-floor, with window to the north (keep that open and the door ajar, there will be fresh air!)—Book box was at once converted into Book press (of rough deal, but covered with newspaper *venezining* where necessary), and fairly held and kept at hand the main books I wanted, camp-desk, table or two, drawer or two, were put in immediate seasonablest use. In this closet there was hardly room to turn, and I felt as if crushed, all my apparatus and I, into a stocking, and *there* bidden *work*. But I really did it withal, to a respectable degree, Printer never pausing for me, work daily going on, and this doubtless

was my real anchorage in that sea of trouble, sadness and confusion, for the two months it endured I have spoken elsewhere of my poor Darling's hopeless wretchedness, which daily cut my heart, and might have cut a very stranger's those drives with her ("daily, one of your drives, is with *me*,"—and I saw her gratitude, poor soul, looking out through her despair, and sometimes she would *try* to talk to me, about street sights, persons etc., and it was like a bright lamp flickering out into extinction again), drives mainly on the streets, to escape the dust, or still dismaller if we did venture into the haggard, parched lanes, and their vile whirlwinds Oh my Darling, I would have cut the Universe in two for thee,—and *this* was all I had to share with thee, as we were!—

St Leonard's, now that I look back upon it, is very odious to my fancy, yet not without points of interest. I rode a great deal too,—two hours and a half daily my lowest stint, bathed also, and remember the bright morning air, bright Beachy Head and everlasting Sea, as things of blessing to me, the *old* lanes of Sussex too, old cottages, peasants, old vanishing ways of life, were abundantly touching but the *new* part, and it was all getting "new," was uniformly detestable and even horrible to me Nothing but dust, noise, squalor, and the universal tearing and digging as if of gigantic human *swine*, *not* finding any worms or roots that would be useful to them! The very "houses" they were building, each "a congeries of rotten bandboxes" (as our own poor "furnished house" had taught me, if I still needed teaching), were "built" as if for nomad apes,

not for men. The "moneys" to be realised, the etc. etc.: does or can God's blessing rest on all that? My dialogues with the dusty sceneries there (Fairlight, Crowhurst, Battle, Rye even and Winchelsea with the novelties and the antiquities, were very sad for most part and very grim.—here and there with a kind of wild interest too. Battle I did arrive at one evening through the chaotic roads. Battle in the rustle or silence of incipient dusk was really affecting to me—and I saw it to be a good post of fence for King Harold, and wondered if the Bastard did "land at Pevensey" or not near Hastings somewhere (Bexhill or so?) and what the marchings and preliminaries had really been. (Faithful study, continued for long years or decades upon the old Norman romances etc. and upon the ground, would still tell some fit person I believe! But there shrieks the railway "shares" at such and such a premium, let us make for home! My Brother for a few times at first used to accompany me on these rides: but soon gave in (not being bound to it like me) and Neggs¹ and I had nothing for it but solitary contemplation and "that mute "dialogue" with Nature and Art we could each get up for himself. I usually got home towards nine P.M. half-past eight the rigorous rule! and in a gray dusty evening from some windy hill-top or in the intricate old narrow lanes of a thousand years ago one's reflections were apt to be of a sombre sort.—My poor little Jeannie (thanks to her the loving one) would not fail to be waiting for me and sit trying to talk or listen, while I had tea trying her best sick and

¹ Captain, whose name was Newton Neggs in *William Pitt's*.

weary as she was , but always very soon withdrew after that , quite worn down, and longing for solitary *silence*, and even a *sleepless* bed, as was her likeliest prospect for most part How utterly sad is all that ! yes , and there is a kind of devout blessing in it too (so nobly was it borne, and conquered in a sort) , and I would not have it altered now, after what has come, if I even could

[*Sunday, 22d July*] We lived in the place called "Marina" (what a name !) almost quite at the west end of St Leonard's , a new house (bearing marks of thrifty, wise, and modestly-elegant habits in the old-lady owners just gone from it) , and for the rest, decidedly the *worst*-built house I have ever been within A scandal to human nature, it and its fellows , which are everywhere, and are not objected to by an enlightened public, as appears ! No more of *it*,—except our farewell malison , and pity for the poor Old Ladies who perhaps are still there !

My poor suffering woman had at first, for some weeks, a vestige of improvement, or at least of new hope and alleviation thereby she "slept" (or tried for sleep) in the one tolerable bedroom , second floor, fronting the sea , darkened and ventilated, made the tidiest we could , Miss Craik slept close by I remember our settlings for the night , my last journey up, to sit a few minutes, and see that the adjustments *were* complete,—a "Nun's lamp" was left glimmering within reach , my poor little woman *strove* to look as contented as she could, and to exchange a few friendly words with me as our last for the night. Then in the morning, there sometimes *had* been an hour or two of sleep , what news for us

all ! And even brother John, for a while, was admitted to step up and congratulate, after breakfast. But this didn't last, hardly into June, even in that slight degree. And the days were always heavy, so sad to her, so painful, dreary, without hope what a time, even in my *reflex* of it ! Dante's *Purgatory* I could now liken it to, both of us, especially my Loved One by me, "bent like corbels," under our unbearable loads as we wended on,—yet in me always with a kind of steadily glimmering hope ! Dante's *Purgatory*, not his *Hell*, for there was a sacred blessedness in it withal, not wholly the society of devils, but among *their* hootings and tormentings something still pointing afar off towards Heaven withal. Thank God !

At the *beginning* of June, she still had the feeling we were better here than elsewhere, by her direction, I warned the people we would not quit at "the end of June," as had been bargained, but "of July," as was also within our option, on due notice given. End of *June* proved to be the time, all the same, the Old Ladies (justly) refusing to *revoke*, and taking their full claim of money, poor old souls, very polite otherwise. Middle of June had not come when that bedroom became impossible "roaring of the sea," once a lullaby, now a little too loud, on some high-tide or west wind, kept her entirely awake. I exchanged bedrooms with her, "sea always a lullaby to *me*,"—but, that night, even I did not sleep one wink, upon which John exchanged with me, who lay to rearward, as I till then had done. Rearward we looked over a Mews (from this room), from her now room, into the paltry little "garden," overhead of

both were clay cliffs, multifarious dog and cock establishments (unquenchable by bribes paid), now and then stray troops of asses, etc etc what a lodging for my poor sufferer! Sleep became worse and worse, we spoke of shifting to Bexhill, "fine airy house to be let there" (fable when we went to look), then some quiet old country Inn? She drove one day (John etc escorting) to Battle, to examine, nothing there, or less than nothing. Chelsea home was at least quiet, wholesomely aired and clean but she had an absolute horror of her old *home* bedroom and drawing-room, where she had endured such tortments latterly. "We will new-paper them, rearrange them," said Miss Bromley, and this was actually done in August following (not by Miss Bromley). That "new-papering" was somehow to me the saddest of speculations. "Alas, Darling, is that all we can do for thee?" The weak *weakest* of resources, and yet what other had we! As June went on, things became worse and worse. The sequel is mentioned elsewhere. I will here put down only the successive steps and approximate dates of it.

June 29, after nine nights totally without sleep, she announced to us, with a fixity and with a clearness all her own, That she would leave this place to-morrow for London, try there, not in her own house, but in Mrs Forster's (Palace-Gate House, Kensington), which was not yet horrible to her. June 30 (John escorting), she set off by the noon train, Miss Bromley had come down to see her,—*could* only be allowed to see her in stepping into the train, so desperate was the situation, the mood so *adequate* to it a moment never to be forgotten

by me! How I "worked" afterwards that day is not on record. I dimly remember walking back with Miss Bromley and her lady-friend to their hotel, talking to them (as out of the heart of icebergs), and painfully somehow sinking into icy or stony rest, worthy of oblivion.

At Forster's there could hardly be a more dubious problem. My poor wandering martyr did get snatches of sleep there, but found the room so noisy, the scene so foreign etc, she took a further resolution in the course of the night and its watchings, sent for John, the first thing in the morning, bade him get places in the night-train for Annandale (my Sister Mary's, all kindness poor Mary, whom she always liked) "The Gill, we are not yet at the end *there*,—and Nithsdale too is that way!" John failed not, I dare say, in representations, counter-considerations, but she was coldly positive,—and go they did, express of about 330 miles. Poor Mary was loyal kindness itself, poor means made noble and more than opulent by the wealth of love and ready will and invention—I was seldom so agreeably surprised as by a letter in my Darling's own hand, narrating the heads of the adventure, briefly, with a kind of defiant satisfaction, and informing me that she *had* slept, that first Gill night, for almost nine hours! Whose joy like ours, durst we have hoped it would last, or even though we durst *not*! She staid about a week still there, Mary and kindred eager to get her carriages (rather helplessly in that particular), to do and attempt for her whatever was possible, but the success, in sleep especially, grew less and less in about a week, she

went on to Nithsdale, to Dr and Mrs Russell, and there slowly improving continued Improvement pretty constant, fresh air, driving, silence, kindness, by the time Mary Craik had got me flitted home to Chelsea, and herself went for Belfast, all this had steadily begun, and there were regular *letters* from her, etc, and I could work here with such an alleviation of spirits as had long been a stranger to me. In August (rooms all "new-papered," poor little Jeannie) she came back to me, actually there in the cab (John settling) when I ran downstairs, looking out on me with the old kind face, a little graver, I might have thought, but as quiet, as composed and wise and good as ever. This was the *end*, I might say, of by far the most *tragic* part of our Tragedy Act Fifth, though there lay Death in it, was nothing like so unhappy.

[*July 23*] The last epoch of my Darling's life is to be defined as almost *happy*, in comparison¹ It was still loaded with infirmities, bodily weakness, sleeplessness, continual or almost continual pain, and weary misery, so far as *body* was concerned, but her noble spirit seemed as if it now had its wings *fixed*, and rose above all that to a really singular degree. The Battle was over, and *we* were sore wounded, but the Battle was over, and *well*. It was remarked by everybody that she had never been observed so cheerful and bright of mind as in this last period. The poor *bodily* department, I constantly hoped this too was slowly recovering, and that there would remain to us a "sweet farewell" of sunshine after such a day of rains and storms, that would still last a blessed while, all *my* time at least, before the

end came And, alas, it lasted only about twenty months, and ended as I have seen It is beautiful still, all that period, the *death* very beautiful to me, and will continue so let me not repine, but patiently bear what I have got!—While the autumn weather continued good, she kept improving, I remember mornings when I found her quite wonderfully cheerful, as I looked in upon her bedroom in passing down, a bright ray of *mirth* in what she would say to me, inexpressibly pathetic, shining through the wreck of such storms as there had been How could I but hope?—It was an inestimable mercy to me (as I often remark) that I did at last throw aside everything for a few days, and actually get her that poor Brougham Never was soul more grateful for so small a kindness, which seemed to illuminate, in some sort, all her remaining days for her It was indeed useful, and necessary, as a means of health, but still more precious, I doubt not, as a mark of *my* regard for her,—ah me, she never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden miserable life, how *much* I had, at all times, regarded, loved and admired her No telling of her now,—“five minutes *more* of your dear company in this world, oh that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you *all!*” this is often my thought since April 21

Friedrich ended in January 1865, as above written, and we went to Devonshire together, still prospering and happy, she chiefly, though she was so weak And her talk with me, and with others there, nobody had such a charming tongue, for truth, discernment, graceful humour and ingenuity, ever patient too, and smiling over her many pains and

sorrows In May, while I had gone to Scotland, she took to refitting my room here (in the ground floor, and shifting me down from the garret), which she has done, how admirably, and with what labour, the noble loving unwearied little soul! Bad days, especially bad nights overtook her, and she fled, out of the *paint* etc (I could guess, though all remonstrances of mine were useless, about paint or whatever difficulty), and for a month I had her within reach of me, she in Nithsdale, I at The Gill in Annandale (my Sister Mary's poor little rustic farm-place), within an hour or so of her, by train, and we met (in spite of some disappointments) about weekly, I some three visits which I recollect, met *twice* at Dumfries at least,—and the last time I rode with her in the railway carriage to Annan, express for London she, with a new Maid she had acquired, I not to follow till the “room” were ready She was the charm of everybody, my poor weak Darling, especially good to *me* unworthy Oh my own, my own, now lost for ever! The stir and eager curiosities of the poor ignorant people about “T Carlyle,” in our old native land, I could see, were interesting and amusing to her, though she knew their folly and inanity as well as I Thanks to fate for that too There has been a great deal more of that since, and far too much of it on any ground it had, but except as pleasure to her, which it really was, as nothing else could have been (my own little Jeannie, loyal to me when there was none else loyal), it had as good as no value to me,—and has now absolutely none, or almost the reverse of one

She was surely very feeble in the Devonshire

time (March, etc, 1865), but I remember her as wonderfully happy, she had long dialogues with Lady Ashburton, used to talk so prettily with me, when I called, in passing up to bed and down from it, she made no complaint, when driving daily through the lanes—sometimes regretted her own poor Brougham and “Bellona” (as “still more one’s own”), and contrasted her situation as to *carriage* convenience, with that of far richer ladies “They have £30,000 a year, cannot command a decent or comfortable vehicle here (*then* vehicles all locked up, 400 miles off, in these wanderings), while *we*—” The Lady Ashburton was kindness itself to her, and we all came up to Town together, rather in improved health she, I not visibly so, being now *vacant* and on the *collapse*,—which is yet hardly over, or fairly on the turn Will it ever be? I have sometimes thought this dreadful unexpected stroke might perhaps be *providential* withal upon me, and that there lay some other little *work* to do, under changed conditions, before I died God enable me, if so God knows

In Nithsdale, last year, it is yet only fourteen months ago (ah me) how beautiful she was, our three or four half or *quarter* days together, how unique in their sad charm as I now recal them from beyond the grave! That day at Russell’s, in the garden etc at Holmhill, so poorly she, forlorn of outlook (one would have said, one outlook ahead, that of *getting me this room trimmed up*,—the darling ever-loving soul!)—and yet so lively, sprightly even, for my poor sake, “Sir William Gomm” (old Peninsular and Indian General, who had been reading *Friedrich* when she left), what a sparkle that

was, her little slap on the table, and arch look, when telling us of him and it! And her own *right* hand was lame, she had only her left to slap with. I cut the meat for her, on her plate, that day at dinner. And our drive to the station at seven P M, so sweet, so pure and sad. "We must retrench, Dear!" (in my telling her of some foolish *Bank*-adventure with the *diast* I had left her, "retrench!" oh dear, oh dear!)—Among the last things, she told me that evening was, with deep sympathy, "Mr Thomson" (a Virginian who sometimes came) "called, one night, he says there is little doubt they will hang President Davis!" Upon which I almost resolved to write a Pamphlet upon it,—had not I myself been so ignorant about the matter, so foreign to the whole abominable fratricidal "War" (as they called it, "self-murder of a million brother Englishmen, for the sake of sheer *phantasms*, and totally *false* theories upon the Nigger," as I had reckoned it). In a day or two I found I could not enter upon that thrice-abject Nigger-delirium (viler to me than old witchcraft, or the ravings of John of Munster, considerably viler), and that probably I should do poor Davis nothing but harm.

The second day, at good old Mrs Ewart's, of Nithbank, is still finer to me. Waiting for me with the carriage, "Better, Dear, fairly better since, I shifted to Nithbank!"—the "dinner" ahead there (to my horror), her cautious charming preparation of me for it, our calls at Thornhill (new servant "Jessie," admiring old tailor women,—no, *they* were not of the Shankland kind,¹—wearisome old women,

¹ "A Tailor at Thornhill" (Shankland) "who had vehemently laid

whom *she* had such an interest in, almost wholly for *my* sake), then our long drive through the Drumlanrig woods, with such talk from her (careless of the shower that fell, battering on our hood and apron), in spite of my habitual dispiritment, and helpless gloom all that summer, I too was cheered for the time. And then the dinner itself, and the bustling rustic company, all this, too, was saved by her, with a quiet little touch here and there, she actually turned it into something of *artistic*, and it was pleasant to everybody—I was at two or perhaps three dinners, after this, along with her, in London. I partly remarked, what is now clearer to me, with what easy perfection she had taken her position in these things, that of a person *recognised* for quietly *superior* if she cared to be so, and also of a suffering aged woman, accepting her age, and feebleness, with such a grace, polite composure and simplicity as—as all of you might imitate, impartial bystanders would have said! The Minister's Assistant, poor young fellow, was gently ordered out by her, to sing *me*, "Hame cam our gudeman at e'en,"—which made him completely happy, and set the dull drawing-room all into illumination till tea entered. He, the assistant, took me to the station (too late for *her* that evening)

The third day was at Dumfries, Sister Jean's and the Railway Station more hampered and obstructed, but still good,—beautiful as ever on her part.

to heart the *Characteristics* was also a glad phenomenon to me. Let a million voices cry out, How clever! it is still nothing. Let one voice cry out, How true! it lends us quite a new force and encouragement."
—*Chicle's Journal*, 6th June 1832

Dumb Turner, at the Station, etc., evening falling, ruddy opulence of sky,—how beautiful, how brief and *wac*!—The fourth time was only a ride from Dumfries to Annan, as she went home sad and afflictive to me, seeing such a journey ahead for her (and nothing but the new “*Jessie*,” as attendant, some carriages off), I little thought it was to be the *last* bit of railwaying we did together. These, I believe, were all our meetings in the Scotland of last year. One day I stood watching “her train” at The Gill, as appointed, Brother Jamie too had been summoned over by her desire but at Dumfries she felt so weak, in the hot day, she could only lie down on the sofa, and sadly send John in her stead. Brother Jamie, whose rustic equipose, fidelity and sharp vernacular sense, she specially loved, was not to behold her at this time or evermore.

[*25th July* Have to go into my writing-case, and sort and reposit her *last* Letters, and the rings and a *buckle*,—*could* not yesterday.]

She was waiting for me the night I returned hither, she had hurried back from her little visit to Miss Bromley¹ (after the “room” operation), must and would be here to receive *me*. She stood there, bright of face and of soul, her drawing-room all bright, and everything to the last film of it in order, had arrived only two or three hours before, and here again *we* were. Such welcome, after my vile day of railwaying, like Jonah in the whale’s belly! That was always her way, bright home, with its bright face, full of love, and

¹ Visit to Miss Davenport Bromley at Folkestone

victorious over all disorder, always shone on me like a star as I journeyed and jumbled along amid the shriekeries and miseries. Such welcomes could not await me for ever, I little knew this was the last of them on Earth. My *next*,—for a thousand years, I should never forget the next (of April 23, 1866)! which now was lying only some six months away. I might have seen she was very feeble, that, but I noticed only [how] refinedly beautiful she was, and thought of no sorrow ahead,—did not even think, as I now do, how it was that she was beautifuller than ever, as if years and sorrows had only “worn” the noble texture of her being into greater *fineness*, the colour and tissue still all complete!—That night she said nothing of the room here (down below), but next morning, after breakfast, led me down, with a quiet smile, expecting her little triumph,—and contentedly had it, though I knew not at first the tenth part of her merits in regard to that poor enterprise, or how consummately it had been *done* to the bottom, in spite of her weakness (the noble heart!), and I think (remorsefully) I *never* praised her *enough* for her efforts and successes in regard to it. Too late now!

My return was about the middle of September, *she* never travelled more, except daily up and down among her widish circle of friends, of whom she seemed to grow fonder and fonder, though generally their qualities were of the *affectionate* and faithfully *honest* kind, and not of the *distinguished*, as a requisite. She was always very cheerful, and had businesses enough,—though I recollect some mornings, one in particular, when the sight of her dear

face (haggard from the miseries of the past night) was a kind of shock to me. Thoughtless mortal —she rallied always so soon, and veiled her miseries away —I was myself the most collapsed of men, and had no sunshine in my life but what came from *her*. Our old laundress, Mrs Cook, a very meritorious and very poor and courageous woman, age eighty or more, had fairly fallen useless that Autumn, and gone into the Workhouse. I remember a great deal of trouble taken about her, and the search for her, and settlement of her, —such driving and abstruse inquiry in the slums of Westminster, and to the Workhouses indicated, discovery of her at length, in the *chaos* of some Kensington Union (a truly *cosmic* body, herself, this poor old Cook), with instantaneous stir in all directions (consulting with Rector Blunt, interviews with Poor-Law Guardians etc, etc.), —and no rest till the poor old Mrs Cook was got promoted into some quiet *cosmic* arrangement, small cell or “cottage” of your own somewhere, with liberty to read, to be clean, and to accept a packet of tea, if any friend gave you one, etc, etc —a *good* little “triumph” to my Darling, —I think perhaps the best she had that spring or winter, and the last *till* my business and the final one. Of our Rectorship, and what came of *it*, there is already some record given (*Own Notebook*, marked “Notebook III,” last pages there)¹

We were peaceable and happy (comparatively) through autumn and winter—especially she was, wonderfully bearing her sleepless nights and thousand-

¹ What follows, on to p. 255 (see footnote there), is taken from the Notebook here referred to, and runs consecutively.

fold infirmities, and gently picking out of them (my beautiful little heroine!) more bright fragments for herself and me than many a one in perfect health and overflowing prosperity could have done. She had one or two select quality friends among her many others,—Dorager Lady William Russell is the only one I will name, who loved her like a daughter, and was charmed with her talents and graces, often astonishing certain quality *snoobs* by the way she treated *her*, the *untitled* queen. “Mr Carlyle a great man, yes, but Mrs Carlyle, let me inform you, is no less great as a woman.” Which used to amuse my little Darling,—not that she needed protection in such circles, from the first, her self-possession there, as everywhere, was complete, though her modesty and graceful bashfulness were also great. For timid modesty, with perfect simplicity, composure, veracity and grace of demeanour, in entering such scenes, I have never seen her equal. One or two such *entrances* of hers I remember yet (with my very heart), as surpassingly beautiful! Lady William’s pretty little “dinners of three” were every week or two an agreeable and beneficial event,—to me also, who heard the *report* of them given with such lucidity and charm.

End of October came somebody about the Edinburgh Rectorship (to which she gently advised me), beginning of November I was elected, and an inane though rather amusing hurlyburly of empty congratulations, imaginary businesses, etc. etc. began—the *end* of which has been so fatally tragical! Many were our plans and speculations about her going with *me*, to lodge at Newbattle, at etc., the

heaps of frivolous letters lying every morning at breakfast, and which did not entirely cease all winter, were a kind of entertainment to her, and then, onwards into March, when the *Address* and Journey had to be thought of as practical and close at hand. She decided, *unwillingly*, and with various hesitations *not* to go with me to Edinburgh, in the inclement weather, not to go even to Fryston (Lord Houghton's, Richard Milnes's), as to Edinburgh, she said one day, "You are to speak extempore" (this she more than once clearly advised, and with sound insight), "now if any thing should happen you, I find on any sudden alarm there is a sharp twinge comes into my back, which is like to cut my breath, and seems to stop the heart almost, I should take some fit in the crowded House,—it will never do, really!" Alas, the doctors now tell me, this meant an affection in some ganglion near the spine, and was a most serious thing, though I did not attach importance to it, but only assented to her practical conclusion as perfectly just. She lovingly bantered and beautifully encouraged me about my Speech, and its hateful ceremonials and empty botherations, which for a couple of weeks were giving me, and her through me, considerable trouble, interruption of sleep, etc. so beautifully borne by her (for my sake),—so much less so by me for hers. In fact I was very miserable (angry with myself for getting into such a coil of vanity, sadly ill in health), and her noble example did not teach me as it should. Sorrow to me now, when too late!

Thursday—[But I will give over, no end to paltry interruptions, and poor trivialities bursting

in upon my most sacred thoughts (*Monday, 7th May, 2½ P M*)]—Thursday 29th March, about nine A M, all was ready here (she softly regulating and forwarding, as her wont was), and Professor Tyndall, full of good spirits, appeared with a cab for King's Cross Station,—Fryston Hall to be our lodging till Saturday and Edinburgh I was in the saddest sickly mood, full of gloom and misery, but striving to hide it, she too looked very pale and ill, but seemed intent only on forgetting nothing that could further me A little flask, holding perhaps two glasses, of fine brandy, she brought me as a thought of her own—I did keep a little drop of that brandy (*hers*, such was a superstition I had), and mixed it in a tumbler of water in that wild scene of the Address,—and afterwards told her I had done so thank Heaven that I remembered that in one of my hurried Notes The last I saw of her was as she stood with her back to the Parlour-door to bid me her good-bye She kissed me twice (she me once, I her a second time), and—oh blind mortals, my one wish and hope was to get back to her again, and be in peace under her bright welcome,—for the rest of my days, as it were!

Tyndall was kind, cheery, inventive, helpful the loyalest *Son* could not have more faithfully striven to support his father, under every difficulty that rose And they were many At Fryston, no sleep was to be had for *railways* etc, I had two nights, the *first* and the *last*, that were totally hideous,—and the terror lay in them that speaking would be impossible, that I should utterly break down,—to which, indeed, I had in my mind said, "Well then,"

and was preparing to treat it with the best *contempt* I could Tyndall wrote daily to her, and kept up better hopes, by a long gallop with me the second day, he did get me one good six hours of sleep, and to her made doubtless the most of it I knew dismally what her anxieties would be, but trust well he reduced them to their *minimum* Lord Houghton's and Lady's, kindness to me was unbounded, *she* also was to have been there, but I was thankful not — Saturday (to *York* etc with Houghton, thence, after long wet loiterings to Edinburgh with Tyndall and Huxley) was the *acme* of the three road-days,—my own comfort was that there could be no post to her, —and I arrived at Edinburgh, the forlornest of all physical wretches, and had it not been for the kindness of the good Erskines and of their people too, I should have had no sleep there either, and have gone probably from bad to worse But Tyndall's letter of Sunday would be comforting, and my poor little Darling would still be in hope, that Monday morning, though of course in the painfullest anxiety (Tyndall's *telegram* to come to her in the afternoon),—and I know she had quite "gone off her sleep," in those five days since I had left.

Monday at Edinburgh was to me the gloomiest chaotic day, nearly intolerable for confusion, crowding, noisy inanity and misery,—till once I got done My Speech was delivered as if in a mood of defiant despair, and under the pressure of nightmares Some feeling that I was *not* speaking lies, alone sustained me The applause etc, I took for empty noise, which it really was not altogether the instant I found myself loose, I hurried joyfully out of it, over

to my Brother's Lodging (73 George Street, near by), to the Students all crowding and shouting round me, I raised my hand prohibitively at the door, perhaps lifted my hat, and they gave but one cheer more,—something in the tone of *it*, which did for the first time go into my heart: "Poor young men, so well affected to the poor old brother or grandfather here, and in such a black whirlpool of a world here, all of us!"—Brother Jamie, and Son, etc., were sitting within, Erskine and I went silently walking through the streets, and at night was a kind but wearing and wearying congratulatory dinner Followed by others such; unwholesome to me, not joyful to me, and endured as duties, little more.—But that same afternoon, Tyndall's telegram, emphatic to the uttermost ("A perfect triumph," the three words of it, arrived here; a joy of joys to my own little Heroine (so beautiful her description of it to me),—which was its one value to me, nearly *naught* otherwise (in very truth), and the *last* of such that could henceforth have any such addition made to it. Alas all "additions" are now ended, and the thing added to has become only a pain. But I do thank Heaven for this last favour to her that so loved me; and it will remain a joy to me, if my last in this world. She had to dine with Forster and Dickens that evening, and their way of receiving her good news seemed to have charmed her as much almost as the news itself. From that day forward her little heart appears to have been fuller and fuller of joy, newspapers, etc. etc. making such a jubilation (foolish people, as if "the Address" were anything, or had contained the least thing in it which had not

been told you already!) She went out for a two days to Mrs Oliphant at Windsor, recovered her sleep, to the old poor average, or nearly so, and by every testimony, and all the evidence I myself have, was not for many years, if ever, seen in such fine spirits and so hopeful and joyfully serene and victorious frame of mind,—till the last moment Noble little Heart, her painful, much enduring, much endeavouring little History now at last crowned with plain victory, in sight of her own people, and of all the world, everybody now obliged to say my Jeannie was not wrong, she was right, and has made it good! Surely for this I should be grateful to Heaven, for this, amid the immeasurable wreck that was preparing for us She had from an early period formed her own little opinion about *me* (what an Eldorado to me, ungrateful being, blind, ungrateful, condemnable, and heavy-laden, and crushed down into blindness by great misery, as I oftenest was!)—and she never flinched from it an instant, I think, or cared or counted what the world said *to the contrary* (very brave, magnanimous, and noble, truly, she was in all this), but to have the world confirm her in it was always a sensible pleasure, which she took no pains to hide, especially from me She lived nineteen days after that Edinburgh Monday, on the nineteenth (April 21, 1866, between three and four P M, as near as I can gather and sift), suddenly as by a thunderbolt from skies all blue, she was snatched from me a “death from the gods,” the old Romans would have called it, the kind of death she many a time expressed her wish for and in all my life (as I feel ever since) there fell on me no misfortune

like it,—which has smitten my whole world into universal wreck (unless I can repair it in some small measure), and extinguished whatever light of cheerfulness, and loving hopefulness life still had in it to me

The paragraph in *The Times* (Monday, 23d April), which I believe is by Dr Quain (a most kind Physician of hers), contains in briefest compass the true Narrative of her Death,—which I have searched into all the items of, but have no wish or need to record here *on paper*, as if *they* were liable to be forgotten, or erased from the poor heart of me while I live here. She had “lunched” (dined, for *her*) with the Forsters that day, who noticed her especial cheerfulness and well-being, “Carlyle coming home the day after to-morrow!” She drove away, perhaps towards three P.M., walked (about a hundred and fifty yards) in Kensington Gardens, got in again south end of Serpentine Bridge, set out that wretched little dog to run by her near “Victoria Gate” (north-east corner of the Park), swift brougham hurting its foot, instant spring out to help *it* (though she little loved it, and had taken it only by charity, woe to it!), return of the swift-brougham Lady to apologise (*in* the footpath out [of the brougham], this, opposite Stanhope Place), re-ascent into her carriage, and Sylvester driving on—this was the last act of her to me inestimable life! She had laid off her bonnet, taken out two combs (that sharp prick in the back stopping heart and lungs), laid her hands on her lap, right-hand back uppermost, left-hand palm uppermost, and leaning in the left-hand corner of her carriage, she lay dead! Death, they tell me, must

have followed almost instantly,—her last brief thought, if she had any, must have been a pang of sorrow about *me*. God be gracious to her through Eternity—and oh to be joined with her again, if that is not too fond a thought, free both of us from sin, for evermore, that were indeed a Heaven!— — Silvester seems to have spent still about three-quarters of an hour, suspecting nothing wrong, drove down by the Big Drive, then up by the Serpentine, and down by the Victoria Gate and Big Drive once more, at the bottom of that, he half paused for orders, getting none, looked back over the blinds, saw the two hands, turned up by the Serpentine again, but after a few yards, looking back, saw the dear little hands again,—drove towards an elderly Lady near by, in the path *beyond* Rotten Row, begged her to look in, she half did, elderly Gentleman near her wholly did, pronounced it death to all appearance, and recommended him to hasten over to St George's Hospital, which he in a moment did. All in vain, in vain! Her look of peace, of beautiful absolute repose had struck them much, very kind, very helpful to *me*, if to no other,—everybody was For, as I learned ultimately, had it not been for their and John Forster's, and Dr Quain's and everybody's mercy on me, there must have been, by rule, a Coroner's Inquest held,—which would have been a blotch upon my memory intolerable then, and discordantly ugly for all time coming. It is to Foister's unwearied and invincible efforts, that I am indebted for escape from this sad defilement of my feelings. Indeed *his* kindness then, and all through, in every particular and detail was *unexampled*, of a cordiality

and assiduity almost painful to me thanks to him and perpetual recollection

Saturday night about half-past nine, I was sitting in Sister Jean's at Dumfries, thinking of my Railway to Chelsea on Monday, and perhaps of a sprained ankle I had got at Scotsbrig two weeks or so before,—when the fatal telegram (two of them in succession) came, it had a kind of *stunning* effect upon me, not for above two days could I estimate the immeasurable depth of it, or the infinite sorrow which had peeled my life all bare, and, in one moment, shattered my poor world to universal ruin. They took me out next day, to wander (as was medically needful) in the green sunny Sabbath fields, and ever and anon there rose from my sick heart the ejaculation "My poor little Woman!"—but no full gush of tears came to my relief, nor has yet come, will it ever? A stony "Woe's me, woe's me!" sometimes with infinite tenderness, and pity not for myself, is my habitual mood hitherto. I had been hitching lamely about in the Terregles quarter, my company the green solitudes and fresh Spring breezes,—quietly but far from happily,—about the hour she died. Sixteen hours *after* the telegram,—(Sunday about two P.M.) there came to me a *Letter* from her, written on Saturday before going out, the cheeriest and merriest of all her several prior ones,—a Note for *her* written at Scotsbrig, Friday morning, and which *should* have been a pleasure to her at breakfast that morning was not put in till *after* six at Ecclefechan (negligence of——, excusable, but unforgettable), had not left Ecclefechan till ten P.M., nor arrived till two P.M. next day, and lay *unopened* here.

Monday morning, John set off with me for London,—never, for a thousand years, should I forget that arrival here of ours,—my first *unwel-*comed by her, *she* lay in her coffin, lovely in death, I kissed her cold brow pale Death and things not mine or *ours* had possession of our poor dwelling Next day wander over the fatal localities in Hyde Park, Forster and Brother John settling, apart from me, everything for the morrow Morrow, Wednesday morning, we were under way with our sacred burden, John and Forster kindly did not speak to me (good Twisleton¹ too was in the train without consulting me) I looked out upon the Spring fields, the everlasting Skies, in silence, and had for most part a more endurable day,—till Haddington where Dods etc. were waiting with hospitalities, with etc. etc. which almost drove me openly wild I went out to walk in the moonlit silent streets, *not* suffered to go alone I looked up at the windows of the old Room where I had first seen her,—1821 on a Summer evening after Sunset,—five and forty years ago Edward Irving had brought me out, walking, to Haddington, *she* the first thing I had to see there The beautifullest young creature I had ever beheld, sparkling with grace and talent, though sunk in sorrow (for loss of her Father),² and speaking little I noticed her once looking at me,—Oh Heaven, to think of that now!—

The Dodses (excellent people in their honest homely way) had great pity for me, patience with

¹ The Hon. Edward Twisleton, died 1874, aged 63

² Dr. Welsh died September 1819

me, I retired to my room, slept none all night,—little sleep to me since that telegram night,—but lay silent in the great Silence Thursday (26th April 1866), wandered out into the Churchyard etc at one P.M. came the Funeral, silent, small (only twelve old friends, and two *volunteer*, besides us three), very beautiful and noble to me and I laid her head in the grave of her Father (according to covenant of forty years back), and all was ended In the nave of the old Abbey Kirk, long a ruin, now being saved from further decay, with the skies looking down on her, there sleeps my little Jeannie, and the light of her face will never shine on me more. One other time,—after the *Inscription* is put on,—I have promised myself to be in Haddington We withdrew, that afternoon, posted up (by Edinburgh with its many confusions) towards London all night, and about ten or eleven A.M. were shovelled out here, where I am hitching and wandering about, best off in strict solitude (were it only possible), my one solace and employment that of doing all which I can imagine *she* would have liked me to do Maggie Welsh and my Brother are still with me.—I suppose it to be useless to continue these jottings (Book probably to be *burnt* from all other eyes, and to myself painful!)—but perhaps will add something to-morrow still. [8th May 1866, 9th I find ']

Thursday, May 10 (Days all dim to me, yesterday I was *wrong* in date) My one solace and employment hitherto is that of sorting up, and settling as I judge *she* would have wished, all that pertained to her beautiful existence and her *her* advice on it all, how *that* wish starts out on me

strangely at many a turn, and the sharp twinge that reminds me, "No!" One's first *awakening* in the morning, the reality all stripped so *bare* before one, and the puddle of confused dreams at once gone, is the ghastliest half-hour of the day,—as I have heard others remark. On the whole there is no use in writing here. There is even a lack of *sincerity* in what I write (strange but true). The thing I *would* say, I cannot. All words are idle¹

MISS JEWSEBURY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BURNING OF THE CANDLES

"On that miserable night, when we were preparing to receive her, Mrs. Warren came to me and said, that one time when she was very ill, she said to her, that when the last had come, she was to go upstairs into the closet of the spare room and there she would find two wax candles wrapt in paper, and that those were to be lighted, and burned. She said that after she came to live in London, she wanted to give a party. Her mother was staying with her. Her mother wished everything to be very nice, and went out and bought candles and confectionery and set out a table, and lighted up the room quite splendidly, and called her to come and see it, when all was prepared. *She* was angry, she said people would say she was extravagant, and would ruin her husband. She took away two of the candles and some of the cakes. Her mother was hurt, and began to weep [I remember the "soirée" well, heard nothing of *this*!—F. C.] *She* was pained at once at what she had done, she tried to comfort her, and was dreadfully sorry. She took the candles and wrapped them up, and put them where they could be easily found. We found them and lighted them, and did as she had desired. G. E. J."

What a strange, beautiful, sublime and almost terrible little action, silently resolved on, and kept

¹ The extract from Notebook III ends here. See *supra*, p. 243.

² The Carlyles' housekeeper at Chelsea.

silent from all the Earth, for perhaps twenty-four years! I never heard a whisper of it, and yet see it to be *true*. The visit must have been about 1837, I remember the 'soirée' right well, the resolution, bright as with heavenly tears and lightning, was probably formed on her mother's death, February 1842. My radiant One! Must question Warren the first time I have heard (29th May 1866)

I have had from Mrs Warren a clear narrative (shortly after the above date). Geraldine's report is perfectly true, fact with Mrs Warren occurred in February or March 1866, "perhaps a month before you went to Edinburgh, sir". I was in the house, it seems, probably asleep upstairs, or gone out for my walk, evening about eight o'clock. My poor Darling was taken with some bad fit ("nausea," and stomach misery perhaps), and had rung for Mrs Warren, by whom, with some sip of warm liquid, and gentle words, she was soon gradually relieved. Being very grateful and still very miserable and low, she addressed Mrs Warren as above, "When the last has come, Mrs Warren," and gave her, with brevity, a statement of the case, and exacted her promise, which the other, with cheering counter-words ("Oh, madam, what is all this! you will see me die first!") hypothetically gave. All this was wiped clean away before I got in, I seem to myself to half recollect one evening, when she did complain of 'nausea so habitual now,' and looked extremely miserable, while I sat at tea (pour it out she always would, herself drinking only hot water, oh heavens!) The candles burnt for two whole nights, says Mrs Warren (24th July 1866)

[From this point every vacant space of the Notebook being used, Carlyle continues, on a separate paper, wafered on to the last page of it]

The paper of this poor Notebook of hers is done, all I had to say, too (though there lie such volumes yet unsaid), seems to be almost done and I must sorrowfully end it, and seek for something else. Very sorrowfully still, for it has been my sacred shrine, and religious city of refuge from the bitterness of these sorrows, during all the doleful weeks that are past since I took it up—a kind of *devotional* thing (as I once already said), which *softens* all grief into tenderness and infinite pity and repentant love, one's whole sad *life* drowned as if in *tears* for one, and all the wrath and scorn and other grim elements silently melted away. And now, am I to *leave* it, to take farewell of *Her* a second time? Right silent and serene is *She*, my lost Darling yonder, as I often think in my gloom, no sorrow more for *Her*,—nor will there long be for me.

Everything admonishes me to *end* here my poor scrawlings and weak reminiscences of days that are no more.

I still mainly mean to *burn* this Book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, "Not yet, wait, any day that can be done!"—and that it is possible the thing *may* be left behind me, legible to interested survivors,—*friends* only, I will hope, and with *worthy* curiosity, not *unworthy*!

In which event, I solemnly forbid them, each and

all, to *publish* this Bit of Writing *as it stands here*, and warn them that *without fit editing* no *part* of it should be printed (nor so far as I can order, *shall* ever be),—and that the '*fit editing*' of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become *impossible*

T C (Saturday, 28th July 1866)

APPENDIX

CARLYLE'S BEQUEST OF CRAIGENPUTTOCK TO THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH¹

I, THOMAS CARLYLE, residing at Chelsea, presently Rector of the University of Edinburgh, from the love, favour, and affection which I bear to that University, and from my interest in the advancement of education in my native Scotland, as elsewhere, for these, and for other more peculiar reasons, which also I wish to put on record, do intend, and am now in the act of making, to the said University, a bequest as underwritten, of the estate of Craigenputtock, which is now my property Craigenputtock, or, for distinction, Upper Craigenputtock (a wing of it having been sold some seventy or eighty years ago, which is now called Under Craigenputtock), lies at the head of the parish of Dunscore, in Nithsdale, Dumfriesshire, extent is of about 800 acres—improved moor pastures, *ditto* arable ground, *ditto* meadow pasture, with rather copious plantations, solid enough mansion and offices, rental at present (on lease of nineteen years) is £250, annual worth, with improvements now in progress, is probably £300 Craigenputtock was for many generations the patrimony of a family named Welsh—the eldest son usually a “John Welsh”—in series

¹ This Deed incorporates Carlyle's original draft of instructions to the Lawyer, which is now preserved in the University of Edinburgh

going back, think some, to the famous John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer Knox The last male heir of this family was John Welsh, Esq, surgeon, Haddington (born at Craigenputtock in seventeen hundred and seventy-five, died at Haddington in eighteen hundred and nineteen, a highly-honoured, widely-regretted man, and is buried in the Abbey Kirk of that town), his one child, and heiress, was my late dear, magnanimous, much-loving, and to me inestimable wife, in memory of whom, and of her constant nobleness and piety towards him and towards me, I now, she having been the last of her kindred, am about to bequeath to Edinburgh University, with whatever piety is in me, this Craigenputtock which was theirs and hers, on the terms, and for the purposes, and under the conditions underwritten Therefore I do mortify and dispoⁿe to and in favour of the said University of Edinburgh, and of the Principal and whole other members of the Senatus Academicus thereof, and of their successors in offices for beho^oof of the said University, for the foundation and endowment of ten equal bursaries, to be called the "John Welsh Bursaries," in the said University, heritably and irredeemably, all and whole the twenty-shilling lands of Upper Craigenputtock, with houses, biggings, yards, orchyards, mosses, moors, meadows, outfield, infield, annexes, connexes, parts, pendicles, and pertinents thereof whatsoever, lying within the parish of Dunsmore or Dunscore and Sheriffdom of Dumfries, according to the ancient meiths and marches thereof, as said lands are described in notarial instrument in my favour, recorded in the particular register of sasines, etc., kept at Dumfries for the shire thereof, and the Stewartries of Kirkcudbright and Annandale, the fourteenth day of June eighteen hundred and sixty-six, but these presents are granted and shall be accepted by the said University and Senatus Acad

micus thereof, on the terms, for the purposes, and under the conditions hereinafter written, viz —Said estate is not to be sold, but to be kept and administered as land, net annual revenue of it to be divided into ten equal bursaries, to be called, as aforesaid, the “John Welsh” Bursaries The Senatus Academicus to bestow them on the ten applicants entering the University who, on strict and thorough examination and open competitive trial by examiners whom the Senatus will appoint for that end, are judged to show the best attainments of actual proficiency and the best likelihoods of more, in the department or faculty called of arts, as taught there, examiners to be actual professors in said faculty, the fittest whom the Senatus can select, with fit assessors or coadjutors and witnesses if the Senatus see good, and always the report of said examiners to be minuted and signed, and to govern the appointments made, and to be recorded therewith More specially, I appoint that five of the “John Welsh Bursaries” shall be given for best proficiency in Mathematics (I would rather say “in Mathesis,” if that were a thing to be judged of from competition), but practically, above all, in pure geometry, such being perennially the symptom, not only of steady application, but of a clear methodic intellect, and offering, in all epochs, good promise for all manner of arts and pursuits The other five bursaries I appoint to depend (for the present and indefinitely onwards) on proficiency in classical learning—that is to say, in knowledge of Latin, Greek, and English, all of these, or any two of them This also gives good promise of a young mind, but as I do not feel certain that it gives perennially, or will perennially be thought in Universities to give the best promise, I am willing that the Senatus of the University, in case of a change of its opinion on this point hereafter in the course of generations, shall

bestow these latter five bursaries on what it does then consider the most excellent proficiency in matters classical, or the best proof of a classical mind, and directs its own highest effort towards teaching and diffusing, in the new generations that will come. In brief—five bursaries for proficiency in mathematics, especially in pure geometry, and five for proficiency in classics, Latin and Greek, and English—this, so far as we can practically see ahead at present, yet with liberty to modify the latter five, should new and better light arise, and the Senatus come to be convinced that such light is better, expresses my intention and desire in regard to occupants of the “John Welsh” Bursaries. Bursaries to be open to free competition of all who come to study in Edinburgh University, and who have never been of any other university, the competition to be held on, or directly before or after, their first matriculation there. Bursaries to be always given, on solemnly strict and faithful trial, to the worthiest, or if (what in practice can never happen, though it illustrates my intention) the claims of two were absolutely equal, and could not be settled by further trial, preference is to fall in favour of the more unrecommended and unfriended. Under penalties graver than I, or any highest mortal, can pretend to impose, but which I can never doubt—as the law of eternal justice, inexorably valid, whether noticed or unnoticed, pervades all corners of space and of time, are very sure to be punctually exacted if incurred, this is to be the perpetual rule for the Senatus in deciding. Bursars are to continue actual students in the Faculty of Arts, and to be visibly attending one or more classes in the same, so long as their bursary lasts, are not permitted to hold any other bursary or similar endowment in the University, are permitted to compete for any other bursary, scholarship, or fellowship falling open there, but, if successful, shall renounce the bursary they

held Bursaries to last till the usual term of admittance to trial for graduation as Master of Arts (that is, for four years as things now stand), or till decease or misbehaviour of the holder, if sooner, new appointment to be made at opening of next University Session And so may a little trace of help, to the young heroic soul struggling for what is highest, spring from this poor arrangement and bequest, may it run, for ever, if it can, as a thread of pure water from the Scottish rocks, tinkling into its little basin by the thirsty wayside, for those whom it veritably belongs to Amen Such is my bequest to Edinburgh University The above said lands and others hereby mortified and disposed, to be holden *a me vel de me*, and I resign the said lands and others for new infestment or investiture, but always on the terms, for the purposes, and under the conditions herein above written, and I assign the writs, and I assign the rents to become due for the said lands and others from and after the period of my death, and I reserve my liferent of the said lands and others, and full power to alter, innovate, or revoke these presents in whole or in part, and I dispense with the delivery hereof, and I consent to the registration hereof for preservation IN WITNESS WHEREOF these presents written upon this and the two preceding pages by James Steven Burns, clerk to John Cook, Writer to the Signet, are subscribed by me at Chelsea the twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven years, before these witnesses— John Forster, barrister-at-law, man of letters, etc., residing at Palace Gate House, Kensington, London, and James Anthony Froude, man of letters, residing at number five Onslow Gardens, Brompton, London

(Signed) T CARLYLE.

JOHN FORSTER, *Witness*

J A FROUDE, *Witness*

Carlyle writes in his Journal, under date, Sunday, 22d June 1867

"Finished off, on Thursday last, 'at 3 P M' (by appointment), 20 June, my poor *Bequest* of Craigenputtock to Edinburgh University, for *Bursaries*, all quite ready then, Forster and Froude as *witnesses*,—the good Masson, who had taken endless pains, alike friendly and wise, being at the very last objected to in the character of 'witness,' as 'a party interested,' said the Lawyer in Edinburgh I a little regretted this little circumstance, so, I think, did Masson secretly. He read us the Deed, with sonorous emphasis, bringing every word and note of it home to us. then I signed, then they two, Masson 'witnessing' only with his eyes and mind. I was deeply moved, as I well might be, but held my peace, and shed no tears (*tears* I think I have done with, never, except for moments together, have I *wept* for that catastrophe of April 21,—to which whole days of weeping would have been, in other times, a blessed relief). Woe's me,—and yet, in a sense, *Blessing* is me! This is my poor 'Sweetheart Abbey,' *Cor Dulce*, or *New 'Abbey'*,¹—as sacred casket and *tomb* for the Sweetest 'Heart' which in this bad bitter world was all my own! Darling, Darling,—and in a little while we shall *both* be at rest, and the Great God will have done with us what was His Will."

¹ See *supra*, p. 164 "

CARLYLE'S WILL AND CODICIL

I, THOMAS CARLYLE, of 5 Great Cheyne-Row, Chelsea, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, declare this to be my last Will and Testament Revoking all former Wills I DIRECT all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expences to be paid as soon as may be after my decease AND it is my express instruction that, since I cannot be laid in the Grave at Haddington, I shall be placed beside my Father and Mother in the Churchyard of Ecclefechan I APPOINT my Brother, JOHN AITKEN CARLYLE, Doctor of Medicine, and my Friend, JOHN FORSTER of Palace Gate House, Kensington, Esquire, Executors and Trustees of this my Will. If my said Brother should die in my lifetime, I APPOINT my Brother, JAMES CARLYLE, to be an EXECUTOR and TRUSTEE in his stead, and if the said JOHN FORSTER should die in my lifetime, I APPOINT my friend, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, to be an EXECUTOR and TRUSTEE in his stead I GIVE to my dear and ever helpful Brother, John A Carlyle, my Leasehold messuage in Great Cheyne-Row in which I reside, subject to the rent and covenants under which I hold the same, and all such of my Furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures and other

effects therein as are not hereinafter bequeathed specifically My Brother John has no need of my money or help, and therefore, in addition to this small remembrance, I BEQUEATH to him only the charge of being Executor of my Will and of seeing everything peaceably fulfilled If he survives me, as is natural, he will not refuse. My poor and indeed almost pathetic collection of books (with the exception of those hereinafter specifically given) I request him to accept as a memento of me while he stays behind I GIVE my Watch to my Nephew Thomas, the son of my Brother Alexander, "Alick's Tom," as a Memorial of the affection I have for him and of my thankful (and also hopeful) approval of all that I have ever got to know or surmise about him He can understand that of all my outward possessions this Watch is become the dearest to me. It was given me on my Wedding, by One who was herself invaluable to me, it had been her Father's, made to her Father's order, and had measured out, into still more perfect punctuality, *his* noble years of well-spent time, and now it has measured out (always punctually, *it* /) nearly forty seven years of mine, and still measures, as with an everloving solemnity, till time quite end with me and may the new Thomas Carlyle fare not worse with it than his two Predecessors have done. To Maggie Welsh, my dear Cousin (and *Hers*), One Hundred Pounds To my House servant, Mrs Warren, if in my service at the time of my decease, Fifty Pounds Having with good reason, ever since my first appearance in Literature, a variety of kind feelings, obligations and regards towards New England, and indeed long before that, a hearty good-will, real and steady, which still continues, to America at large, and recognising with gratitude how much of friendliness, of actually credible human love, I have had from that

Country, and what immensities of worth and capability I believe and partly know to be lodged, especially in the silent classes there,—I have now, after due consultation as to the feasibilities, the excusabilities of it, decided to fulfil a fond notion that has been hovering in my mind these many years, and I do therefore hereby bequeath the Books (whatever of them I could not borrow, but had to buy and gather, that is, in general, whatever of them are still here) which I used in writing on *Cromwell* and *Friedrich*, and which shall be accurately searched for, and parted from my other Books, to “The President and Fellows of Harvard College, City of Cambridge, State of Massachusetts,” as a poor testimony of my respect for that *Alma Mater* of so many of my Trans-Atlantic Friends, and a token of the feelings, above indicated, towards the Great Country of which Harvard is the Chief School. In which sense I have reason to be confident that the Harvard Authorities will please to accept this my little Bequest, and deal with it, and order and use it, as, to their own good judgment and kind fidelity, shall seem fittest. A certain symbolical value the Bequest may have, but of intrinsic value, as a collection of old Books, it can pretend to very little. If there should be doubt as to any Books coming within the category of this Bequest, my dear Brother John, if left behind me, as I always trust and hope, who already knows about this Harvard matter, and who possesses a Catalogue or List drawn up by me, of which the Counterpart is in possession of the Harvard Authorities, will see it for me in all points accurately done. In regard to this, and to all else in these final directions of mine, I wish him to be regarded as my Second Self,—my Surviving Self. My Manuscript¹ en-

¹ In the original draft in Carlyle's hand this sentence reads “My Manuscript (of which there are two copies) entitled” etc

titled "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" is to me naturally, in my now bereaved state, of endless value, though of what value to others I cannot in the least clearly judge, and indeed for the last four years am imperatively forbidden to write¹ farther on it, or even to look farther into it. Of that Manuscript, my kind, considerate and ever-faithful friend, James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me) takes precious charge in my stead, to him therefore I give it with whatever other fartherances and elucidations may be possible,² and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of Autobiographic Record in my Notes to this Manuscript, but except as subsidiary, and elucidative of the Text I put no value on such express Biography of me I had really rather that there should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster and my Brother John, will make earnest survey of the Manuscript and its subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this as well as to its other bearings, their united utmost candour and impartiality (taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along with it) will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be. The Manuscript is by no means ready for publication, nay, the questions, How, When (after what delay, seven, ten years) it, or any portion of it, should be published, are still dark to me, but on all such points James Anthony Froude's practical summing up and decision is to be taken as mine. The imperfect Copy of the said Manuscript which is among my papers with the original letters³ I give to my Niece Mary Carlyle Aitken,

¹ In the original draft "forbidden to work farther" etc.

² In the draft "to him therefore I appoint that the better of the two copies be given up with" etc.

³ In the draft "The other Copy (with the *Original Letters*)" etc.

to whom also, dear little soul, I bequeath Five Hundred Pounds for the loving care, and unwearied patience and helpfulness she has shown to me in these my last solitary and infirm years. To her also I give, at her choice, whatever Memorials of my Dear Departed One she has seen me silently preserving here,—especially the table in the Drawing-Room at which I now write and the little Child's-Chair (in the China-Closet), which latter to my eyes has always a brightness as of Time's Morning and a sadness as of Death and Eternity, when I look on it, and which, with the other dear Article, I have the weak wish to preserve in loving hands yet awhile when I am gone. My other Manuscripts I leave to my Brother John. They are with one exception of no moment to me, I have never seen any of them since they were written. One of them is a set of fragments about James First, which were loyally fished out for me from much other Cromwellian rubbish, and doubtless carefully copied more than twenty years ago by the late John Chorley who was always so good to me. But neither this latter, nor perhaps any of the others, is worth printing. On this point however my Brother can take Counsel with John Forster and James Anthony Froude, and do what is then judged fittest. Many or most of these Papers I often feel that I myself should burn, but probably I never shall after all. The "one exception," spoken of above, is a Sketch of my Father and his Life hastily thrown off in the nights between his Death and Burial, full of earnest affection and veracity,—most likely *unfit* for printing, but I wish it to be taken charge of by my Brother John, and preserved in the Family. Since, I think, the very night of my Father's Funeral (far away from London and me!) I have never seen a word of that poor bit of writing.—In regard to all business matters about my Books (of which not only the Copy-

rights but all the Stereotype plates from which the three several collected Editions have been respectively printed, and which are at present deposited with my Printers, Messrs. Robson and Son, belong exclusively to me), Copyrights, Editions, and dealings with Booksellers and others in relation thereto, John Forster's advice is to be taken as supreme and complete, better than my own ever could have been. His faithful, wise and ever punctual care about all that has been a miracle of generous helpfulness, literally invaluable to me in that field of things Thanks, poor thanks, are all that I can return, alas ! I GIVE the residue of my personal Estate to my Trustees, before named, In trust to convert into money, such part of my Estate as shall not consist of money, or securities for money, and Upon trust to invest, in such securities as they shall think fit, the moneys to arise from such conversion and the moneys and securities of which my personal Estate shall consist at the time of my decease With power to change investments from time to time, And to stand possessed thereof In trust as to one-fifth part thereof for my Brother Alexander, absolutely, And as to one-fifth part, In trust for my Brother James, absolutely, And as to one other fifth part thereof, In trust for my Sister Mary, Wife of James Austin, Farmer at Gill, Cummertrees, Dumfriesshire, absolutely, for her separate use independent of the debts, control or engagements of her present or any future Husband, And as to one other fifth part thereof, In trust for my Sister Jean, the Wife of James Aitken of Dumfries, absolutely, for her separate use independent of the debts, control or engagements of her present or any future husband, And as to the remaining fifth part thereof, In trust for my Sister Janet, Wife of Robert Hanning of Hamilton, Canada, absolutely, for her separate use independent of the debts, control or engagements of her present or any future

husband PROVIDED ALWAYS that, if my said Brothers Alexander and James, or my said Sisters, or any, or either of them shall die in my lifetime, the share or shares of him, her or them, so dying, shall be In trust for the Children of my Brothers or Sisters respectively, so dying, who shall attain the age of Twenty-one years, or being Daughters shall marry, in equal shares, but if there shall be no such Child, then such share or shares shall go to the others, or other, of my said Brothers and Sisters in equal shares, but so that the shares which may thus accrue to my Sisters shall be for their separate use in the same manner as their original shares I direct all legacies to be paid free of duty I DIRECT that, notwithstanding the trust for conversion hereinbefore contained, my Trustees shall have absolute authority to postpone the conversion, for any period not exceeding two years after my death, of all or any part of my personal Estate, and I say this with especial reference to my Copyrights And the income to be derived from my Estate, previous to its conversion, shall be applied in the same way as the income of my Estate, if converted, would be applicable To my dear friends, John Forster and James Anthony Froude (Masson too, I should remember in this moment, and perhaps some others), I have nothing to leave that could be in the least worthy of them, but if they, or any of them, could find among my reliques a Memorial they would like, who of Men could deserve it better!—No Man at this time If no such choice be made by themselves, I leave to Forster Faithorne's Print of Cromwell between the Pillars, now in the Drawing-Room here, and to Froude Pesne's Portrait of Wilhelmina with the Fontange on her brow, now in the same Room In witness whereof I, the said Thomas Carlyle, the Testator, have to this, my last Will and Testament, set my hand this

sixth day of February, One thousand eight hundred and seventy-three

Signed and DECLARED by the said
 Thomas Carlyle, the Testator, as
 and for his last Will and Testa-
 ment, in the presence of us both
 present at the same time, who in
 his presence at his request, and
 in the presence of each other,
 hereunto subscribe our names as
 Witnesses

T CARLYLE

WILLIAM HARES,

Butler,

Palace Gate House

FREDERIC OUVRY,

66 Lincoln's Inn Fields, Solicitor

THIS IS A CODICIL to the last Will and Testament of me, THOMAS CARLYLE, of No 24 Cheyne-Row, Chelsea, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, which said Will bears date the Sixth day of February, One thousand eight hundred and seventy-three WHEREAS by my said Will I have appointed my Brother, JOHN AITKEN CARLYLE, Doctor of Medicine, and JOHN FORSTER, Esquire, Executors and Trustees thereof, and appointed and directed that, if my said Brother should die in my lifetime, my Brother, JAMES CARLYLE, should be an Executor and Trustee in his stead And that, if the said JOHN FORSTER should die in my lifetime, my friend, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, should be an Executor and Trustee in his stead AND WHEREAS, my dear and ever faithful friend, the said

JOHN FORSTER has been taken from me by death,¹ and I am desirous of revoking the said appointment of Executors and Trustees contained in my said Will, and of appointing my said Brother, JOHN AITKEN CARLILE, the said JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE and Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, of No 24 Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, in the said County of Middlesex, K C S I Q C, to be Executors and Trustees of my said Will. Now, THEREFORE, I do hereby revoke the above recited appointment of Executors and Trustees contained in my said Will, and do hereby appoint my said Brother, JOHN AITKEN CARLILE, the said JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE and the said Sir JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN to be Executors and Trustees of my said Will. I HEREBY REVOKE the gift in my said Will of the Writing-table, belonging to me, which stands in the Drawing Room at No 24 Cheyne-Row, aforesaid, and hereby give and bequeath the same Writing table to the said Sir James Fitz-James Stephen. I know he will accept it as a distinguished mark of my esteem. He knows that it belonged to my honoured Father-in-Law and his Daughter, and that I have written all my Books upon it except only *Schiller* and that, for the fifty years and upwards that are now past, I have considered it among the most precious of my possessions. I GIVE and BEQUEATH the Screen which stands in the Drawing-Room at No 24 Cheyne-Row aforesaid, to my dear Niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, who best knows the value I have always put upon it, and will best take care of it to the end of her life when I am gone. She knows by whom it was made, and I wish her to accept it as a testimony of the trust I repose in her, and as a mark of my esteem for her honourable, veracious and faithful character, and a

¹ John Forster, born 2d April 1812, died 1st February 1876

memorial of all the kind and ever-faithful service she has done me The Faithorne Portrait of Oliver Cromwell, which I had intended for my loving and ever-faithful friend, John Forster,—the only bequest he would accept of from me,—I now give and bequeath to his Widow, Mrs. Forster, and I beg her to accept it in memory of him and of me I GIVE and BEQUEATH to my dear friend, David Masson, my photographically printed, folio copy of Shakespeare's Works, in memory of me The two pictures of Luther's Father and Mother, which were a gift to me from Mr Robert Tut of Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, in the said County of Middlesex, I give back to him The large oil painting which hangs in the Drawing-Room at No 24 Cheyne-Row, aforesaid, and which has been engraved under the title of "The little Drummer,"¹ I give and bequeath to Louisa Caroline, the Dowager Lady Ashburton, for her life and after her death, to her Daughter, The Honourable Mary Florence Baring, absolutely AND, WHEREAS, by my said Will, I have given to my said dear Brother John Aitken Carlyle, my Leasehold messuage No 24 Cheyne-Row aforesaid, in which I reside, subject to the rent and covenants under which I hold the same, and all such of my Furniture, plate, china, linen, books, prints, pictures and other effects therein as are not by my said Will bequeathed specifically AND WHEREAS I am desirous of revoking such gift and of making such bequest of the said messuage, property and effects as hereinafter appears. NOW THEREFORE I do hereby revoke the said gift of the said messuage, property and effects and hereby bequeath the said last mentioned leasehold messuage and all such of

¹ For a description of this oil painting, which had been presented to Carlyle by William Bageant, second Lord Ashburton, see *Aut. of John Aitken Carlyle*, Book IV. ch. viii.

my Furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures and other effects therein as are not by my said Will and this my Codicil bequeathed specifically, unto my said Brother John Aitken Carlyle¹ for his life, he paying the rent and all rates, taxes and outgoings payable in respect of the same messuage and performing the covenants and conditions under which I hold the same, and after his death, I give and bequeath the same messuage, Furniture, plate, linen, china, books, prints, pictures and other effects unto my said Niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, absolutely In all other respects I confirm my said Will In witness whereof I have to this Codicil to my said Will set my hand this Eighth day of November, One thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight

Signed and DECLARED by the said
Thomas Carlyle, the Testator, as
and for a Codicil to his last Will
and Testament, in the presence
of us who in his presence, at his
request, and in the presence of
each other (both being present
together at the same time) have
hereunto subscribed our names
as Witnesses

T CARLYLE

VICTOR H DEACON, } Clerks to
Sol^r } Messrs FARRER OUVRY & Co,
C ERNEST BOWLES } Sol^{rs}

66 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London

¹ John Aitken Carlyle, born 7th July 1801, died 15th September 1879

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, Edinburgh.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO'S PUBLICATIONS.

EARLY LETTERS OF
THOMAS CARLYLE, 1814-1826.

EDITED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Two Vols, with Two Portraits Crown 8vo 18s

THIS SELECTION from Mr CARLYLE'S EARLY LETTERS is intended to serve with his "REMINISCENCES" as a partial Autobiography, and to illustrate his character by unquestionable evidence

The *Times* says — "With the evidence before us as set forth in these volumes we should say that Mr Norton proves his points."

The *Saturday Review* says — "It cannot be doubted that the greater part of the letters contained in the present collection were eminently well worth publishing, and that they throw much light of a wholesome kind upon some years of Carlyle's life which have hitherto not been sufficiently elucidated. There is always something in every letter which one would be more or less sorry to have lost if it had not been retained. Nearly all the letters given are new"

The *Standard* says — "Altogether one rises from a perusal of these letters with a feeling that they have, as far as possible, served the purpose of their publication. In these volumes we have to deal with a kindly and not ungenial man, struggling hard for life and fame"

The *St James's Gazette* says — "The chief interest to be derived from reading these letters lies in the pictures they give of Carlyle's manner of life, in the gradual development of his intellectual powers and literary style, and in the light thrown on his direct personal characteristics. It is extremely interesting to trace the growth of Carlyle's powers as a writer in these letters"

LETTERS BETWEEN
CARLYLE AND GOETHE

EDITED BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON Crown 8vo [Shortly]

CARLYLE,
PERSONALLY AND IN HIS WRITINGS

Two Lectures

By DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D.,

Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of
Edinburgh

Extra fcap 8vo 2s 6d

"These lectures should be read by all admirers of Carlyle"—
Saturday Review

MACMILLAN AND CO, LONDON

Mr. John Morley's Collected Writings.

A New Edition In Nine Volumes Globe 8vo Price 5s each

VOLTAIRE. One Vol
DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLO
PÆDISTS Two Vols

ROUSSEAU Two Vols.
ON COMPROMISE. One Vol
MISCELLANIES Three Vols.

A NEW BOOK BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEMOCRACY, and other Addresses. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Crown 8vo 5s.

Contents —Democracy—Garfield—Dean Stanley—Fielding—Coleridge—Books and Libraries—Wordsworth—Don Quixote—Address delivered at 250th Celebration of Harvard College

LECTURES AND ESSAYS By W. K. CLIFFORD, F.R.S., late Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London, and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and FREDERICK POLLOCK, with an Introduction by F. POLLOCK Second and Popular Edition. Crown 8vo 8s. 6d.

A LIFE OF PROFESSOR CLERK MAXWELL With Selections from his Correspondence and Occasional Writings By LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, and WILLIAM GARNETT, M.A., Principal of Durham College of Science, Newcastle on Tyne. New Edition, abridged and revised. Crown 8vo 7s. 6d

HENRY BAZELY, THE OXFORD EVANGELIST A Memoir By the Rev E. L. HICKS, M.A., Rector of Fenny Compton, Hon Canon of Worcester, sometime Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. With a Portrait. Crown 8vo 6s.

HISTORY OF NAPOLEON I. By P. LANFREY A Translation made with the sanction of the Author New and Popular Edition 4 vols. Crown 8vo 30s.

The *Daily News* says —“It is his insight into the character of Napoleon which gives M. Lanfrey his striking grasp of the subject, everywhere this faculty is found to furnish the key to policy and actions, while the whole story unfolds itself with a sort of epic grandeur and consistency”

A JUBILEE BOOK BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE VICTORIAN HALF CENTURY By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, Author of “The Heir of Redclyffe,” “Comeos from English History,” “A History of France,” etc. With a new Portrait of the Queen Crown 8vo, paper cover, 1s., cloth binding, 1s. 6d.

The *Schoolmaster* says —“Miss Yonge's contribution to the ‘Jubilee’ is an interesting sketch of the events of the reign of Queen Victoria. While treating of historical occurrences generally in England and on the Continent, the book is mainly of a personal character, as the authoress dwells mostly on affairs relating to the Queen and her family. The book is an excellent one to place in the hands of children, for the purpose of making them acquainted with recent history, though it does not seem to have been written specially for them.”

ESSAYS By the late GEORGE BRIMLEY, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge Edited by W. G. CLARK, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. New Edition Globe 8vo 5s.

Contents —Tennyson's Poems—Wordsworth's Poems—Poetry and Criticism—Carlyle's Life of Sterling—“Esmond”—“Westward Ho!”—Wilson's “Noctes Ambrosianæ”—Comte's “Positive Philosophy,” etc

MACMILLAN AND CO. LONDON

